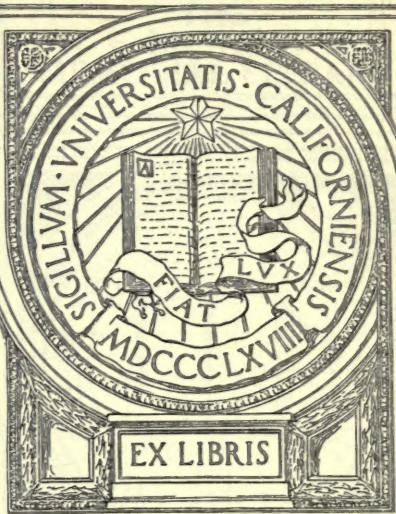
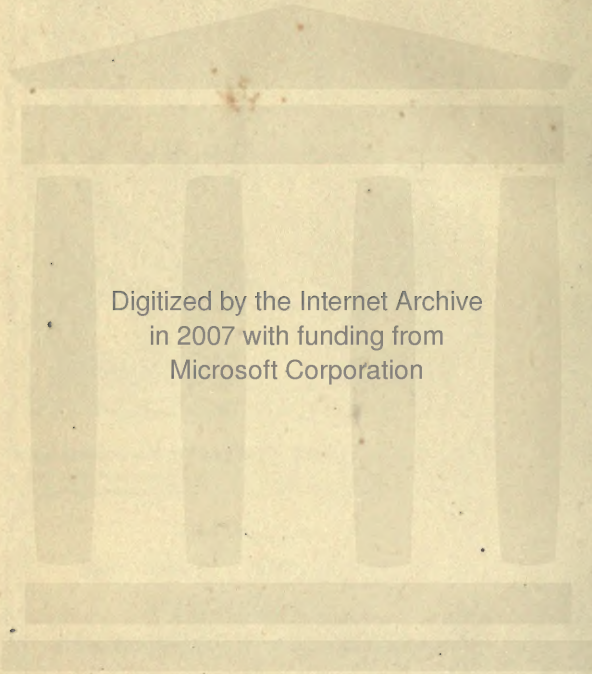


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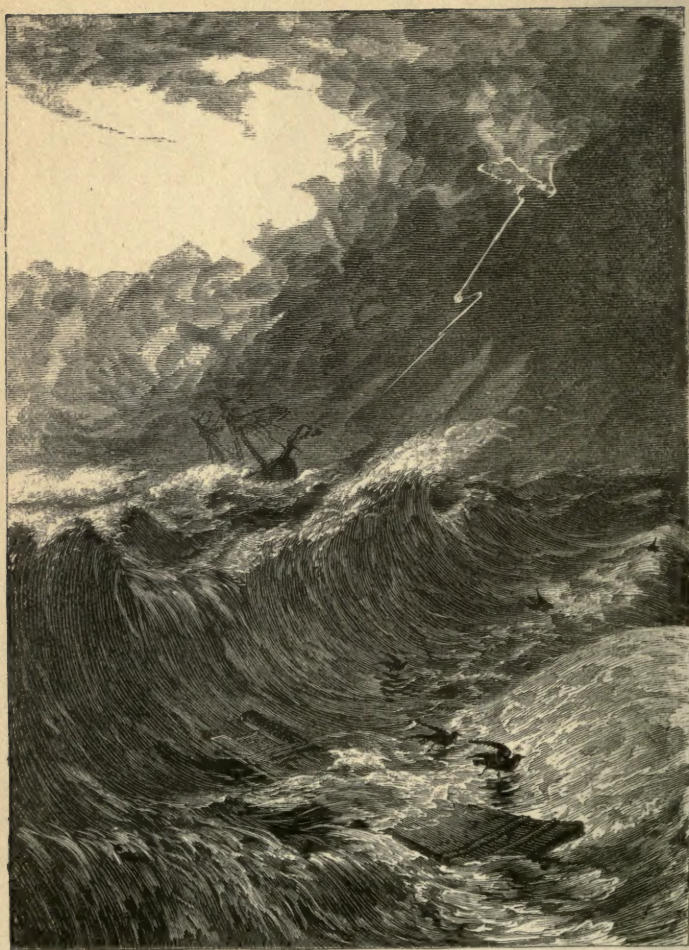


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'A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea.'

THE STORMY PETREL.—No. 120.

CHAMBERS'S
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. VIII.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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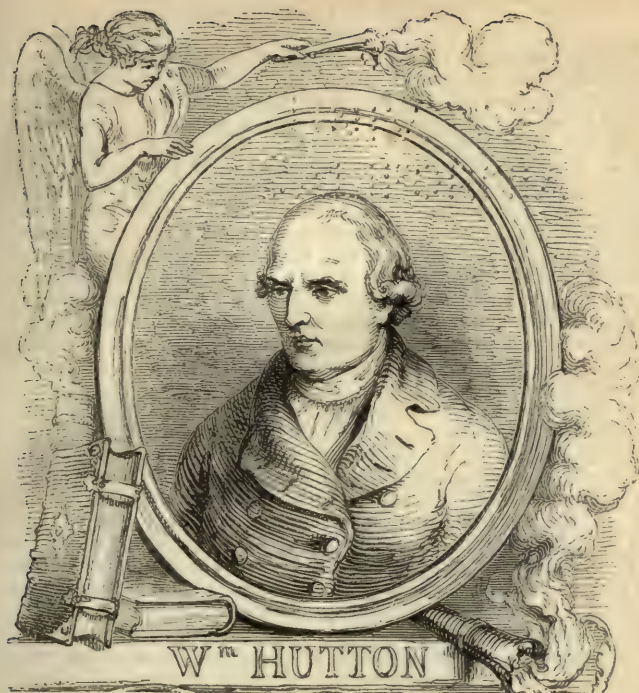
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WILLIAM HUTTON, of Birmingham, whose life affords a fine example of success resulting from sagacity, integrity, and perseverance, was born at Derby on the 30th of September 1723. He was the third child of parents in very poor circumstances, his father, William Hutton, being a journeyman woolcomber, who had married Anne Ward, the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighbourhood of Derby, and a woman deserving of a better fate. Her husband was one of those men who would shine in humble life, and attain universal esteem, if not afflicted with habits of reckless intemperance and extravagance. Able in his profession, acute in his reasoning powers, possessed of a good memory, eloquent in his language, and with not a little acquired knowledge, all these advantages were rendered practically useless to himself or his family, in consequence of a pernicious taste for the low indulgences of the beer and gin shop. Of the evils of this besetting vice he was fully aware.

While mourning his penniless condition, and the sufferings of his wife and family, he would vow to shun in future the intoxicating draught; and even go the length of inscribing his resolution in his pocket-book in the following words: 'O Lord, by thy assistance I will not enter into a public-house on this side of Easter.' Alas for all such resolutions! they vanished at the first temptation; and were all forgotten precisely at the time they ought to have been remembered. Repeated failures in his desire to do well, seem to have at last robbed him of all self-respect. He became a habitual sot, and the fate of his wife and children was such as is always endured where a drunkard is the head of a family. With a wailing infant on her knee, in a house without fire or any other comfort, sat the broken-hearted woman, endeavouring to amuse away the hunger of the children who hung about her. And when a morsel of food was procured, she suffered them, with a tear, to take her share amongst them.

In the midst of such scenes—rags, misery, and almost famine—the subject of our memoir passed the first eight years of his existence. Although numbering the third in the family, he was somewhat larger and stronger in person than his seniors, but much less interesting in general appearance. Possessing no personal qualities to recommend him to the special affection of his parents, they gladly allowed him to visit and remain for some time with a couple of maiden aunts at Swithland, where, if he was not treated with marked consideration, he had at least the satisfaction of receiving what he prized more highly—a sufficiency of food. From these aunts he endured almost daily insults, being cuffed, kicked, and buffeted, besides being told of his ugliness; but all this only schooled him to a life of patient endurance, and invoked that spirit of self-dependence of which he afterwards gave so brilliant an example.

Returning to the parental home, he underwent the old usage, which was a variety of suffering on what he had lately experienced. While leading this worse than dog-life, however, he had the good-fortune—rare for the child of a habitual dram-drinker—to be sent to school, where he learned to read, though at the expense of a vast amount of distress; for his teacher was a severe disciplinarian, and scrupled not to beat his head against the wall, to tear his hair, and commit other atrocities customary among schoolmasters in those and much later times. The result of his chastisements was an intense hatred of learning, which fortunately he outlived. Not so much because he was doing little good at school, but because his powers of labour came into demand to help the general earnings, he was recalled, and put to a regular employment. This was a step which had for some time engaged the serious attention of both father and mother. The father was glad of any means for relieving him of the obligation to support his family; and what means more feasible than that of compelling his boy to go to work, although still an infant

in years and stature? The mother, in her distressed condition, tattered and worn down with a complication of woes, was thankful that she could look to one of her children for a contribution to the family resources, and eagerly planned the nature of his employment. Winding quills for the weaver was schemed, but died away. Stripping tobacco for the grocer, in which fourpence a week was to be earned, was proposed; but it also was dropped: and finally, the idea of despatching him to the silk-mill at Derby, an establishment just begun, was struck out, and settled on. It was at the same time resolved to send Thomas, an elder brother, along with him. On being exhibited to one of the clerks, William was objected to as too young; but the objection was overruled, and he was admitted as 'a hand' in an establishment already numbering three hundred active workers.

At first it was feared that he would be incapable of attending at the post which had been assigned to him. His legs were too short, and he could not reach the engine. Luckily, one of the superintendents contrived a remedy, which was the fixing of a pair of high pattens to his feet; and these appendages he continued to use for twelve months, at the end of which time he had attained a sufficient length of limb. His employment was but a new variety of suffering. Factories, a hundred years ago, were not conducted with that regard to the comfort of the employed which they now for the greater part are. There was much petty tyranny exercised; and to not a little of this young Hutton was exposed. The cane was flourished freely as an instrument of coercion; and the language and general conduct of all was most revolting. Distressing as were the scenes enacting around him, he had to endure them for a space of seven years; and these seven years he afterwards spoke of as the most miserable period of his existence. In the memoirs of his life, written by himself, and from which we draw these and other particulars, he records two little incidents connected with his labours in the silk-mill, which present a lively idea of the sensations he experienced. 'The Christmas holidays of 1731,' he observes, 'were attended with snow, followed by a sharp frost. A thaw came on in the afternoon of the 27th, but in the night the ground was again caught by a frost, which glazed the streets. I did not awake the next morning till daylight seemed to appear. I rose in tears, for fear of punishment, and went to my father's bedside to ask what was o'clock. "He believed six." I darted out in agonies, and from the bottom of Full Street to the top of Silk-mill Lane, not two hundred yards, I fell nine times! Observing no lights in the mill, I knew it was an early hour, and that the reflection of the snow had deceived me. Returning, it struck two. As I now went with care, I fell but twice.' Again he relates: 'In pouring some bobbins out of one box into another, the cogs of an engine caught the box in my hand. The works in all the five rooms began to thunder, crack, and break to pieces: a universal cry of 'Stop mills' ensued. All the

violent powers of nature operated within me. With the strength of a madman I wrenched the box from the wheel ; but, alas ! the mischief was done. I durst not shew my face, nor retreat to dinner, till every soul was gone. Pity in distress was not found within those walls.'

In 1733, when he was ten years of age, he lost his mother ; her death having been caused, like that of many poor women, by unsuitable bodily toil, shortly after giving birth to an infant. His father now gave up housekeeping—sold off the wreck of his furniture—spent the money in worthless debauchery, and took lodgings for himself and three children in the house of a widow, who had four children of her own. In this new home the fate of our young hero was not improved. His mother gone, his father at the alehouse, nearly without clothes, scanty fare, and the drudgeries and demoralisations of the mill ; all rendered his life forlorn and wretched. On one occasion he fasted from breakfast one day till noon the next, and then dined only on flour and water boiled into hasty pudding. Sometimes he anticipated a slight alleviation in his sufferings by the possibility of his father introducing a stepmother ; but this event does not appear to have occurred, and the remainder of his term at the mill was spent, while he lived in lodgings, with other members of the family.

The long-looked-for year of emancipation from the thralldom of the mill at last arrived. He had been bound for seven years, and it was now the seventh. It became, therefore, requisite to point out some other mode of future life, which could be conveniently embraced. This it was difficult to do. William had received little or no education, and what trade of a superior kind could he expect to follow? His taste pointed to the profession of a gardener ; but this his father objected to. He next, in desperation, proposed to be a stocking-weaver with his uncle, George Hutton, in Nottingham. Here again his father demurred ; but William felt the necessity for decision, and on the expiry of his time at the mill, in 1738, he went to Nottingham, and entered himself in the employment of his uncle.

This change did not prove a happy one. 'I had just finished one seven years' servitude,' he states, 'and was entering on another. In the former, I was welcome to the food I ate, provided I could get it ; but now that it was more plentiful, I was to be grudged every meal I tasted. My aunt kept a constant eye upon the food and the feeder. This curb galled my mouth to that degree, that to this day I do not eat at another's table without fear. The impressions received in early life are astonishing.

'I was too young to have any concern in the terms of servitude, and my father too poor to lend assistance. A burden was therefore laid upon me, which I afterwards found intolerable—that my overwork, without knowing whether I should get any, must find me clothes.

'My task was to earn five shillings and tenpence a week. The first week I could reach this sum I was to be gratified with sixpence ;

but ever after, should I fall short or go beyond it, the loss or profit was to be my own. I found it was the general practice of apprentices to be under the mark.'

William's elder brother, Thomas, soon followed him to Nottingham, and was likewise bound apprentice to his uncle, no efforts having been made by his father to procure him any other trade. Thus the two brothers, who had been for seven years companions at the silk-mill of Derby, were now again companions at the stocking-frame in Nottingham. The trade was one which neither of them liked; they had only consented to follow it out of necessity, and because they could find no other into which admission was so easy. Possessing no affection for his daily labour, and unsupported by any cheering influences around him, William produced no more work than his allotted task; yet he made shift to earn enough to purchase a good suit of clothes, the first of the kind he had ever worn; and this seemed like a gleam of prosperity in his career.

Matters went on satisfactorily for some time. William's uncle treated him kindly, and his situation was in all respects more comfortable than it had ever been before, when, one day in the year 1741, an unhappy quarrel arose, on account of William having absented himself without leave during the week of the races. This was, no doubt, a serious offence. A disallowed absence from labour is, at all times, a breach of contract, and therefore to be condemned; and when the absence is caused by so contemptible, not to say so vicious an amusement as the spectacle of horse-racing, it cannot be passed over without severe reprehension. Reared as our hero had been in ignorance, he was not unconscious of having committed an error, and, under a considerate master, his convictions might have been turned to good account. Unfortunately George Hutton, the uncle, was but a common-place person, and had no idea of punishment except through hard labour and the cudgel. Accordingly, when the truant apprentice made his appearance on Saturday morning, his sullen and indignant relative told him that, if he did not perform his accustomed task that day, he should be thrashed at night. 'Idleness,' says Hutton, in narrating what followed, 'which had hovered over me five days, did not choose to leave me the sixth. Night came: I wanted one hour's work. I hoped my former conduct would atone for the present; but my uncle had passed his word, and did not wish to break it. "You have not done the task I ordered." I was silent. "Was it in your power to have done it?" Still silent. He repeated again: "Could you have done it?" As I ever detested lying, I could not think of covering myself, even from a rising storm, by so mean a subterfuge. I therefore answered in a low meek voice: "*I could.*" This fatal word, innocent in itself, and founded upon truth, proved my destruction. "Then," says he, "I'll make you." He immediately brought a birch broom handle of white hazel, and, holding it by the small end, repeated his blows till I thought he

would have broken me to pieces. The windows were open, the evening calm, the sky serene, and everything mild around us. The sound of the roar and the stick penetrated the air to a great distance. The neighbourhood turned out to inquire the cause, when, after some investigation, it was said to be "only Hutton thrashing one of his lads." I was drawing towards eighteen, held some rank among my acquaintance, and made a small figure in dress; therefore, though I was greatly hurt in body, I was much more hurt in mind by this flogging. The next day, July 12, 1741, I went to Meeting in the morning as usual. My uncle seemed sorry for what had passed, and inclined to make matters up. At noon he sent me for some fruit, and asked me to partake of it. I thanked him with a sullen "No." My wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries. Standing by the palisades of the house in a gloomy posture, a female acquaintance passed by, and turning, with a pointed sneer said: "You were beaten last night." The remark stung me to the quick: I would rather she had broken my head.'

The idea of running away had on former occasions been suggested to him by an ill-conditioned fellow-apprentice called Roper, and he now determined to put it in practice. Accordingly, one morning he left his uncle's house, which he trusted never more to enter. What follows may be related in his own words. 'Figure to yourself a lad of seventeen, not elegantly dressed, nearly five feet high, rather Dutch built, with a long narrow bag of brown leather, that would hold about a bushel, in which was neatly packed up a new suit of clothes, also a white linen bag, which would hold about half as much, containing a sixpenny loaf of coarse blencorn bread, a bit of butter wrapped in the leaves of an old copy-book, a new Bible value three shillings, one shirt, a pair of stockings, a sun-dial, my best wig, carefully folded and laid at top, that, by lying in the hollow of the bag, it might not be crushed. The ends of the two bags being tied together, I slung them over my left shoulder. My best hat, not being properly calculated for a bag, I hung to the button of my coat. I had only two shillings in my pocket, a spacious world before me, and no plan of operations. I cast back many a melancholy look, while every step set me at a greater distance, and took what I thought an everlasting farewell of Nottingham. I carried neither a light heart nor a light load; nay, there was nothing light about me but the sun in the heavens and the money in my pocket. I considered myself an outcast, an exuberance in the creation, a being now fitted to no purpose. At ten o'clock I arrived at Derby. The inhabitants were gone to bed, as if retreating from my society. I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all were at rest; but before I was aware, I perceived the door open, and heard his foot not three yards from me. I retreated with precipitation. How ill calculated are we to judge of events! I was running from the only hand that could have saved me. Adjoining the town

is a field called Abbey-barns, the scene of my childish amusements. Here I took up my abode upon the cold grass, in a damp place, after a day's fatigue, with the sky over my head, and the bags by my side. The place was full of cattle. The full breath of the cows half asleep, the jingling of the chains at the horses' feet, and a mind agitated, were ill calculated to afford me rest. I rose at four, July 13, starved, sore, and stiff, deposited my bags under the fourth tree, covering them with leaves, while I waited upon Warburgh's bridge for my brother Samuel, who I knew would go to the silk-mill before five. I told him that I had differed with my uncle, had left him, and intended to go to Ireland; that he must remember me to my father, whom I should probably see no more. I had all the discourse to myself, for my brother did not utter one word. I arrived at Burton the same morning, having travelled twenty-eight miles, and spent nothing. I was an economist from my cradle, and the character never forsook me. I ever had an inclination to examine fresh places. Leaving my bags at a public-house, I took a view of the town, and, breaking into my first shilling, I spent one penny as a recompense for the care of them. Arriving the same evening within the precincts of Lichfield, I approached a barn, where I intended to lodge; but finding the door shut, I opened my parcels in the fields, dressed, hid my bags near a hedge, and went to take a view of the city for about two hours, though very sore-footed. Returning to the spot about nine, I undressed, bagged up my things in decent order, and prepared for rest: but, alas! I had a bed to seek. About a stone's cast from the place stood another barn, which perhaps might furnish me with a lodging. I thought it needless to take the bags while I examined the place, as my stay would be very short. The second barn yielding no relief, I returned in about ten minutes. But what was my surprise when I perceived the bags were gone! Terror seized me. I clamoured after the rascal, but might as well have been silent, for thieves seldom come at a call. Running, raving, and lamenting about the fields and roads, employed some time. I was too much immersed in distress to find relief in tears: they refused to flow. I described the bags, and told the affair to all I met. I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but redress from none. I saw my hearers dwindle with the twilight, and at eleven o'clock found myself in the open street, left to tell my mournful tale to the silent night. It is not easy to place a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing; a stranger to the world, and the world to me; no employ, nor likely to procure any; no food to eat, or place to rest: all the little property I had upon earth taken from me; nay, even hope, that last and constant friend of the unfortunate, forsook me. I was in a more wretched condition than he who has nothing to lose. I sought repose in the street upon a butcher's block.'

With the morning light the young runaway rose from his hard couch, and recommenced his inquiries for his clothes, but without

avail. A gentleman to whom he addressed himself informed him that it was market-day at Walsall, a village some miles off, and that possibly he might find something to do there. Setting out, he reached Walsall with blistered feet and a heavy heart. He applied for employment to a man who sold stockings in the market, and was told that there were no stocking-frames at Walsall, but that there were some at Birmingham, and that he might probably find work there. Acting on this information, he set out for Birmingham, which he reached that afternoon. The appearance of this busy and populous town greatly surprised him. The people seemed to possess a vivacity he had never before beheld. He felt as if he had hitherto been among dreamers, but now saw men wide awake. The gait of the men bespoke an alacrity of intellect, and on all sides were symptoms of life and industry. The bustling air of the place, however, only served to increase the young traveller's dejection; he seemed the only idle being in the throng. Having ascertained that there were three stocking-makers in Birmingham, to these he applied in turn. The first made him go about his business, as he would have nothing to do with a runaway apprentice; the second gave him a penny to get rid of him; and though the third entered into conversation with him, and asked some questions about his acquaintances in Derby, he allowed him to depart.

'It was now about seven o'clock,' he writes, 'in the evening, Tuesday, July 14, 1741. I sat down to rest upon the north side of the Old Cross, near Philip Street; the poorest of all the poor belonging to that great parish, of which, twenty-seven years after, I should be overseer. I sat under that roof, a silent, oppressed object, where, thirty-one years after, I should sit to determine differences between man and man. Why did not some kind agent comfort me with the distant prospect?

'About ten yards from me, near the corner of Philip Street, I perceived two men in aprons eye me with some attention. They approached near. "You seem," says one, "by your melancholy situation and dusty shoes, a forlorn traveller, without money and without friends." I assured him it was exactly my case. "If you choose to accept of a pint of ale, it is at your service. I know what it is myself to be a distressed traveller." "I shall receive any favour with thankfulness." They took me to the Bell, in Philip Street, and gave me what bread, cheese, and beer I chose. They also procured a lodging for me in the neighbourhood, where I slept for three-half-pence.'

Next day the idler still hung about Birmingham, regaling his eyes with the sights in the streets, and living on cherries, which were a halfpenny a pound. On the next, however, he set out for Coventry, in hopes of finding employment there. In this, too, he was disappointed; either no work was to be had, or none would be given to a runaway apprentice, as every one to whom he applied saw him to

be. On Friday the 17th, he left Coventry, and, after passing through several of the villages in the neighbourhood, reached Hinckley about four in the afternoon. Here he applied to one Millward, a stocking-maker, who knew his family at Derby. 'He set up,' he says, 'the same objection that others had done, and I made the same unsuccessful reply. He set me to work till night, about two hours, in which time I earned twopence. He then asked me into the house, entered into conversation with me, told me he was certain I was a runaway apprentice, and begged I would inform him ingenuously. I replied with tears that I was, and that an unhappy difference with my uncle was the cause of my leaving his service. He said if I would set out on my return in the morning, I should be welcome to a bed that night. I told him that I had no objection to the service of my uncle, but that I could not submit to any punishment; and if I were not received upon equitable terms, I would immediately return to my own liberty.'

Next morning he took Millward's advice, and set out on his return. He reached Derby at nine in the evening, with eightpence in his pocket out of the two shillings which he had taken with him from Nottingham, having thus spent precisely one shilling and fourpence in the course of his week's rambles. His principal fare had been raw turnips and cherries.

Contrary to expectation, the returned prodigal was received with a degree of kindness by his father, who chanced to be in one of his happier moods. It was agreed that his uncle should be sent for to arrange the terms of surrender, if that were possible. Next day, Sunday, George Hutton arrived, and seemed by no means implacable; for he felt in some measure self-accused. It was finally agreed that young William should return to his duties; and he did so; but although forgiven by others, he could not forgive himself. He had lost self-approbation, lost time and money, and the effects of his unhappy conduct hung about him for years.

Nothing of consequence occurred during the remainder of his apprenticeship to his uncle. His taste for books and reading, indeed, seems first to have been developed about this period; and he also devoted himself enthusiastically to music, becoming a performer on several instruments. His term of apprenticeship having expired in the end of 1744, he continued at the stocking trade as a journeyman with his uncle; depressed, however, by the growing conviction, not only that the stocking trade was one which did not suit him, but also that it was one by which it would be difficult to earn a subsistence. As he did not relish the thought of being a journeyman for life, he asked his uncle to permit him to set a frame in his work-room, and work on his own account—which would make him a master on a small scale. His uncle at first consented, but afterwards drew back, which Hutton thought rather ungenerous, as the plan proposed was a common one in Nottingham. Nevertheless, as he did not like to

LIFE OF WILLIAM HUTTON.

leave his uncle, he continued to work as a journeyman under him till the month of September 1746, when his uncle's death set him at liberty, or rather cast him adrift, for he had now both a new home and new employment to seek.

After their uncle's death, William Hutton and his brother Thomas went to reside with their sister Catherine, who, in 1743, had married William Perkins, a tailor at Swithland, but had separated from him shortly afterwards, in consequence of an unfortunate disagreement, and taken a house in Nottingham. While the sister laboured hard at the spinning-wheel, the two brothers continued their trade as stocking-makers. Trade was very dull. 'The stocking-frame being my own,' says William Hutton, 'and trade being dead, the hosiers would not employ me. They could scarcely employ their own frames. I was advised to try Leicester, and took with me half-a-dozen pairs of stockings to sell. I visited several warehouses; but, alas! all proved blank. They would neither employ me, nor give for my goods anything near prime cost. As I stood like a culprit before a gentleman of the name of Bennet, I was so affected that I burst into tears, to think that I should have served seven years to a trade at which I could not get bread.'

The greater number of young men, placed in the deplorable circumstances to which Hutton now found himself reduced, would probably lose heart altogether, and sink still lower in condition. Many, indeed, would not scruple to seek relief from others, by begging or otherwise. But William Hutton, uninstructed and unrefined as he was, appears to have possessed a nobility of mind which shrunk from everything that was either mean or dishonourable. Friendless, and almost penniless, he was still a friend to himself. He resolved to battle manfully with his fate, and the battle was not in vain.

SELF-RELIANCE—MIDDLE LIFE.

Reduced to the brink of despair, in consequence of the failure of the trade to which he had been reared, young Hutton bethought himself of trying an entirely new profession; one which has more than once rescued the industrious and deserving from abject penury. This was to deal in books. He began in an exceedingly humble way. For some time he had been in the habit of amusing his leisure hours by reading, and also attempting a little literary composition, his taste, like that of most other inexperienced young men, taking a turn towards versification. These recreations led to the patching and binding of any old volume or pamphlet which fell in his way. His first bold attempt at renovation was on three volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. 'I fastened them together,' he says, 'in a most cobbled style; but they afforded me a treat. I could only procure books of small value, and these in worn-out bindings. I

learned to patch; procured paste, varnish, &c., and brought them into tolerable order; erected shelves, and arranged them in the best manner I was able. If I purchased shabby books, it is no wonder that I dealt with a shabby bookseller, who kept his whole working apparatus in his shop. It is no wonder, too, if, by repeated visits, I became acquainted with this bookseller, and often saw him at work; but it is a wonder and a fact, that I never saw him perform one act but I could perform it myself—so strong was the desire to attain the art. I made no secret of my progress, and the bookseller rather encouraged me; and that for two reasons—I bought such rubbish as nobody else would, and he had often an opportunity of selling me a cast-off tool for a shilling not worth a penny. As I was below every degree of opposition, a rivalry was out of the question.

The bookseller at length offered me a worn-down press for two shillings, which no man could use, and which was laid by for the fire. I considered the nature of its construction; bought it, and paid the two shillings. I then asked him to favour me with a hammer and a pin, which he brought with half a conquering smile and half a sneer. I drove out the garter-pin, which, being galled, prevented the press from working, and turned another square, which perfectly cured the press. He said in anger: "If I had known, you should not have had it." However, I could see he consoled himself with the idea that all must return to him in the end. This proved for forty-two years my best binding press.

A bookbinder fostered by the stocking-frame was such a novelty, that many people gave me a book to bind—that is, among my friends and their acquaintance—and I perceived two advantages attended my work: I chiefly served those who were not judges; consequently, that work passed with them which would not with a master; and, coming from the hands of a stockinger, it carried a merit, because no stockinger could produce its equal.

Having thus begun the business of a bookbinder, he endeavoured to rely on it altogether for subsistence, but finding that he had leisure time on his hands, he filled up the intervals with labour at the stocking-frame; and between the two he managed to support himself in a frugal way. Persevering in this manner, his prospects gradually brightened. Bookbinding became more plentiful, and he resolved to abandon the stocking trade for ever: in this resolution his sister cordially supported him. There was, however, a difficulty in the way. Hitherto he had only used the wretched tools and the materials which his friend the bookseller had been willing to sell him; and many things were wanting which could be had only in London. To the metropolis, therefore, he made up his mind to go, for the purpose of procuring proper tools, and arranging a correspondence for future supplies. Yet where was the money to come from to meet this great enterprise? His sister, who appears to have been the only relative for whom he could entertain an affection, came forward at this

junction. She raised for him three guineas, which for security she sewed in the collar of his shirt, and putting eleven shillings in his pocket, bade him good-speed on his journey.

At that time, the journey from Nottingham to London was dangerous as well as toilsome. The roads were everywhere haunted by highwaymen, one or more of whom Hutton had no doubt he should encounter, and he kept the eleven shillings given him by his sister ready to be handed to the first who should waylay him. Fortunately, no such misadventure occurred on the journey, which being performed on foot, occupied three long and painful days. An extract from his diary, descriptive of what he endured and saw on the excursion, cannot but be acceptable. 'On Monday morning at three, April 8 [1749], I set out. Not being used to walk, my feet were blistered with the first ten miles. I must not, however, sink under the fatigue, but endeavour to proceed as if all were well, for much depended on this journey. Aided by resolution, I marched on. Stopping at Leicester, I unfortunately left my knife, and did not discover the loss till I had proceeded eleven miles. I grieved, because it was the only keepsake I had of my worthy friend Mr Webb. In the evening I stopped at Brixworth, having walked fifty-one miles; and my whole expense for the day was fivepence.

'The next day, Tuesday the 9th, I rested at Dunstable. Passing over Finchley Common, on the third day, I overtook a carter, who told me I might be well accommodated at the Horns, in St John Street, Smithfield, by making use of his name; but it happened, in the eagerness of talking, and the sound of his noisy cart, that he forgot to tell his name, and I to ask it.

'I arrived at the Horns at five, described my director, whom they could not recollect: however, I was admitted an inmate. I ordered a mutton-chop and porter; but, alas! I was jaded; I had fasted too long; my appetite was gone, and the chop nearly useless.

'This meal, if it might be called a meal, was the only one during my stay, and, I think, the only time I ever ate under a roof. I did not know one soul in London, therefore could have no invitations. Nature is supported with a little, which was well for me, because I had but little to give her. If a man has any money, he will see stalls enough in London which will supply him with something to eat, and it rests with him to lay out his money to the best advantage. If he cannot afford butter, he must eat his bread without. This will tend to keep up an appetite, which always gives a relish to food, though mean; and the scantiness will add to that relish.

'The next morning I breakfasted in Smithfield upon furmity, at a wheelbarrow. Sometimes I had a halfpenny-worth of soup, and another of bread; at other times bread and cheese. I only ate to live.

'If a man goes to receive money, it may take him a long time to transact his business; if to pay money, it will take him less; and if

he has but a little to pay, still less. My errand fell under the third class. I only wanted three alphabets of letters, a set of figures, and some ornamental tools for gilding books ; with leather and boards for binding.

‘I wished to see a number of curiosities ; but my shallow pocket forbade. One penny, to see Bedlam, was all I could spare. Here I met with a variety of curious anecdotes ; for I found conversation with a multitude of characters. All the public buildings fell under my eye, and were attentively examined ; nor was I wanting in my inquiries. Pass where I would, I never was out of the way of entertainment.

‘Though I had walked 125 miles to London, I was upon my feet all the three days I was there. I spent half a day in viewing the west end of the town, the squares, the park, the beautiful building for the fireworks erected in the Green Park, to celebrate the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. I could not forbear mentioning at night to my landlord at the Horns the curiosities I had seen, which greatly surprised him. He replied : “I like such a traveller as you. The strangers that come here cannot stir a foot without me, which plagues me to that degree I had rather be without their custom. But you, of yourself, find out more curiosities than they can see, or I can shew them.”

‘On Saturday evening, April 13, I set out with four shillings for Nottingham, and stopped at St Alban’s. Rising the next morning, April 14, I proceeded on my journey. This was a melancholy day : I fell lame, owing to the sinews of my leg being overstrained with hard labour. I was far from home, wholly among strangers, with only the remnant of four shillings. The idea occasioned tears !

‘I stopped at Newport-Pagnell. My landlord told me my shoes were not fit for travelling : however, I had no others, and, like my blistered feet, I must try to bear them. The next day, Monday the 15th, I slept at Market-Harborough, and on the 16th called at Leicester. The landlady had carefully secured my knife, with a view to return it, should I ever come that way. I reached Nottingham in the afternoon, having walked forty miles.

‘I had been out nearly nine days ; three in going, which cost three and eightpence ; three in London, which cost about the same ; and three returning, nearly the same. Out of the whole eleven shillings, I brought fourpence back.

‘London surprised me ; so did the people ; for the few with whom I formed a connection deceived me, by promising what they never performed. This journey furnished vast matter for detail among my friends.’

Now prepared for setting up as a bookbinder on a regular plan, the important question arose—where should he commence operations ? London first occurred, but this was very properly abandoned. It was finally determined that he should fix on some market-town

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within a stage of Nottingham, and open shop there on the market-days, till he was somewhat better prepared to begin the world at Birmingham.

After some hesitation, he observes : ' I fixed upon Southwell as the first step of elevation. It was fourteen miles distant, and the town as despicable as the road to it. I went over at Michaelmas, took a shop at the rate of twenty shillings a year, sent a few boards for shelves, a few tools, and about two hundredweight of trash, which might be dignified with the name of books, and worth perhaps a year's rent of my shop. I was my own joiner, put up the shelves and their furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place ;' as may be evidenced by the following advertisement : ' William Hutton sells all kinds of Bibles, Common Prayers, school-books, and books in all arts and sciences, both new and second-hand ; all sorts of stationery wares, as sealing-wax, wafers, quills, pens, and paper of all sorts ; ink, slates, pencils, cards, letter-cases, letter-files, maps and pictures, books of account of all sizes ; gilds and letters gentlemen's libraries ; binds books in all varieties of bindings at the lowest prices ; and takes in subscriptions for the monthly magazines.'

It was a desperate effort, and required desperate means. The weather was rainy ; but every Saturday morning, he continues, ' I set out at five o'clock, carried a burden of from three to thirty pounds weight, opened shop at ten, starved in it all day upon bread, cheese, and half a pint of ale, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham by nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister. Nothing short of a surprising resolution and rigid economy could have carried me through this scene.'

Besides this resolution and economy, Hutton also exercised a reasonable degree of self-restraint. Eschewing mean temptations, and seeking counsel from his sister, he avoided with becoming tact the imprudent step of marrying before he was in a fit situation to encounter the obligations of matrimony. For such self-denial he takes occasion to congratulate himself ; for it tended greatly to promote his subsequent advancement in life.

After the experience and small successes of a year at Southwell, he thought of attempting a removal to Birmingham, and for this purpose, in February 1750, went thither to make up his mind on the subject. His account of the journey affords a graphic picture of the state of the roads in this part of England little more than a century ago.

' Wishing to take Swithland in my return to Nottingham, to visit my two aunts, I was directed through Tamworth, where I spent one penny ; then through a few villages, with blind roads, to Charnwood Forest ; over which were five miles of uncultivated waste, without any road. To all this I was a stranger.

' Passing through a village in the dusk of the evening, I deter-

mined to stop at the next public-house ; but, to my surprise, I instantly found myself upon the forest. It began to rain ; it was dark ; I was in no road, nor was any dwelling near. I was among hills, rocks, and precipices, and so bewildered, I could not retreat. I wandered slowly, for fear of destruction, and hallooed with all my powers ; but met with no return. I was about two hours in this cruel state, when I thought the indistinct form of a roof appeared against the sky. My vociferations at length were answered by a gruff voice from within the building, and I was admitted. I was now in a small room, totally dark, except a glow of fire which would barely have roasted a potato, had it been deposited in the centre. In this dismal abode I heard two female voices, one that of an old aunt, the other of a young wife.

‘We all sat close to this handful of fire, and, becoming familiarised by conversation, I found my host agreeable. He apologised for not having treated me at first with more civility ; he pitied my case, but had not conveniences for accommodation.

‘Hints were now given for retiring to rest. “I will thank you,” said I, “for something to eat ; I have had nothing since morning, when at Birmingham.” “We should have asked you, but we have nothing in the house.” “I shall be satisfied with anything.” “We have no eatables whatever, except some pease porridge, which is rather thin, and we are ashamed to offer.” “It will be acceptable to a hungry man.”

‘While supper was *warming*, for *hot* it could not be, a light was necessary ; but alas ! the premises afforded no candle. To supply its place, a leaf was torn from a shattered book, twisted round, kindled, and shook in the hand, to improve the blaze.

‘By another lighted leaf we marched up to bed. I could perceive the whole premises consisted of two rooms—house and chamber. In the latter was one bed, and two pair of bedsteads. The husband, wife, aunt, and two children occupied the first ; and the bedstead whose head butted against their bedside was appropriated for me. But now another difficulty arose. There were no bedclothes to cover me. Upon diligent inquiry, nothing could be procured but the wife’s petticoat ; and I could learn that she robbed her own bed to supply mine. I heard the rain patter upon the thatch during the night, and rejoiced it did not patter upon me.

‘By the light of the next morning I had a view of all the family faces. The wife was young, handsome, ragged, and good-natured. The whole household, I apprehend, could have cast a willing eye upon breakfast ; but there seemed a small embarrassment in the expectants. The wife, however, went to her next neighbour’s, about a mile, and in an hour returned with a jug of skimmed milk and a piece of a loaf, perhaps two pounds, both of which, I have reason to think, were begged ; for money, I believe, was as scarce as candle. Having no fire, we ate it cold, and with a relish.

'My host went with me half a mile, to bring me into something like a track, when I gave him a shake of the hand, a sixpence, and my sincere good wishes. We parted upon the most friendly terms. I had seen poverty in various shapes, but this was the most complete. I had also seen various degrees of idleness, but none surpassed this. Having returned to Nottingham, I gave warning to quit at Southwell, and prepared for a total change of life.'

Proceeding to Birmingham, he with some trouble succeeded in finding a small shop likely to suit him. It was the lesser half of the shop of Mrs Dix, No. 6 Bull Street, and for this he agreed to pay a rent of one shilling a week. Here he commenced business on the 25th of May 1750, his stock-in-trade being considerably increased by the purchase of a lot of old books, the refuse of a library, from Mr Rudsdall, a dissenting clergyman. The acquisition, small as it was, could not be conveniently paid for in money, and was effected by a note of hand on the following easy terms: 'I promise to pay to Ambrose Rudsdall one pound seven shillings when I am able.' The debt was in time justly liquidated, but in the meantime the young and aspiring bookseller had much to encounter. In Birmingham, his abilities were tried by a higher standard than in Southwell, and redoubled exertions were necessary. Melancholy thoughts often came over his naturally buoyant mind; and tears shed in secret may be said to have moistened his humble fare. From such feelings of despondency, he always recovered by an appeal to moral and religious considerations, and by forming new and still more ardent resolutions. On looking round his establishment, he was consoled with observing that he was increasing in the possession of worldly goods, and occasionally a bright golden guinea was added to his treasures. As time wore on, his circumstances improved. His trade was evidently supporting him; and, by dint of extreme frugality—living at the rate of five shillings a week, including food, rent, washing, and lodging—he found, at the end of a year, that he had saved twenty pounds. At the same time he made a few respectable acquaintances in the town, and now his life became more agreeable. This glimpse of prosperity, however, was for some time shaded by the persecution of the parish overseers, who were afraid that he might become burdensome to the parish, and wished to remove him; which, as the poor-laws then stood, they might have effected.

One of Hutton's first acquaintances in Birmingham was Mr Grace, a hosier in the High Street, one of the persons to whom he applied for work in 1741, when he visited Birmingham as a runaway apprentice. After being a year settled in Birmingham, he was again brought into connection with Mr Grace, by wishing to take a shop next door to him. The rent was large—eight pounds—and frightened him; but at last he ventured on taking the premises, to which he removed, and where he pursued business in a more elevated

style, and with more success. In 1752, he says: 'I had a smiling trade, to which I closely attended; and a happy set of acquaintances, whose society gave me pleasure. As I hired out books, the fair sex did not neglect the shop. Some of them were so obliging as to shew an inclination to share with me the troubles of the world. Placed at ease, I again addressed the Muses, and, as I thought, properly applied my talent, and with better success than five years before. Some of my productions crept into the magazines and other periodical papers. Attention enabled me to abstract a small sum from trade, and I frequently amused myself with marshalling in battalia fifty bright guineas, a sight I had not been accustomed to.'

Mr Hutton, now a rising stationer, with a house of his own, began to feel the inconveniences of housekeeping. Twice he engaged a female servant; but one proved to be of intemperate habits, and the other was a dreadful sloven in cookery; and now he considered himself warranted in looking out for a helpmate. He had not far to seek. Mr Grace, his next-door neighbour, being a widower, had lately received his niece, Miss Sarah Cock, from Aston, near Derby, to keep his house, and with this young lady an intimacy sprang up. 'I saw her,' he says, 'the night she arrived, and thought her a little, neat, delicate creature, and rather handsome. It was impossible, situated as we were, to avoid an intercourse. Without my having the least idea of courtship, she seemed to dislike me, which caused a shyness on my side, and kept us at a distance. The intercourse continued; for, as I had no housekeeper, I dined with Mr Grace at a fixed price.' Matters went on in this way for three years, during which Mr Hutton's prospects were continually brightening. 'I never courted her,' he says, 'nor she me; yet we, by the close union with which we were cemented, were travelling towards the temple of Hymen without conversing upon the subject. Such are the happy effects of reciprocal love.' At first Mr Grace opposed the match, on the selfish ground that it would deprive him of his housekeeper: at length, however, he came to lend it his favour. Justice compels us to add, that on the part of the wooer there was also something like sordidness in seeking the match. On the 21st of March 1755, he observes: 'Mr Grace and I went to Aston to treat with the parents of Miss Cock. As I ever detested being a beggar, I wished to have, in the first instance, as much as they chose to give, for I knew I should never ask afterwards. I answered faithfully whatever questions were asked, and shewed the progressive state of my circumstances, which was now an accumulation of two hundred pounds. They offered one hundred. I replied: "It is rather too little." "You cannot," said her mother with mildness, for she was one of the best women that ever lived, "desire more than we can give." Struck with this reasonable reply, I could not call in one word to object.' Accordingly, after a little delay, the young couple

were married—‘a change,’ says Hutton, ‘which I never wished to unchange.’

From the date of his marriage Mr Hutton’s property grew rapidly. In 1756 he took the hint given him by a friend who was a paper-maker, and added a paper warehouse to his shop; a step which was the means of making his fortune. ‘I perceived,’ he says, ‘more profit would arise from the new trade than the old; that blank paper would speak in fairer language than printed; that one could only furnish the head, but the other would furnish the pocket; and that the fat kine would, in time, devour the lean. These larger profits, however, could only arise from larger returns, and these would demand a larger capital.

‘Few men,’ he continues, ‘can bear prosperity. It requires a considerable share of knowledge to know when we are well; for it often happens that he who is well, in attempting to be better, becomes worse. It requires resolution to *keep* well. If there was a profit to the *seller*, I concluded there must be one to the *maker*. I wished to have both. Upon this erroneous principle I longed for a paper-mill. I procured all the intelligence I could relative to the fabrication of paper; engaged an artist to make me a model of a mill; attended to business, and nursed my children; while the year ran round. This mill mania continued for three years. I pursued the scheme, till lost in a labyrinth; and was at last glad to sell the concern to Mr Honeyborn for eighty guineas, for which I took his bond, bearing interest. Upon examining my accounts, I found I had lost in cash *two hundred and twenty-nine pounds!* Add to this the loss of three years of the prime part of my life, when trade was prosperous, and at a time when I had no opponent: I considered myself a sufferer of at least £1000. I was so provoked at my folly, that I followed up my business with redoubled spirit, cast up stock every quarter, and could not rest till I had brought my affairs into a successful line. The first quarter after the sale, which was from Midsummer to Michaelmas, I augmented my fortune twenty-nine pounds.’

These losses had no permanent effect on Mr Hutton’s fortunes. Year after year the profits of his business increased; and, notwithstanding the growing expenses of his family, he always contrived to have a large balance of the yearly income over the expenditure. Part of his profits he invested in land, purchasing small farms in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. His first speculation of this kind he thus details: ‘Ever since I was eight years old, I had shewn a fondness for land; often made inquiries about it, and wished to call some my own. This ardent desire after dirt never forsook me; but the want of money had hitherto prevented me from gratifying my wish. Nothing makes a man poorer, except gaming. And to buy land without money is often followed with ruin. My trade could spare none. Yet this did not expel the desire.

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‘A papermaker at Alfrick, in Worcestershire, with whom I dealt, told me that a small farm adjoining his own was for sale. He wanted land, and urged me to purchase. I gave him a commission to buy it for £250, agreed to let it to him for £20 per annum, and I borrowed all the money to pay for it. Thus I ventured, and with success, upon a most hazardous undertaking.’

Having once begun purchasing land, it became a passion with him: fortunately, however, his bargains were generally well considered and profitable. ‘The more attention,’ he writes in the year 1769, ‘a man pays to any undertaking, the more he is likely to succeed. The purchase of land was a delight, a study, and a profit. We saved this year £479.’

On one piece of land which he purchased at Bennett’s Hill, about two miles from town, he erected a house, where he afterwards resided the greater part of every year. And so may be said to close the second chapter in his life.

PUBLIC LIFE—BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

From the period at which we are now arrived, Mr Hutton’s life for nearly thirty years ran on in an even and prosperous tenor, diversified by few incidents other than those which happen in the life of most successful citizens. His first step to public life was in 1768, when he was chosen one of the overseers of the poor—a situation in which his active and benevolent mind found congenial exercise. In 1772 he was chosen one of the commissioners of the Court of Requests in Birmingham—a court established for the recovery of small debts, and the settlement of disputes among the poorer classes, the commissioners or judges being men chosen for their temper and practical sagacity. This was precisely the proper element for such a man as Hutton, and he engaged in the duties of commissioner with the utmost relish. ‘The Court of Requests,’ he says, ‘soon became my favourite amusement. I paid a constant attendance, and quickly took the lead. Responsibility, I knew, must follow; for, standing in the front, I was obliged to take it on myself, which excited caution. I had every party to watch, that fraud might not creep in.

‘The management of the court engrossed nearly two days in a week of my time, including the trouble it gave me at my own house. I attended the court nineteen years. During this time more than a hundred thousand causes passed through my hands! a number, possibly, beyond what ever passed the decision of any other man. I have had 250 in one day. Though I endeavoured after right, it cannot be supposed, in so large a number, they were all without error.’

In the year 1787 he published a volume, entitled *The Court of Requests*, containing a collection of decisions on a variety of cases

which came before him in his public capacity ;* and these decisions are fitted to raise the highest ideas of his acuteness and talent as a judge. As a specimen, we may quote his report of one case, in which 'the stewards of a sick-club sued a member for the arrears of his weekly contribution. He pleaded nonage.

'*Court.*—Are you married?

'*Defendant.*—Yes.

'*Court.*—And so you are, at the same time, a husband and an infant ! Was it honest in you to enter this club, and, if attacked by sickness, to draw money from the box, and yet, to prevent paying what was their due, shelter yourself under childhood?

'*Defendant.*—I have never received anything from the club, consequently I owe nothing to it.

'*Court.*—So much the better that you never had occasion to demand from the box ; but every member, though he enjoys a series of health, receives a constant benefit from it ; for the very idea of a support in the day of affliction, yields to the mind a daily satisfaction. Health may be better enjoyed when there is a treasure laid up for sickness. Your not receiving is no argument why you should not pay. You continually held a claim in reversion. As we cannot precisely determine a man's age by looking in his face, we have a right to demand a certificate of yours.'

The next court-day he produced one from the church register.

'*Court.*—This proof does not come up to the point. What age were you when you were baptised?

'*Defendant.*—I cannot tell.

'*Court.*—A man arrives at maturity twenty-one years after the day of his birth, not his baptism. We generally suppose a child may be a month older than the date of the register. But in cases where one party wishes to defraud another, it becomes necessary to draw the line with precision. If we strictly adhere to a register, it follows, those children who are not baptised till three or four years old, will not be of age till four or five and twenty ; nay, we have known instances of people being baptised at forty, which would give them a license to do what they often do without—cheat the world till threescore. As you cannot ascertain your exact age, we shall set aside your childish plea, and do you the honour of treating you as a man—an honour you would gladly accept in any place but this.'

Mr Hutton, however, had become an author previous to the publication of his *Court of Requests* ; for in 1782 was published his *History of Birmingham*, a work which has been much admired, and procured him the honour of being elected a member of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. We now pass on to the year 1791.

* This volume is better fitted than almost any other book we know for disciplining the popular mind both in notions of justice and in right reasoning and logic, while at the same time it is entertaining as a collection of anecdotes.—*Ed.*

‘This year,’ he writes, ‘began prosperously, as many had done before it. Trade was extended, and successful. I had for twelve years desisted from buying land, and kept my money in business, so that I had been able to draw out a considerable sum to improve my houses, and to buy furniture, a carriage, &c. without feeling it. My family loved me. I enjoyed the amusements of the pen, the court, and had no pressure upon the mind but the declining health of her I loved. But a calamity awaited me I little suspected.’

The calamity here alluded to was the celebrated Birmingham riots of 1791, in which Mr Hutton was one of the principal sufferers. It is necessary to give a brief account of these riots, which he always regarded as constituting an era in his life.

About the year 1790–91, party-spirit ran very high in this country, principally in consequence of the public excitement relative to the French Revolution, then just begun, and as yet bloodless. In almost all the large towns of Great Britain there were two parties, one approving of the French Revolution as a triumph of popular principles, the other condemning it as a step to anarchy and irreligion. The former consisted for the most part of dissenters from the Church of England, then suffering under certain civil disabilities, which have since been removed; the latter, on the other hand, consisted principally of adherents of that church. Between the two there sprang up feelings of personal rancour and hostility, which were displayed in a very unseemly manner on all occasions.

In no town did this party-spirit run so high as in Birmingham, not only because the dissenters of that town were very numerous, but also because a theological controversy had for several years been going on in it between the celebrated Dr Priestley, then minister of a Unitarian chapel there, and the town clergy. So strong and bitter was sectarian feeling in this town, that clergymen of the Church of England, when asked to funerals, refused to go in the same coach with dissenting ministers. The great majority of the working-classes belonged to what was called ‘the Church and King party,’ and disliked the dissenters. Still, the display of feeling was confined to mere words, or acts of incivility; and it was not till the month of July 1791 that any breach of the public peace occurred. The immediate occasion of the terrible riots which happened in the middle of that month, was a dinner held in one of the hotels by a number of gentlemen, to express their sympathy with the French Revolution, and their admiration of its leaders. Similar meetings were held on the same day—the 14th of July—in other towns of the empire. Foreseeing the possibility of a riot, some of the gentlemen who had intended to be present at the dinner in Birmingham absented themselves; and the rest, to the number of eighty-one, broke up at a very early hour—between five and six in the afternoon—after drinking a number of political toasts. By the time the dinner was over, however, a mob of idle men and lads had gathered

at the door of the inn, who, from groaning and hissing, and shouting 'Church and King,' took to throwing stones against the windows. Increasing in number, and growing furious with the exercise, they rushed from the inn to Dr Priestley's meeting-house, burst open the doors, demolished the pews, and set the building on fire. They then proceeded to the Old Meeting, and treated it in a similar manner. Meeting with no resistance from the authorities, they next marched out to a place called Fairhill, at a little distance from town, where Dr Priestley resided. Dr Priestley had barely time to escape with his life, when the mob arrived, entered his house, demolished his furniture, and set it on fire—destroying, in the conflagration, books, philosophical instruments, and manuscripts, which had been the labour of many years. Having accomplished all this mischief without molestation, the mob dispersed about three o'clock in the morning.

Mr Hutton, ignorant of the riot, slept that night at his house at Bennett's Hill, about two miles out of town. 'When I awoke the next morning,' he says, 'my servant told me what had happened. I was inclined to believe it only a report; but coming to the town, I found it a melancholy truth, and matters wore an unfavourable aspect; for one mob cannot continue long inactive, and there were two or three floating up and down, seeking whom they might devour, though I was not under the least apprehension of danger to myself. The affrighted inhabitants came in bodies to ask my opinion.' No precautions having been taken by the magistrates to quell the mob, it recommenced the work of destruction. The first victim was John Ryland, Esq., a dissenter, and a friend of Dr Priestley, but who had not, any more than the doctor, attended the obnoxious dinner. After destroying his house, the mob broke up into two, the one proceeding to Bordsley, a mile out of town, to burn the house of Mr Taylor, an influential gentleman of Birmingham; the other assembling in the New Street, and meditating an attack on Mr Hutton's premises. About noon, writes Mr Hutton, 'a person approached me in tears, and told me "my house was condemned to fall." As I had never, with design, offended any man, nor heard any allegations against my conduct, I could not credit the information. Being no man's enemy, I could not believe I had an enemy myself. I thought the people, who had known me forty years, esteemed me too much to injure me. But I drew from fair premises false conclusions. My fellow-sufferers had been guilty of *one* fault, but I of *two*. I was not only a dissenter, but an active commissioner in the Court of Requests. In the office of commissioner I studied the good of others, not my own. Three points I ever kept in view: to keep order, do justice tempered with lenity, and compose differences. Armed with power, I have put a period to thousands of quarrels, have softened the rugged tempers of devouring antagonists, and, without expense to themselves, sent them away friends. But the fatal rock upon which I split was,

I never could find a way to let both parties win. Some of my friends,' he continues, 'advised me "to take care of my goods, for my house must come down." I treated the advice as ridiculous, and replied "*that* was their duty, and the duty of every inhabitant, for my case was theirs. I had only the power of an individual. Besides, fifty wagons could not carry off my stock-in-trade, exclusive of the furniture of my house; and if they could, where must I deposit it?" I sent, however, a small quantity of paper to a neighbour, who returned it, and the whole afterwards fell a prey to rapine.

'All business was now at a stand. The shops were shut. The town prison, and that of the Court of Requests, were thrown open, and their strength was added to that of their deliverers. Some gentlemen advised the insurgents assembled in New Street to disperse; when one, whom I well knew, said: "Do not disperse; they want to sell us. If you will pull down Hutton's house I will give you two guineas to drink, for it was owing to him I lost a cause in the court." The bargain was instantly struck, and my building fell.

'About three o'clock they approached me. I expostulated with them. "They would have money." I gave them all I had, even to a single halfpenny, which one of them had the meanness to take. They wanted more; "nor would they submit to this treatment," and began to break the windows, and attempted to seize the goods. I then borrowed all I instantly could, which I gave them, and shook a hundred hard and black hands. "We will have some drink." "You shall have what you please if you will not injure me." I was then seized by the collar on both sides, and hauled a prisoner to a neighbouring public-house, where, in half an hour, I found an ale score against me of 329 gallons.'

Escaping at length from the clutches of the mob who were detaining him in the alehouse, Mr Hutton set out for his house at Bennett's Hill, which he reached about five o'clock, leaving his house in Birmingham to its fate; his son, Thomas Hutton, however, remaining in town to see what he could do to save it. His efforts were ineffectual. 'I learned,' writes Hutton, 'that after I quitted Birmingham, the mob attacked my house there three times. My son bought them off repeatedly; but in the fourth, which began about nine at night, they laboured till eight the next morning, when they had so completely ravaged my dwelling, that I write this narrative in a house without furniture, without roof, door, chimney-piece, window, or window-frame. During this interval of eleven hours, a lighted candle was brought four times, with intent to fire the house, but, by some humane person, was kicked out. At my return, I found a large heap of shavings, chips, and fagots, covered with about three hundredweight of coal, in an under-kitchen, ready for lighting.

'The different pieces of furniture were hoisted to the upper windows, to complete their destruction; and those pieces which

survived the fall, were dashed to atoms by three bludgeoners stationed below for that service.'

But Mr Hutton's losses were not yet over. On reaching his house at Bennett's Hill the previous evening, he had made several applications to his neighbours to take in part of his furniture, fearing that the rioters, not content with destroying his house and premises in town, would soon follow him to Bennett's Hill. The neighbours to whom he applied were alarmed for the consequences to themselves of protecting the property of so obnoxious a person, and refused to receive it. Mr Hutton's fears that the mob would visit Bennett's Hill were but too well founded. Still unchecked by any decisive measures on the part of the magistracy, the mob began a third day of riot; and their first object of attack was Mr Hutton's country-house. 'Saturday the 16th,' writes Mr Hutton, 'was ushered in with fresh calamities to myself. The triumphant mob, at four in the morning, attacked my premises at Bennett's Hill, and threw out the furniture I had tried to save. It was consumed in three fires, the marks of which remain, and the house expired in one vast blaze. The women were as alert as the men. One female, who had stolen some of the property, carried it home while the house was in flames; but returning, saw the coach-house and stables unhurt, and exclaimed, with the decisive tone of an Amazon: 'Confound the coach-house, is not that down yet? We will not do our work by halves!' She instantly brought a lighted fagot from the building, set fire to the coach-house, and reduced the whole to ashes.'

It was not till late next day that the riots were suppressed by the arrival of the military from London; and in the meantime several other houses had been destroyed, and much additional damage done. On Monday the 18th, Mr Hutton, who, since the morning of the 16th, had been obliged to wander like a fugitive through the country, returned to Birmingham. 'My friends,' he says, 'received me with joy; and though they had not fought for me, they had been assiduous in securing some of my property, which, I was told, "had paved half the streets in Birmingham."

'Seventeen of my friends offered me their own houses; sixteen of them were of the Established Church, which indicates that I never was a party-man. Our cabinets being rifled, papers against government were eagerly sought after; but the invidious seeker forgot that such papers are not in use among the dissenters. Instead, however, of finding treasonable papers in mine, they found one of my teeth wrapt in writing-paper, and inscribed: "This tooth was destroyed by a tough crust, July 12, 1775, after a faithful service of more than fifty years. I have only thirty-one left." The prize was proclaimed the property of a king, and was conducted into the London papers, in which the world was told "that the antiquaries had sustained an irreparable injury; for one of the sufferers in the late riots had lost a tooth of Richard III., found in Bosworth Field, and valued at £300."

LIFE OF WILLIAM HUTTON.

The amount of loss sustained by Mr Hutton during the riots he estimated at £8243, 3s. 2d., exclusive of the loss resulting from the interruption of his business. The sum awarded to him as a compensation, in terms of an act of parliament passed after the riots, was only £5390, 17s.; and many of the sufferers fared even worse. 'It is inconceivable,' he writes, 'what trouble and anxiety we underwent in preparing for the trials to recover our lost property. Every obstacle of human invention was thrown in our way. I was induced to wish I had given up my claim, and lost all.'

'At the trials, every insult was offered to the sufferers that the malice of an enemy could contrive. The two judges, Baron Thompson and the Lord Chief Baron Eyre, were shocked at the foul treatment; and the latter remarked, that "he had never, in his whole life, seen so much rancour and ill-blood."

'The verdict of some of the sufferers,' he continues, 'did not cover the expenses of the suit. My part of the expenses of my own trial amounted to £884, 15s. 9d. The sum allowed was paid with as much reluctance as if the sufferers had destroyed their own property. It was two years before we received it; and I am of opinion that we never should have had it at all, but for the vigilance of Lord Aylesford and some of the county gentlemen.'

The Birmingham riots seem to have made a very keen impression on Mr Hutton's mind. He never speaks of them without evident feeling. He wrote a history of them about three weeks after their occurrence, which, however, was not published till it appeared in his *Life*.

'The cruel treatment,' he says, 'I had met with, totally altered my sentiments of man. I had considered him as designed to assist and comfort his species, to reduce the rough propensities of his nature, and to endeavour after perfection, though he could not reach it. But the return I met with, for having sacrificed nearly two days a week of my time, and no small portion of my talents, to the gratuitous service of the public, during nineteen years, convinced me that the nature of the human species, like that of the brute creation, is to destroy each other. These considerations determined me to withdraw from all public business, to spend the small remainder of existence with my little family, and amuse myself with the book and the pen.'

Acting on these resolutions, this pattern of a judge retired from the service of an ungrateful public. From the same cause, Dr Priestley, a man of whom England had great reason to be proud, left his country for America, where he pursued his chemical researches unmolested till the period of his death in 1804.

OLD AGE—RETIREMENT.

The struggling youth and thoughtful man was now in the decline of years, and, desirous of retiring from all active duties, at the end

of 1793 he delivered over his business to his son, Mr Thomas Hutton, reserving his estates for his own use. From that period he resided generally at Bennett's Hill, walking in every morning to Birmingham to assist his son in the shop, and returning again in the evening. His wife, who had long been ailing, was now on her death-bed. 'My practice,' he writes, 'had long been to rise about five, relieve the nurse of the night by holding the head of my dear love in my hand, with the elbow resting on the knee. At eight I walked to business at Birmingham, where I stayed till four, when I returned. I nursed her till eight, amused myself with literary pursuits till ten, and then went to rest. January 23—I had left her as usual with the waker and my daughter, and had slept two hours. The sitter-up called me gently. I awoke in surprise. "Don't be frightened." "Is she gone?" "Yes." She had departed at half an hour past eleven. I arose. My dear treasure, whom they were preparing to undress, was laid upon the carpet. Grief stops the pen. The scene is affecting. I am undergoing a second death. I can stop the pen, but not the tear.'

Hutton's autobiography after this sad event consists of little except occasional notices of short journeys made by himself and his daughter, of purchases of land, &c. interspersed here and there with quaint humorous reflections. 'My year,' he writes in 1801, 'runs round like a boy who beats his hoop round a circle, and with nearly the same effect, that of a little exercise. I rise at six in summer, and seven in winter; march to Birmingham, two miles and a quarter, where my son receives me with open arms. I return at four o'clock, when my daughter receives me with a smile. I then amuse myself with reading, conversation, or study, without any pressure upon the mind, except the melancholy remembrance of her I loved; for, although six years are nearly passed since I lost her, yet her dear image adheres too closely ever to be forgotten, even for one day. How different my case from his who rejoices at nothing so much as the loss of a wife, except the liberty of procuring another! I am now in my seventy-ninth year.'

That same year he made a journey to the north of England to see the famous Roman wall, which crosses the island from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea; and the results of his antiquarian researches were published in a small volume. He made the journey entirely on foot; and, judging from his own account, his appearance must have been amusing. 'I was dressed,' says he, 'in black, a kind of religious warrant, but divested of assuming airs; and had a budget of the same colour and materials, much like a dragoon's cartridge-box or postman's letter-pouch, in which were deposited the maps of Cumberland, Northumberland, and the Wall with its appendages, all three taken out of Gough's edition of the *Britannia*; also Warburton's map of the Wall, with my own remarks, &c. To this little packet I fastened with a strap an umbrella in a green case,

for I was not likely to have a six weeks' tour without wet, and slung it over that shoulder which was the least tired. A person of my appearance and style of travelling is so seldom seen upon the high-road, that the crowds I met in my whole journey viewed me with an eye of wonder and inquiry, as if ready to cry out: "In the name of the Father, &c. what art?" and I have reason to believe not a soul met me without a turn of the head to survey the rear as well as the front.'

Of this pedestrian excursion of Mr Hutton in his seventy-ninth year, his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, gives the following lively and affectionate account in a letter to a friend. We introduce it, because it will help to make the reader familiar with the quaint and happy character of the man. 'Our summer excursion in 1801,' she says, was ardently wished for by both. My father's object was to see the Roman Wall; mine, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fireside every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last.

'When the time drew near, I represented to my father that it was impossible he should walk the whole way, though I agreed with him that he could walk a considerable part: the only difference between us was, whether he should ride to prevent mischief, or *after* mischief was done. I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient; but he was inflexible. All I could obtain was a promise that he would take care of himself.

'I rode on a pillion behind the servant, and our mode of travelling was this: my father informed himself at night how he could get out of the house the next morning, before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off again. When my horse had fed properly, I followed, passed my father on the road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds.

'My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace, that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot or on horseback, not even through a town. The only time I ever did walk with him was through the streets of Warrington; and then, of my own accord, I kept a little behind, that I might not influence his step. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and he got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour.

'When the horse on which I rode saw my father before him, he

neighed, though at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, then stopped, and laid his head on his shoulder.

‘My father delivered all his money to me before we left home, reserving only a few pieces of loose coin, in case he should want on the road. I paid all bills, and he had nothing to do but walk out of an inn when he found himself sufficiently refreshed.

‘My father was such an enthusiast with regard to the Wall, that he turned neither to the right nor to the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ullswater he saw, because they lay under his feet; but nothing could detain him from his grand object.

‘When we had reached Penrith, we took a melancholy breakfast, and parted, with a tear half-suppressed on my father’s side, and tears not to be suppressed on mine. He continued his way to Carlisle; I turned westward for Keswick. After a few days’ stay there, I went back to Hest Bank, a small sea-bathing place near Lancaster, where we had appointed to meet.

‘While I remained at Hest Bank I received two scraps of paper, torn from my father’s pocket-book; the first dated from Carlisle, July 20, in which he told me he was sound in body, shoe, and stocking, and had just risen from a lodging among fleas. The second from Newcastle, July 23, when he informed me he had been at the Wall’s end; that the weather was so hot he was obliged to repose under hedges; and that the country was infested with thieves. But lest I should be under any apprehensions for his personal safety, he added, they were only such as demolished his idol, the Wall, by stealing the stones of which it was composed.

On the fifth morning after my arrival at Hest Bank, before I was up, I heard my father hem on the stairs. I answered by calling out “Father!” which directed him to my room, and a most joyful meeting ensued. He continued here four days, wondered at, and respected by the company. We set out on our return home in the same manner as before, and reached it in safety.

‘During the whole journey I watched my father with a jealous eye. The first symptom of fatigue I observed was at Budworth, in Cheshire, after he had lost his way, and been six hours upon his legs, first in deep sands, and then on pavement road. At Liverpool his spirits were good, but I thought his voice rather weaker. At Preston he first said he was tired; but having walked eleven miles farther to Garstang, he found himself recovered, and never after, to the best of my remembrance, uttered the least complaint. He usually came into an inn in high spirits, ate a hearty meal, grew sleepy after it, and in two hours was rested. His appetite never forsook him. He regarded strong liquors with abhorrence. Porter he drunk when he could get it; ale and spirits never. He mixed

his wine with water, but considered water alone as the most refreshing beverage.

‘On our return, walking through Ashton, a village in Lancashire, a dog flew at my father and bit his leg, making a wound about the size of a sixpence. I found him sitting in the inn at Newton, where we had appointed to breakfast, deploring the accident, and dreading its consequences. They were to be dreaded. The leg had yet a hundred miles to walk in extreme hot weather. I comforted my father. “Now,” said I, “you will reap the fruit of your temperance. You have put no strong liquors or high sauces into your leg; you eat but when you are hungry, and drink but when you are thirsty, and this will enable your leg to carry you home.” The event shewed I was right. The wound was sore, and the leg round it was inflamed, as every leg under such circumstances must be; but it never was very troublesome, nor ever indulged with a plaster.

‘From the time we parted at Penrith till we reached home, the weather was intensely hot. My father frequently walked with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and the perspiration was so excessive, that I have even felt his coat damp on the outside from the moisture within: his bulk visibly diminished every day. When we arrived at Wolsley Bridge on our return, I was terribly alarmed at this, and thanked God he had but one day more to walk. When we had got within four days of our journey, I could no longer restrain my father. We made forced marches, and if we had had a little farther to go, the foot would fairly have knocked up the horse! The pace he went did not even fatigue his shoes. He walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings.’

Another publication besides the *Roman Wall*, and the consequence of the same excursion, appeared in 1801, entitled *Remarks on North Wales*. A rather amusing incident occurred in connection with this publication. ‘The authors of the *Monthly Review*,’ he says, ‘criticising my tour through North Wales, bestow upon the work some encomiums, after which they remark: “We believe that this veteran traveller has at length taken a longer journey, the important details of which he will not transmit to us poor wanderers below.” This occasioned the following:

“*To the Authors of the Monthly Review.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I learn from your *Review* for the last month that I was dead. I cannot say I was very sorry, though I had a great respect for the man. Your kind expressions will not be charged with insincerity, for praise is lost upon the defunct. You may as well, by these presents, bring me to life in your next, for till then, I cannot attain my former rank among the living. Your fiat musters my friends about me, some in tears; but all terminate with a smile. Others, as I walk the street, cast at me a significant glance, as if surprised to see me above ground, and uncertain whether the ghost

or the body moves ; but a moment determines that the ghost holds its proper place. Three verses addressed to you, inoffensive as your own remark, will probably be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I am, with sincere respect, yours, till a second death,

W. HUTTON.

From my Shades, at Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham, Aug. 13, 1807."

'In the next number the reviewers published my letter, with the following remark : 'We insert the above with much pleasure ; and as we have now a contradiction of the report to which we alluded, under our venerable friend's own hand, we will engage, if he requires it, never again to state an event which we hope is yet distant, till we have, in like manner, *his own certificate for it*.'"

Although now in his eighty-fifth year, Mr Hutton was a hale old man. 'At the age of eighty-two,' he says, 'I considered myself a young man. I could, without much fatigue, walk forty miles a day. But during the last six years I have felt a sensible decay ; and, like a stone rolling down a hill, its velocity increases with the progress. I have lived to bury two generations, and among them many friends whom I loved. I do not know, nor am known by any soul living prior to my twenty-seventh year. But although I barely live myself, I may have taught others to live. I was the first who opened a circulating library in Birmingham in 1751, since which time many have started in the race. I was the first who opened a regular paper warehouse in 1756 : there are now a great number. I was also the first who introduced the barrow with two wheels ; there are now more than one hundred. I may, in another view, have been beneficial to man by a life of temperance and exercise, which are the grand promoters of health and longevity. Some whom I know have been induced to follow my example, and have done it with success. I was never,' he says, 'more than twice in London on my own concerns. The first was April 8, 1749, to make a purchase of materials for trade, to the amount of three pounds ! the last April 14, 1806, fifty-seven years after, to ratify the purchase of an estate which cost £11,590 ! One laid a foundation for the other, and both answered expectation.'

The year 1812 concludes Mr Hutton's remarks on his own life ; he was now too feeble to use the pen. The circumstances of the last years of his life are recorded by his daughter, Mrs Catherine Hutton, a lady known in the literary world. 'My father,' she says, 'had lived to see himself twice in fashion in Birmingham. Till the riots, he was courted and respected. For some time after the riots he was insulted. He was now revered and admired. Two portrait-painters in Birmingham requested him to sit to them, and one of them placed his picture in the public library of the town.'

'With strangers my father was never out of fashion. While he was able to walk to Birmingham, he was seated, during a great part

of the day, on a bundle of paper, by the fireside of my brother's warehouse, which was facing the street door. This Mr Pratt called "Mr Hutton's throne." No day passed in which strangers were not observed to pass and repass several times, looking in, so as to leave no doubt that their object was to obtain a sight of the historian of Birmingham.

'In his ninetieth year, my father's strength and activity gradually diminished. He still walked to and from Birmingham; but he was a machine hard to set agoing, and, when going, not to be stopped. The end of his walk became a short run, in which he leaned forward in proportion to his velocity. In May he fell several times; but he was desirous to hide it from his family, because he feared that my brother and myself might endeavour to throw some obstacles in the way of his walking.

'On Tuesday the 5th of October, when my father wanted six days of completing his ninetieth year, he set out on his accustomed walk to Birmingham. When he had reached half-way, his strength began to fail. When he got into the streets, his helpless situation attracted the notice of numbers of people, who offered him their assistance. He was afraid he should have been overturned by their kindness, for a touch would have thrown him off his balance. He took the arm of one, and at length reached the paper warehouse, which now belonged to his grand-nephew, Samuel Hutton. He had been two hours in walking two miles and a quarter. On his return, he was lifted into his carriage by three men, and out of it by two. In both cases he was perfectly sensible, silent, passive, and helpless.

'I met my father at his gate, and, leaning upon me and a servant, he walked into the house. "Now," said he, bursting into tears, "I have done with Birmingham!" Too surely did I believe him, and most sincerely did I weep with him!

'My father had always a surprising facility in recovering from fatigue. Rest was sure to succeed it immediately, and the happy consequences of rest were soon visible.'

From this period Mr Hutton gradually sank, till the 20th of September 1815, when he died at the age of ninety-two. Regarding the character of this interesting man, we shall quote the concluding observations of his daughter. 'My father,' she says, 'has delineated his own character in the history he has written of his life. Little more remains to be said, and I hope that little will not be too much. I think the predominant feature in my father's character was the love of peace. No quarrel ever happened within the sphere of his influence, in which he did not act the part of a mediator, and endeavour to conciliate both sides; and I believe no quarrel ever happened where he was concerned, in which he did not relinquish a part of his right. The first lessons he taught his children were, that the giving up an argument was meritorious, and that having the last word was a fault. My father's love of peace made him

generally silent on those inexhaustible subjects of dispute and animosity—religion and politics.

‘The few lessons of good-breeding that reached my father in early life were never forgotten by him. His friend Mr Webb had said: “Billy, never interrupt any person who is speaking.” My father was a patient hearer. He waited till his turn came; and frequently, in the clamour of a public table, his turn did not come, and what he had to say was lost. I never knew him make one of two persons speaking together. He did not begin till another had ended, and he stopped if another began.

‘My father’s conduct towards his children was admirable. He allowed us a greater degree of liberty than custom gives to a child; but if he saw us transgressing the bounds of order, a single word, and that a mild one, was sufficient to bring us back. He strongly inculcated the confession of an error. A fault acknowledged was not merely amended—in his estimation it almost became a virtue.

‘My father was an uncommon instance of resolution and perseverance, and an example of what these can perform. Another, I might almost say every other, would have sunk under supposed inability when he was falling to the ground, and would therefore have been irrecoverably in bed, while he was still walking. My father was so tenacious of his activity and independence, that he performed every one of his accustomed actions, till it was not possible for him to do it once more. I have no doubt that he prolonged his powers and his life by these exercises.

‘My father was nearly five feet six inches in height, well made, strong, and active; a little inclined to corpulence, which did not diminish till within four or five months of his death. From this period he became gradually thin. His countenance was expressive of sense, resolution, and calmness, though, when irritated or animated, he had a very keen eye. Such was the happy disposition of his mind, and such the firm texture of his body, that ninety-two years had scarcely the power to alter his features or make a wrinkle in his face.’





THE DESERTERS.

I.



IN the summer of 1812, a fine ship was holding her course in solitary pride through the blue waters of the South Atlantic. Though her sides were lofty, and she carried a heavy battery of guns, with a numerous crew, neither had her canvas the cut, nor her yards the squareness, of those of a man-of-war. She was, in truth, one of the richly freighted barks belonging to those merchant princes of the East, of whom it may be truly said that few monarchs rival them in power, and fewer still in wealth. Every sail was set below and aloft, with studding-sails on each side, to take advantage of the favourable breeze which was sending her along at the rate of nine knots an hour from the shores of England. Her course was towards that surge-beaten rock which rears its lofty summit, dark, rugged, and alone, from amid the ocean depths—the island of St Helena—a spot which was afterwards to become famous throughout the world as the prison and the tomb of the great wonder of his age, Napoleon.

It is difficult clearly to describe the scene which the Indiaman presented, with her crowded cabins supplied with every article of luxury: the rich merchandise below; the stores of provisions; the dark berths of the seamen; the carpenters', blacksmiths', and tailors' shops; the cow-house; the sheep-pens and hen-coops; the kitchen,

THE DESERTERS.

with its ever-active cook; the butcher and baker following their vocations; people moving in all directions; and the hum of voices heard from every part; these, with the dark line of guns lashed to her bulwarks on each side, the snowy hammocks in the nettings, the numerous boats, the clean decks, the ropes fastened down, the tall masts, the outspreading yards, the white sails, and the intricate tracery of the rigging, the whole forming a defined and familiar picture to a seaman's eye; but to a landsman, who has never beheld the like, appears an almost incomprehensible mass of confusion.

The glowing sun of the tropics, now approaching the horizon, was casting his burning rays from an unclouded sky in a shower of golden refulgence upon the dark blue waters which rose and fell in gentle undulations, merely rippled over by the playful breeze, but unbroken save where they curled and leaped round the bows of the majestic ship as calmly she parted them asunder, or where her steady track was marked by a lengthened line of snowy whiteness. Her decks were crowded with people: the after-part with the officers and cabin passengers, while on the forecastle were collected the greater part of the crew; a few women—some natives of India, servants of the cabin passengers—and a considerable number of soldiers, mostly fresh recruits, for the service of the Company. The latter were raw youths, collected from all parts of the United Kingdom, of every sort of character and disposition, possessed of various degrees of education, and intended originally for different trades and professions, which many opposite motives had induced them to quit for the profession they had now adopted; and it was the duty of the older soldiers to amalgamate these very incongruous materials—a task not easy of accomplishment without the strictest discipline, firmness, and discretion, which last quality was too often neglected, with the most fatal results, as the following narrative will shew.

In those days it was the custom of the Company frequently to disembark their newly levied troops at St Heleha, both to drill and discipline them, and to inure them to a tropical climate, before they were exposed to the hardships of actual warfare, as well as to make them take their turn in garrisoning the island; a duty which appears always to have been distasteful and irksome to the young soldiers, from the unvaried routine, the constant parades, and rigid subordination to which they were subjected, instead of beholding the wonders of the East, which they had been taught to expect.

II.

Two young men were pacing together the short space afforded them for a walk on the topgallant forecastle—a small deck raised above what is called the upper deck, at the fore-part of a ship. They wore the military cap and undress uniform of the other recruits, though the manner in which they trod the deck shewed that they

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were accustomed to the sea, and there was that in their air and appearance which distinguished them from the rest of their comrades, and betokened them to be possessed of superior education. There appeared to be a slight difference in their ages, and the eldest therefore claims the first description. His figure was about the middle height, strongly built, with well-knit limbs, which gave promise of great bodily activity ; his complexion was florid, with light closely curling hair, while his features were not only well formed, but would have been considered decidedly handsome and pleasing, had not fierce and unrestrained passions already stamped them with their indelible traces. His full gray eyes, when his feelings were unexcited, looked so calm and soft, that they appeared beaming with almost a woman's tenderness, but on the slightest opposition to his will, they instantly flashed with the angry blaze of his fiery temper ; and his mouth, that more certain index of the disposition, betokened him to be a firm and fearless character, more likely to attempt leading others, than tamely to submit to dictation. The physiognomist examining his countenance would at once have pronounced him to be possessed of qualities which, if well directed, might raise him to the most elevated position, but which, were he left to his own devices, would too probably prove the cause of his complete destruction. Such was William Halliday.

He was the second son of a wealthy farmer in the north of England, whose property bordered the sea-coast. He had been sent to various schools, as well as to one of the northern universities, but had, although possessed of good abilities, been expelled from each on account of his determined resistance to all authority. At the same time that young Halliday was pronounced an incorrigible reprobate by his masters, he was beloved by his companions of the same age as himself for his kind and generous disposition. He was at all times the champion of those who were oppressed and unable to defend themselves : often, too, would he bear the punishment due to the faults of another boy, rather than betray him to his superiors. He was always the first to be accused when no other culprit could be found. The behaviour of his masters by degrees hardened his temper, and made him indifferent alike to punishment or applause. How little did his instructors imagine the ruin they were working in a noble fabric ! whereas, by judicious management from the first, his faults would have been corrected, and his disposition unimpaired. Notwithstanding his general idleness, he had contrived to gain a considerable amount of information, and his indulgent father had hopes of his reformation. He listened calmly and leniently to his son's excuses for his behaviour, forgave him, and told him that he must henceforth make amends for his former wildness by assisting him diligently in his business. William promised, and intended to perform his promise, but the dull routine of a farmer's life was not at all to his taste ; and though for a time he attended with tolerable

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regularity to his duties, he gladly flew to other pursuits on the slightest pretext. Living close to the sea-shore, he had from his boyhood been accustomed to pass much of his time upon the ocean, and had become, by constant practice, a bold and dexterous boatman. His delight was to steer a light skiff he claimed as his own, at early dawn, far out to sea, where, miles from land, he would remain all day, delighting in the wild solitude of the ocean, nor return till the sun warned him that evening was approaching. And often would he, in mere sport, dart through the heaviest breakers, where few would venture to follow. By his courage and experience, indeed, the crew and passengers of a large ship wrecked on the coast were preserved—a gallant act, which gained him the applause and respect of all who heard of it, as well as the gratitude of those whose lives, at the risk of his own, he had preserved.

As yet, William Halliday, with all his errors, had been free from crime. His trials had not yet come. He was not to escape the fiery ordeal of temptation; and who, without firm principles—guardian angels, ever watchful by his side—can hope to escape unscathed! Unhappily, he possessed not these; yet his thirst for excitement, and his love of enterprise, were the primary causes of his fall, rather than a vicious disposition. Had his father, instead of attempting to bring up one of his ardent temperament to the regular routine of his own profession, sent him at an early age to sea—where, while his peculiar failings would have been corrected by strict discipline, his desire for change would have been fully satisfied before it had gained overpowering strength—he might have escaped the peculiar temptations to which he was subjected. But such was not to be. Let his example prove a warning to others; and let other fathers and masters remember his fate, when they discover similar dispositions in their sons or pupils.

His love of the excitement to be found on the ocean caused young Halliday to become acquainted with all the seafaring men in the neighbourhood, some of whom were very bad characters. At that time the loose enforcement of the revenue laws gave encouragement to an extensive system of smuggling along all the coasts of England, and with many of the persons engaged in this illegal traffic he was consequently thrown in constant contact. Among the worst was a man of the name of Derrick, the owner of several smuggling craft. This man had long fixed his eye on young Halliday, calculating that he would be, from his intrepid character and social position, an able coadjutor in his plans. It was not long before he had an opportunity, of which he failed not to make use, of enticing the young man on board his cutter, and offering him a cruise to the coast of France. This offer was too willingly accepted, and frequently repeated; so that, although Halliday took no part in their business, he was completely committed with the smugglers, and very soon not only forgot the lawlessness of their proceedings, but by degrees,

from assisting, he lent a hand in landing the goods from the vessel.

Young Halliday knew he was doing wrong, but he tried to persuade himself that, as he did not take any of the profits of these illegal transactions, he was not distinctly implicated. In this delusion he continued to associate with the contrabandists, and, as may be expected, was led from one thing to another, till he brought himself within the direct grasp of the law.

Early one morning, the party, in landing a cargo of goods, were attacked by the revenue officers; a scuffle ensued; blood was shed; several were wounded on both sides; and one man was cut down by Halliday, who forthwith fled from the fray—a murderer. Hurrying from the scene, he crossed the country on foot, met the mail going northward, and taking a seat on it, was carried to York. From this place he found his way to Hull, where he intended to ship as a sea-man on board the first vessel about to sail; to what part of the world he cared not. As it happened, not one foreign-bound ship was likely to be ready for sea. He, however, found a vessel ready to sail for London, and in this he took his passage. The voyage lasted several days, during which young Halliday became acquainted with a person of indifferent character, who introduced him to parties still worse in London. Once put on a wrong track, it is inconceivable how quick is the progress to destruction. Halliday could not be called deliberately bad; but his impulses and his heedlessness had been equally injurious. Ere he had entered life, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was a ruined man. The consciousness of being a homicide, and that his character was altogether gone, impelled him to sink the deeper in guilt. He scarcely cared what came of him. In this state of mind, it is not to be wondered at that he took part in an enterprise which had for its object to rob a gentleman on his way home at night, and who was known to carry a considerable amount of valuable property on his person. This affair proved less advantageous than had been reckoned on. The gentleman to be waylaid was well armed, and on being suddenly set upon, shot one of the robbers in the breast. The others immediately fled. The wounded man was taken into an adjoining cottage, which, strange to say, proved to be one inhabited by his wife, whom he had cruelly deserted; and the scene which ensued may be more easily imagined than described.

The now doubly guilty Halliday felt that his life hung by a single hair. Perhaps the wounded man, if able to speak, would reveal his name and residence. In this conjuncture he did what is probably done in many similar circumstances. Having exchanged his apparel for a common working-dress, and otherwise disguised himself, he enlisted into the army, or, as it chanced to be, the East India Company's service. In those days, few questions were asked about previous character, and a fine youth was not to be rejected. He was

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at once enlisted under a feigned name, and before many days elapsed, had joined the *dépôt* of the Company's regiments, whence in a few weeks he embarked for India.

III.

The young man whom we have mentioned as being Halliday's companion on board the ship had enlisted about the same time, but from different causes. Of a much less robust frame than Halliday, his figure would have conveyed the idea of activity, and no small power of endurance. Henry Hastings, as this youth was called, was the son of a clergyman, the rector of a small living on the south coast of England. Mr Hastings, after taking a high degree at Oxford, became a fellow of his college, where he continued to reside for some years, till he accepted the first living which fell in. Naturally of retiring manners, and possessing a poetical temperament, he had at no time mixed much in the limited society of the university, and with the world at large he was unacquainted. On his entering on the duties of his profession, he married an amiable young lady, who died in a few years, after giving birth to two children—a son and a daughter. So completely were the thoughts of Mr Hastings occupied with his scientific and literary pursuits, and with what he considered the duties of his calling, that he appeared totally to forget the necessity of attending to his worldly affairs, and to the education of his children. Fortunately for them, on the death of his wife, a widowed sister came to reside with him, and by her judicious management so corrected their failings, and excited their best qualities, that few more amiable or engaging children could be found. Julia Hastings grew up in time to be a lovely and charming girl, endued with good sense and talent, and a firmness of character which neither her father nor brother appeared to possess. Henry, though her senior by a year, had not, unfortunately, the settled principles, nor the determined spirit of his sister, though equalling her in amiability and a desire to do right, with even a more enthusiastic and romantic temperament. He had no vices, and many virtues, but they were all of a passive rather than of an active nature. Though books were his delight, his reading was too desultory and irregular to lead to any useful results; nor did any great improvement take place during the short time he was at the university. The only amusement in which, like most men of his age, he indulged, was sailing; and from his boyhood he had been accustomed to steer his light skiff over the dancing waves, and to manage her with considerable dexterity. It suited his romantic disposition. He loved to make excursions along the beautiful shores of his native county, to sail up its rivers, and visit its sheltered bays, till he almost fancied himself the explorer of new regions fertile and wealthy.

On Henry's return home, after keeping his first university term,

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he brought with him to the vicarage a friend, whom he had known from his boyhood; and certainly Lionel Ravenhurst did full justice to his discrimination of character, for a more attractive person in mind, manner, and appearance could scarcely be met with. He came to enjoy a few days' yachting, which Henry had promised him, but his visit was prolonged for several weeks. Each day that the weather was favourable, the friends spent upon the water, when Julia was their frequent companion; nor did her beauty and amiability fail to make a deep impression on the heart of their guest. At last he was compelled to leave them, to join his family abroad; and Julia only then began to discover how essential his presence was to her happiness.

Scarcely had young Ravenhurst gone, when Mr Hastings was taken alarmingly ill, and before many days had passed, he died, bestowing a blessing on his children, and expressing a hope that they would be in some manner provided for. What a blow was this to Henry and his sister! Both were thrown suddenly on new resources, and with little hope of successfully overcoming the difficulties that presented themselves. One of the first things which Henry did was to examine into the state of his father's affairs. To his consternation they were found in a very confused and embarrassed condition. His father had not consulted a rigorous prudence in giving him an expensive university education; and it would have been greatly more judicious, in the circumstances, had he placed his son in some useful profession. But regrets on these points were now useless. All that could possibly be realised for the family, including the aged aunt, was fifty pounds a year. Henry was overwhelmed with grief on his sister's account. For himself he felt not; but to leave one of so gentle a nature, and so gently nurtured, to the indifference of the world—to compel her to seek for subsistence in the capacity of a governess, to the irritating annoyances of unmannered children—the very thought was misery.

For some days his mind was in a state of anguish and uncertainty. At last his resolution was taken. He would devote all that remained of their father's property to the support of his sister, and he would seek his fortune in the world, and perhaps soon restore to her the luxuries she had lost. She, with her aunt, might thus in the meantime exist with some little comfort and independence.

The next morning, having packed up his clothes, he left a letter to his sister on the table in the sitting-room of the little cottage to which they had removed, detailing his intention, and what he had done for his support, and bidding her and his aunt farewell. He then, with an almost breaking heart, hurried from the door. Carrying his portmanteau on his shoulder, he walked some way to meet a coach going to London, where he purposed first to look out for employment. Weary and tired, he arrived there the next day, and then began to consider what he should do. He had already written

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to the few friends he possessed for introductions to people who might be of service to him in the metropolis. Some paid no attention to his request, others forwarded the introductions to the address he fixed on, but few expressed any great regret at his loss. At last, having received the letters, he set out to deliver them, but most of the people on whom he called were from home, and the rest asserted they had no means or influence to assist him. He then offered his services in various directions, and in various capacities for which he thought himself fitted; but from all those to whom he applied he received the same answer—the truth being, that in London there are always thousands of young persons needing situations, so that a new-comer cannot, or ought not to expect an opening for his services merely on making himself known. Besides, Henry had never been previously employed; and this of itself was enough to prevent him from being taken into any house of business.

At length, driven to desperation, and too proud to descend, as he considered it, to any humble kind of employment, he did that which was worse—he enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company. A hurried and half-frantic note to his poor sister only informed her that he was about to leave the country for some time, and that she must not be alarmed if she did not hear from him for several months.

It appears to be customary for lads to change their names when they enlist. According to the feelings of educated Englishmen, there is a degradation in becoming a common soldier—a being sold, it may be said, for the best years of life to a state of privation, and with the most slender hopes of improvement in circumstances. Following this practice of entering the army under a feigned name, young Halliday called himself Hall, and Hastings adopted the name of Hardy.

IV.

Such were the two youths whom circumstances had degraded from their position to be soldiers, bound for a foreign clime. We left them walking on one of the higher decks of the vessel. What was their conversation?

‘A day or two more, and we shall reach St Helena,’ observed Hardy; ‘and our next move will be glorious India. Think of that, my dear fellow. Then for our first campaign, when we may hope to plant our feet on the steep ladder which leads to fame. Does not your heart beat quick in anticipation of the moment when, called from the ranks, an ensign’s commission is the reward of some gallant deed? How better far it is to feel that you have the power to carve out your own fortunes, instead of being beholden to the ungracious assistance of relations, or the cold charity of strangers!’

Hall looked earnestly at his friend for some time. ‘Hardy, I

envy you,' he said at last. 'You always contrive to conjure up some bright vision of the future, while I can never look beyond the dark realities of the moment. I have sometimes thought that I should like to tear aside the thick veil which shrouds my fate, but no sooner has the idea occurred, than an indescribable horror has seized me, and, shuddering, I have plunged into some scene of excitement to drown the dreadful thought.'

'I am too little versed in philosophy to account for the feelings you describe,' returned Hardy; 'but I should think it is one you might by determination conquer.'

'Conquer it! I do. I trample it under foot. I defy its suggestions. But in spite of me, it will rise again and again during the moments of solitude or inaction, till I feel a fierce delight in dwelling on it.'

'Such are the freaks fancy often plays us, replied his friend. 'You are suffering from some cause you are not aware of, which affects your spirits. To-morrow will dissipate it, probably.'

'To-morrow!' muttered Hall. 'It is the to-morrow I dread. Sometimes I fancy that I shall never see our land of promise—India. Hardy, I would give thousands to know that I was to die bravely fighting amongst a host of enemies. But that I scarcely expect. I am a victim of despondent feelings. However, no more of that. We shall see what to-morrow brings forth.'

The morrow came. The glowing sun arose from his ocean bed, and directly ahead of the majestic ship appeared St Helena's lone rock, rearing the lofty heads of its rugged peaks high above the blue waves, which now leaped joyously at its base. To those long accustomed to gaze alone on the wide expanse of sea and the canopy of heaven, the dark rock, towering above the tall masts of the ship, appeared like some dreadful monster ascending from the ocean's unfathomed depths to destroy them. First rose to view the barren slopes and crags of the north side of the island, with the great Barn Rock and the cone of Flagstaff Hill, cold, rugged, and bare; but on a nearer approach, green fields, trees, and plantations shewed that the land was not quite a desert. Next were descried the church and houses of James Town, in their narrow valley, flanked on every side by strong batteries, and backed by a dark mass of woods. Coasting close in with the wall-like side of the island, a few tacks were made to reach the harbour, and the Indiaman dropped her anchor before the town, under the guns of the forts. Scarcely had they arrived, when an order came on board to disembark the troops and their baggage, and to march them up to the barracks.

'What can this mean?' inquired Hardy of his friend as they were buckling on their knapsacks.

'Mean!' exclaimed Hall; 'that we are doomed to remain on this horrid rock till some other dupes come out to relieve us. I feared it would be so, but I hoped we might escape the punishment.'

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This information was correct. The recruits took up their quarters in the barracks, and in three days, their place on board the India-man being supplied by a few companies of well-disciplined and fully accoutred troops, she sailed on her voyage, to the great indignation of a considerable number of the young men. That ship never reached her destination. Whether she sunk beneath the ocean waves, was stranded on some distant shore, or was destroyed by fire, was never ascertained, for not a soul remained alive to tell her fate. Had the catastrophe been known, it might have proved an important lesson to those who murmured at their lot; but such was not to be. Constant drills, parades, mounting guard, and other military duties, was the daily routine, while the most rigid discipline was maintained among the men. The slightest fault was punished with unwavering severity; the halberts were in constant requisition; and too many were exposed to the ignominy of the lash. Hall and Hardy had hitherto escaped punishment. Their good conduct and attention to their duties seemed to place them above the chances of it; but this very circumstance seemed to excite the animosity of their captain more particularly against them.

It is to be hoped that there are not many such beings in the world as Captain Pieman: but some few there are, unhappily, both in the navy and army—the blight of those who serve under them—who take an actual delight in spiting the best men. ‘Eh, eh,’ said Captain Pieman one day to Hardy on parade, ‘you think yourself a fine fellow, I know; a bit of a gentleman, eh?’ but I’ll catch you tripping one of these days, and your dainty skin shall smart for it—so look out, my lad.’ Hardy bit his lip, but he knew his duty too well to answer a word to this brutal speech. Hall, who was near him in the ranks, heard the words; his eye flashed with fury, and he looked as if he would have sprung from his post and destroyed the petty tyrant. The captain, as he glanced along the ranks, observed the expression of his countenance. ‘I mark you, sirrah,’ he cried; ‘take care, or you will find the cat and your shoulders acquainted before long.’ Hall answered with a look of defiance, and from that moment he and his captain knew each other as deadly foes.

Week after week passed away; the cat did its work, and the recruits learned their drill; whether or not the punishment made them better soldiers, was afterwards to be proved. At length they began to look forward to being quickly relieved, and complaints became general at their long delay on the island. This feeling was still further increased by seeing several ships with soldiers pass on to India, and by a rumour that the regiment was to be detained permanently on the island. Not long before this, the troops in St Helena had broken out into open mutiny, when some of the men, led on by a sergeant, attacked the castle, a building on the sea-wall, where the governor was residing, and entering his apartments, hewed him to pieces with their swords. As soon as they had perpetrated

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the murder, they embarked in some boats they had secured, and succeeded in getting on board an American ship, which conveyed them safely to the United States, where they were numbered among the citizens of the republic. Notwithstanding this dreadful circumstance—for the mutiny originated from the same cause as the present dissatisfaction—the like system was pursued, the only difference being a stricter discipline and more constant watchfulness than had hitherto been exercised.

Some months thus passed wearily and grudgingly on, and the tyranny of Captain Pieman became insupportable. He had succeeded in his diabolical vow of bringing most of the men under his command to the halberts, but the two friends had hitherto escaped his malice. At last, Hall, grown discontented and unhappy at the state of inaction in which he was kept, resorted to the dangerous expedient of drowning his cares in liquor, and was before long detected by his captain in a state approaching to intoxication. Condemnation to be flogged soon followed. Hall bore the infliction of his sentence with unflinching fortitude, but the feeling of his degradation entered into his soul. He could not recover his spirits; the gaiety of his manner had gone for ever. He became sullen and morose; nor could his comrades, who were hardened to the punishment, and could not comprehend his feelings, rouse him to activity. In the meantime, Hardy, who, by his excellent conduct and rapid progress towards a perfect knowledge of all military duties, had won the respect of all his officers except Pieman, was to have been made a corporal, and his future advancement was prognosticated by many, when an event occurred which blasted all his brightening prospects.

V.

One day when Hardy's turn to relieve guard was not to come round till the evening, he left James Town, to enjoy a short ramble over the island. He wandered on for miles, thoughtless of how time sped. The sun and the surrounding heights served him for landmarks, and he felt certain that he could not lose his way; but unexpected circumstances combined against him. His watch had stopped, so he mistook the hour; suddenly clouds collected round the summit of Diana's Peak; the sky was overcast, deluges of rain came down; he ran for shelter beneath a rock; his landmarks were obscured, and he lost his way. He wandered about without being able to find it; darkness came on, increasing his difficulties; and it was not till late at night that, hungry and tired, he reached the town. The first person he encountered on approaching the barracks was Captain Pieman, who was returning tipsy from a party.

'What soldier is out of bounds at this hour?' asked the captain

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in his usual harsh tones. Hardy gave his name, and explained the cause of his irregularity.

'Oh, that's the reason, is it—eh? Let me tell you, my fine fellow, these excuses will not go down with me.—Here, sergeant of the guard, keep this man under arrest,' he called out.

'I speak the truth, Captain Pieman,' urged Hardy in a respectful tone.

'What! You dare contradict me?' exclaimed the exasperated officer. 'You shall pay for this to-morrow, depend on it.'

Hardy uttered not another word, but, as he was marched off by the guard, he heard the captain vowing vengeance on his head. He passed the night in a miserable state, but his conscience was clear of wrong, and he hoped that, on giving an explanation of the circumstances, he should be acquitted. With the morning, however, came an aggravation of the difficulties of his position; for a report reached his ears that a robbery had, during the evening, been committed on a farm-house in the neighbourhood of James Town by a party of men, among whom a soldier of the garrison had been observed. The result of the investigation may have been anticipated. The charges of neglect of duty, insubordination and insolence to a superior, were proved. The lofty-minded, romantic, and delicately nurtured Hardy was condemned to receive a hundred lashes; and though no proofs of his having been concerned in the robbery could be adduced, the stigma of suspicion remained attached to his name. The following morning was to see the consummation of his misery and disgrace, and as he lay on his rough pallet in the dark room which served as the prison of the barracks, how bitter were his thoughts, how acute the anguish of his mind! 'Have all my bright aspirations come to this?' he mentally exclaimed. 'Do thus end all my hopes of glory? From henceforth to be pointed at as a disgraced man, whose back is scored with the lash: to be suspected of theft! Death were surely preferable! Can I possibly endure it, and live?'

His spirit and frame were both alike exhausted by the contention going on within, and he sunk at length into a disturbed slumber. He had not slept long, when he started, from feeling a hand placed on his shoulder, and looking up, he beheld the face of Hall gazing earnestly at him, his features stern and fierce. An officer's cap was drawn over his eyes, and a cloak was thrown over his shoulders, beneath which appeared his side-arms and a brace of pistols, while in his hand he carried a dark lantern. Placing his fingers on Hardy's lips, to impose silence, he made signs to him to follow. Hardy mechanically obeyed; for so confused were his senses, that he had no time to reflect on what he was about to do. As he passed the door, he saw no sentinel to oppose his progress, nor at a second post did any one appear. At the end of a passage a window stood open, looking over the edge of a cliff. Hall now, for the first time addressing

him, whispered in his ear that a rope-ladder was secured to the sill, by which he must descend. 'Hold on tightly, and never let go till you find your feet on firm ground. There's not a moment to lose, as you value my life and your own; if you do not, you destroy me, for I can tell you I will never be taken alive.'

Hardy felt the appeal, and did as he was desired. Descending the rope-ladder through the pitchy darkness, his hands knocking against the rough cliffs, not knowing where he was to find himself, with the risk every instant of discovery, he reached the bottom, where he was soon afterwards joined by Hall, who hurriedly informed him that they were outside the fortress, with a path before them leading down to the water's edge.

'I have no time for explanations,' answered Hall to Hardy's eager inquiries. 'Trust to me, and you are safe. A boat is in readiness to carry us beyond the reach of our enemies. Come on.'

With these words he seized his comrade's hand, and led him rapidly onwards. They proceeded thus for half a mile or more along a narrow track by the side of the cliff, till, descending, they heard the ripple of the water on the rocks close to their feet, and turning an angle of the cliff, perceived a boat, with several men in her, in a little bay on the shore of which they stood.

'All's right,' said Hall. 'And now, Hardy, I have done my duty to you. I have an affair of my own to attend to; I would not miss it for the wealth of India, which was once to be ours.' And he uttered a low laugh. 'It will cause some delay, but that cannot be avoided. The men cannot go without me, for they do not know how to navigate the boat: you, therefore, Hardy, must act as their captain. If I do not return within an hour, stand off in a south-westerly course, till you calculate you have run out of sight of the island: the others will explain the rest. Now step into the boat: keep all silent. Good-bye.'

Saying this, he made Hardy take his seat in the stern-sheets of a large boat, and hurrying off, was immediately lost sight of in the darkness.

A few words must serve to explain the cause of Hardy's liberation. Some evenings before, while drinking in a tavern with some of his comrades, Hall had encountered the master of an American merchantman, who persuaded him and the rest to run off with a boat, promising to pick them up in his brig when out of sight of land, at an appointed spot, and to carry them to America. Hall, determining not to leave his friend behind, made arrangements to free him, which, as we have seen, were thus far successful. He then hurried back, at the risk of his life, to wreak his vengeance on Captain Pieman, who he knew was living in a remote part of a barrack by himself. What were the nature of the injuries he inflicted, may perhaps be afterwards mentioned. It is sufficient here to say that he added another to his already accumulated transgressions.

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VI.

Some time had elapsed after Hardy found himself seated in the boat before his senses were sufficiently collected to enable him to consider, with any approach to calmness, the act he was about to commit. He was on the point of becoming the character which of all others a soldier detests the most—a deserter. True, he was a prisoner, unjustly condemned to suffer an ignominious punishment, and suspected of a crime from which his soul revolted ; but notwithstanding all this, he doubted whether he had a right to desert his colours, to abandon his country, and to become the citizen of another, often at enmity with his own. He could no longer console himself with the reflection that, happen what might, he had performed his duty ; from henceforth he would be ashamed to meet the eye of a Briton ; no more could he see the land of his birth and his dearly loved sister, but he was an exile wanderer among strange people. The thought was anguish. After waiting some time, the other men began to be alarmed at the non-appearance of Hall, and to express in low murmured tones their dissatisfaction at the delay. Chagrined at the detention, they had already made a pull from the shore, when Hall made his appearance, and they returned to take him on board. As soon as the boat touched the rocks, Hall sprang into her.

‘The last time my feet shall touch that sterile shore ; and now give way. When we are clear of the land, we will make sail. I am sorry for having detained you, but I am avenged ;’ and with a low hysterical laugh he threw himself back in the stern-sheets of the boat, and grasped the helm. ‘Give way !’ he cried ; and the men bending to their oars, the boat turned again from the shore.

The night was most lovely. There was no moon, but myriads of stars glittered in the dark blue firmament, and reflected their light upon the mirror-like waters, while, sheltered by the lofty cliffs, the north-westerly wind which blew scarcely rippled their shining surface, and as the boat clove her way through them, urged on by the fear-impelled arms of the soldiers, her track was marked by a bright phosphorescent light, which played also round the bows, and on the oar-blades as they were dipped in beneath it, scattering a shower of drops, sparkling like diamonds, as they rose above it. Ahead of the boat was the boundless expanse of ocean ; behind her arose, dark and frowning like some mighty demon of the waters, the towering cliffs of St Helena.

For some time not a word had been uttered. ‘What are we about ?’ said Hardy, at last breaking silence.

‘We are escaping from slavery and tyranny, and going towards a land of freedom.’

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‘I wish I could persuade myself that we had done right,’ said Hardy.

‘Nonsense!’ answered Hall in an angry tone. ‘Regrets are ill-timed. Think what you would have had to undergo this very morning had you remained.’

Hardy was silenced, but not convinced that he was acting rightly. The other six men whom Hall had persuaded to desert with him were discontented characters, most of whom had undergone frequent punishment—men with little or no education or sensitive feelings, but daring and fearless, and fit for any hazardous exploit. They had all come provided with arms, determined, should any boat be sent in chase of them, to resist to the last. They knew the danger of their undertaking, and every instant they fancied they could distinguish some vessel in pursuit, but each time the sail they conjured up faded from their sight. Then they declared they could hear the splash of oars in the distance, and redoubled their efforts, Hall encouraging them; for he knew full well the hot pursuit that would be made when their escape was discovered.

A fresh breeze springing up, they hoisted their lug-sail—the only one with which the boat was furnished—and laying in their oars, ran quickly down towards the spot where the American captain had undertaken to pick them up. As the morning broke, the rock of St Helena appeared like a speck on the ocean; while shortly afterwards, between them and the land, the white canvas of a tall ship glanced in the beams of the rising sun.

‘We are fortunate,’ exclaimed Hall, as his eye caught the welcome sight. ‘Our friend is better than his word. He promised to be up with us by mid-day, and we shall be on board him long before that.’

‘He must have got under weigh before daylight to be where he is,’ observed Hardy, who had been intently watching the sail.

‘Mayhap she is some craft sent to look after us,’ said Jackson, one of the most intelligent of the party.

‘No, no; she’s the American, depend on it,’ persisted Hall.

Hardy had for some time kept his eye on her. ‘She is not standing this way at all,’ he exclaimed; ‘she is beating up for the island, depend on it.’

‘Well, then, we shall have to wait rather longer than we expected,’ said Hall.

‘No matter; we’ve plenty of food on board; and so, shipmates, to breakfast say I,’ exclaimed Jackson. ‘My pull has sharpened my appetite, I can tell you.’

The proposal was acceded to without a dissentient voice, and the deserters set to work on their slender stock of provisions, and feasted merrily.

‘We’ve enough for three or four days,’ observed Jackson; ‘and as the American skipper undertook to find us in victuals, I see no use in hoarding it up.’

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'The brig may possibly be detained for a day,' said Hall, who had his reasons for not wishing to expend their provisions too rapidly. 'The captain told me so the last time I saw him; but if it were to come on thick, you know he might be some time in picking us up.'

The rest of the men, without inquiring further, promised to be more economical in future, and stretched themselves as well as they could along and over the thwarts to go to sleep. But neither Hall nor Hardy could rest. They pondered on the hazard of their present undertaking, their punishment and disgrace if captured, the hardships they must endure should the American miss them—perhaps their complete destruction. Should they even succeed in reaching the United States, could they hope to be received by honourable men in the rank of society to which they aspired? Their eyes were constantly turned towards the small speck in the horizon from whence the friendly ship was to come, but not a sail appeared. The sun rose high in the sky, his burning rays darting down on their unprotected heads; he reached the meridian, and gradually again descended towards the west, but no succour appeared. The men awoke one after the other, and lazily lifting up their heads, inquired if there were any signs of the American, but hearing that not a sail had appeared, again went to sleep. Thus passed the day; but when the sun was seen to dip beneath the waves, the whole party roused up, and again attacked the provisions, wondering what cause could have delayed the promised succour. Hall's statement, however, satisfied them, and they prepared to pass the night in the best way they could. He and Hardy were now at length overcome with fatigue and anxiety, and Jackson undertaking to keep a look-out, they threw themselves down to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Hardy slept soundly, and awoke refreshed; but as Jackson watched his comrade's features by the dim light of the stars, they appeared frightfully distorted, as if in agony: his hands frequently clutched convulsively at the air, and deep groans and broken exclamations escaped his bosom. Jackson was a brave fellow, but when Hardy awoke, he told him that he was frightened to look any longer at Hall, and could not go to sleep for thinking of what he had seen and heard. Again the glorious sun arose, and once more the deserters' eyes were gladdened by the sight of a sail about three miles off between them and the land. 'Here she is at last!' cried Jackson. The exclamation aroused Hall from his sleep. He sprung up on the after-thwart, and looked anxiously out. His gaze was long and steady; then dropping his hand, he sunk down again into his seat. 'No!' he exclaimed; 'she is a schooner, and beating up for the island. She must have passed us in the night.'

Disappointment sat on every brow, and groans burst from the lips of some, at their ill luck. 'Not the brig!' ejaculated Hardy. 'The American has played us false,' cried one. 'The villain! to entice

us out here to let us starve,' exclaimed another. Such were the expressions which went round from mouth to mouth for some time, till as the sun, rising higher in the sky, cleared away the mists of the early morn, the man who first made her out uttered a shout of joy : 'The brig—the brig!' he exclaimed.

'If she is the brig, she is more lofty than the American,' observed Hall, after watching her attentively for some time. 'I suspect she's the *Firebrand* brig of war, which came into harbour two days ago, and that she is sent to look after us.'

On hearing this opinion, consternation took possession of the hearts of most of the men.

'Well, what are we to do, Hall?'

'Keep out of her sight in the best way we can,' he answered. 'There is no great difficulty in doing so. If we stand away to the northward till the brig of war passes this, and then if we lie close when she comes anyway near us, a hundred to one she steers within a mile of us without making us out.'

'But suppose the American should not find us, what is to become of us?' urged one.

'For my part, I'd rather the man-of-war picked us up than run the risk of starving,' observed another.

'And be shot for deserters!' exclaimed Hall. 'Mark me! you said you would stand by me if I would assist you to escape. I have kept my word; and the first man who attempts to signalise the king's ship, I will shoot him dead. I care not what happens, for I have determined never to fall alive into the hands of our tyrants. You know me, my friends, by this time, and may guess that I am likely to keep my word.'

This speech silenced for a time the open discontent of the five men; for neither Hardy nor Jackson had made any complaint, and were rather inclined to side with his propositions. The lug was accordingly hoisted, and, close-hauled, they stood away to the north, increasing the speed of the boat with the oars. Hall had taken the precaution on the night of starting to have the boat painted on the outside with white, so that she might appear at a little distance to be merely the sparkling foam on the summit of a wave—a device to which he had often seen the smugglers resort to escape detection. Onward came the ship, her topsails and courses appearing one after the other, as if rising from the waves. She steered a course directly for the spot where they before had been. Hall and Hardy watched her movements with intense anxiety. Should she be looking for them, what chance had they of escaping the vigilance of her active crew? and probably, they thought, her boats would be sent out to scour the ocean in every direction round. 'We must lower the sail, and keep ourselves close, or we shall be seen,' said Hall. 'Now remember my hint!'

The sail was accordingly lowered, and the men, sitting down at

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the bottom of the boat, peered over the gunwale towards the man-of-war. For some time she stood steadily on, then suddenly altered her course to the northward. They gave themselves up for lost; but she might not yet have seen them. Hall drew his pistols, and examined their priming. Hardy endeavoured, speaking in a low whisper, to deter him from his purpose of not surrendering with life; but in vain. His proposals drove him almost to madness. Hardy himself felt almost resigned to his fate. He wished not to live, but his religion taught him to fear to lift his hand against himself. As the last moment of liberty seemed to approach, all held their breath in an agony of suspense. In an instant there was a revulsion of feeling. The brig of war suddenly altered her course; her sails were braced sharp up on the larboard tack, and away she stood to the eastward.

VII.

The retreat of the vessel, which, going before a fresh breeze, was soon out of sight, caused the deserters to congratulate themselves on their narrow escape. They now took their morning meal, for they had been too much occupied to think of eating; and then again hoisted their sail, and ran back to the spot where they expected the American brig to pick them up. Their eyes followed the ship as she stood away to the eastward, till she was lost in the distance; but whether she was in search of them or not, it was impossible to say. All day they watched eagerly, scanning the line of the blue sea, which seemed to cut across the peaks of the far-distant rock, but no sail appeared above it to cheer their hearts. Slowly the day dragged on; the deserters attempted to lighten the time by conversation, but a few sentences only were exchanged; they were too anxious to talk. The evening closed like the former one—in bitter disappointment. The night passed in anxious doubts and fears, and another sun rose over the heads of the misguided men. In vain, as soon as light came over the world, they scanned the horizon for the wished-for ship: not a sail dotted the sea. All was blank and dreary. The eyes of the rest were turned towards Hall with reproving glances. He knew their thoughts, and felt the silent and merited reproof. He saw that some strong measure must be taken, or they would remain there till almost starved; and then they would be compelled to return to the island.

‘Comrades!’ he said, ‘I can no longer doubt that some accident has prevented the American from sailing. Perhaps some one has given information to the governor that the captain was to pick us up, and if so, when he does sail, his movements will be watched, and we shall be taken to a certainty if we remain longer here. What say you?’

‘What Hall says is very likely to be true,’ observed some of the men to each other.

‘Why, it is likely enough ; but where shall we go?’ they asked.

‘I have already said that I, for one, would never return alive to St Helena : but I have to make a proposition, to which I hope all will agree. Some distance from this there is, to the north-west, an island called Ascension’ (he was afraid to say how many hundred miles). ‘It is very small, but as it rises high out of the sea, it can be observed at a long distance off. The shores abound with fine turtle, which are very easy to catch, and we shall be able to procure all sorts of food to recover our strength, for we must live on short commons till we get there ; and we shall there also be able to lay in a store of provisions to carry us over to America, if we cannot find a ship bound in that direction. Are all agreed?’

The men consulted for some time together, and at last came to the resolution of agreeing to what Hall proposed. It must be remarked that, from the first, both Hall and Hardy had taken that position which their superior education and intelligence claimed, and had been looked on by the rest in the light of officers, though no formal respect was paid to them as such. Before shaping their course for Ascension, they examined into the state of their provisions, when they found that, with the strictest economy, eating merely enough to sustain life, they should have sufficient to last them for a week or ten days, by which time Hall calculated they would reach Ascension.

‘Now remember the risk we run should it come on to blow,’ said Hall. ‘I don’t want to conceal it from you, but for my part I prefer death to slavery.’

‘So do we all,’ exclaimed the rest. ‘Then on to Ascension!’

The sail was hoisted, Hall took the helm, and shaping their course, the ill-fated boat stood away for Ascension. The weather proved uncommonly fine, and the wind shifted round more to the westward, so they made good way through the water. Besides Hall, Hardy and Jackson were the only ones who could steer by compass, so that they were obliged to relieve each other ; and this giving them occupation, prevented them from dwelling so constantly on their condition. The other men passed most of their time asleep at the bottom of the boat ; but it was dreary work, and soon they began sensibly to feel the want of their accustomed food and the scarcity of water ; for Hall, who well knew that their only chance of living was by maintaining the strictest discipline, kept all the provisions in the after-part of the boat, serving out the daily rations with the greatest care. Day after day was the same : around them the heaving sparkling sea ; above, the deep blue sky and the hot sun, which, darting his fierce rays on their heads, seemed to scorch up their very life’s blood.

Six long days had thus passed. The seventh came, and Hall asserted that on the morrow Ascension would be in sight. The dawn of the eighth day arrived : every eye, bloodshot with the heat

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and glare of the sun, was strained to the utmost, as the light increased, to catch sight of the wished-for shore; but they looked in vain—no land was to be seen; and with cries of disappointment, they sunk down in their seats.

‘We must have come along slower than I thought we had,’ said Hall, anxious to encourage the rest, though dreadful misgivings crossed his own mind.

‘Can we have passed it?’ said Hardy to him in a whisper.

He answered with a look which shewed that in his own bosom he thought the suspicion correct. ‘To-morrow we must reach the island,’ he exclaimed aloud. ‘We will run on all day, and lie to at night.’

They did as Hall proposed, but no appearance of land cheered their sight that day; and the scanty remainder of their provisions would only support their lives three or four days longer. The night passed as many others had done: some of the men lay groaning at the bottom of the boat with hunger; others blamed Hall for leading them into this dreadful predicament; while he, when he closed his weary eyes in slumber, appeared visited by the most appalling dreams. With a terrible shriek he awoke, and starting up in the boat, gazed around with looks of the wildest horror.

‘What has alarmed you, my friend?’ asked Hardy, taking his hand.

‘Nothing—nothing!’ he answered unconsciously. ‘Did I say nothing? Was it a mere sleeping vision, or some dreadful reality? O Hardy! tell me, my friend, did you see no one? Did you hear no words of terrific import? O no; you could not, or you would have felt, like me, inclined to leap beneath the dark waves, and so end my ill-fated life and all my woes together! But what am I talking about? I am wandering in my mind—speaking sheer nonsense;’ and he broke forth into a wild hysterical laugh.

Hardy endeavoured to calm him, and as the dawn appeared, his spirits became more tranquil; but with the returning light, despondency took possession of the bosoms of the rest, for all around was the boundless sea and the blue vault of heaven. No signs of land appeared on either side. They sailed on till noon, in the faint hope of yet reaching the island, when Hall, after consulting with Hardy, announced to his comrades his conviction that they must have missed it altogether. This information was received with sullen apathy by some, and fierce anger by others, each throwing the blame of what they had already suffered, and what they might have to undergo, on Hall. He bore their rebukes manfully.

‘Of your own free will you came, and nothing have I done without consulting you,’ he answered. ‘If you suffer, so shall I; and in no way have I fared better than you; bearing, too, all the care and responsibility on my own shoulders. I will not conceal the perilous condition we are in; but we have still a chance of falling in with a

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ship from some part of America, or we must endeavour to reach the coast of the New World in the best way we can. I put it to the vote. If anybody can propose a better plan, let him say so.'

'I agree with Hall; such is our only chance,' said Hardy.

'And I,' said Jackson.

'And I—and I—and I,' exclaimed the others; and their course was once more altered in the proposed direction.

VIII.

The most indifferent could not but feel the hazard of their position. Were they to the eastward of Ascension, they might still have some hopes of falling in with it; but if not, a run of many hundred miles was before them, with provisions barely sufficient to sustain life for the space of two days longer. Hall assured the rest that they were likely to fall in with some ship which would at all events supply them with provisions; but his tones contradicted his words. The severe privations to which they were subjected had begun to tell upon all the party except Hall, whose bold unflinching spirit seemed to defy their power; his mental energies and physical strength both remained unimpaired. He had provided himself with a small map of the world, by which he found that, steering due west, they should reach near some of the Portuguese settlements, either Pernambuco or Bahia, from whence he proposed that they should find their way to the United States. 'Only let us get somewhere,' said one of the men, 'and then we'll talk of what we will do afterwards.'

The men had become fretful and sullen for want of food, and of water they had barely sufficient to wet their parched tongues, for not a drop of rain had fallen to replenish their store of that precious article. What a scene of misery did the boat with its forlorn crew now present! Placed in the midst of the wide Atlantic, a world of unbroken waters all around, provisions and water gone, no friendly hand to save, and perhaps, worst of all, each of the sufferers was less or more oppressed with remorseful feelings. The sophistry which led them to desert was now seen in all its deformity. They felt that, having undertaken a duty by a solemn engagement, they were bound to have fulfilled it at all hazards. In short, the greater number wished they had never quitted St Helena. But such wishes came too late.

Another day came, and as the provisions were served out, the men saw that, before many hours more had passed, there would be nothing wherewith to satisfy their gnawing hunger. But why dwell longer on what must have been long foreseen? At last the day arrived when they were *without food*. Slowly, and in silence, they ate their last mouthful; every man shared alike; and then they gazed vacantly into each other's eyes, and thought of *the morrow*. That dreadful morrow came. The sun rose red and hot, scorching

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up the remnant of moisture which existed in the emaciated frames of the wretched men. There they sat in their places more like spectres than living men, while the boat ran buoyantly and gaily over the dancing waves, conveying them whither they scarcely knew, except yet deeper into the vast expanse of the desert ocean, where food there was none. Yes; they felt that it was conveying them to death—death in its most appalling form—death by famine. What mockery it seemed as the boat bounded onward, as the glorious sun shone from out of the pure blue sky, and the clear sea sparkled brightly in his beams! Hope itself became faint within the breasts of all.

Towards the evening of that day, one of the men, with his dim staring eyeballs, observed something dark floating ahead of the boat; they steered towards it. 'A turtle—a turtle!' was the cry. Eagerly they hung over the side of the boat to grasp it in their arms, while one attempted to strike it on the head, for they had no other means of catching it; but, like the phantom of a dream, ere they reached the spot it sunk from their sight, and with a cry of bitter disappointment they fell back in the boat. Another and another appeared to tantalise their hopes; while now a troop of porpoises, with curved backs, would leap from the water, to remind them that abundance was on every side, but not for them. Then a flight of tropical birds would pass over their heads, but none approached within their reach. Their eyes were hollow and grim; their tongues were parched; their voices sounded faint; they glared at each other with a strange and terrific expression. What dreadful thoughts were now passing through their minds! Each man looked at his fellow in silence ominous of ill. The day ended with groans, and in tears passed the sad night. Hall's strength seemed unabated; Hardy also bore up, supported by a courage he knew not that he before possessed. Some of the men had been whispering together during the night. It was scarcely day. The cold pale light of dawn threw into deeper shade the hollows of their sunken cheeks and eyes; these gave tokens of their sufferings. They sat upright. A sepulchral voice called Hall by name. He started up from the slumber into which he had lately fallen while Hardy was steering; he looked wildly around.

'Who calls me?' he asked.

'Food—food!' was uttered by several of the men.

'There is none!' was the disheartening reply. Every one knew that this was the case. Again there was a prolonged silence.

'We must eat!' exclaimed one.

'There is no food!' again answered their leader.

'Then some one must die to feed us!' shrieked forth a soldier with accents almost supernatural. No one answered this dreadful proposal. Each man seemed to be conning it over in his thoughts. Their hearts sunk within them—their breath grew thick. Suddenly

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an unearthly cry arose of 'Lots—lots!' They said no more; each man fully comprehended the resolve of his neighbour. Again they sat staring at each other.

'I protest against it!' cried Hardy. 'Heaven may yet send us aid.'

'And I too,' said Jackson.

'The majority are for it,' exclaimed the rest.

'Be it so,' said Hall in a solemn voice. 'We might yet exist another day, but I will not vote.'

'Food—food!' cried the others, glaring at those who opposed them. 'If we cannot have it by fair means, we will by foul;' and they seemed as if they were about to rush on Hardy.

'You will not consent to wait?' said Hall.

'Food—food!' was the dreadful response.

Without again speaking, Hall cut a piece of rope into eight uneven lengths, and throwing them into a hat together, the dreadful ceremony began. Who could venture to paint the countenances of those wretched men?

'I suppose,' said Hall, 'he who draws the *shortest* piece of rope must suffer for the rest? Shall it be so?'

'Agreed—agreed!' cried the men.

The lots were accordingly drawn, each man looking away as he dipped his hand in the hat. A loud cry escaped from Hall's lips—he had drawn the shortest length. An awful silence ensued. Then starting up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, Hall broke into a hysterical laugh. The true, the haughty spirit of the man shewed itself.

'Fools!' he exclaimed, 'do you think I, who am the strongest, with more of life in me than all together possess, will die to save your worthless lives? He who moves, that instant dies!' Then he stood firm and strong in the stern-sheets of the boat, his weapons pointed towards the heads of his comrades. They cowered before him. Suddenly a new temper came over him. Hurling his pistols from him into the deep ocean, he sunk down into the 'bottom of the boat, and hiding his face in his hands, his bosom heaved convulsively. Oh, with what bitter anguish was his mind racked! No one disturbed him. It might have been a kindness had they then slain him. Perhaps he expected it. He thought of his misspent youth, his wild and vicious career in early manhood, the anguish he had caused his father's heart, the crimes he had committed, the murder which was on his soul. Then the slaying of his captain appeared in its true light. 'And must I die with all these follies and crimes unatoned for?' he exclaimed to himself. 'Must I leave the bright world I enjoyed so much—to go where? O God, I know not! And for what? To enable these men to prolong their dull lives for a few hours. O Heaven, give me strength to bear my lot!' He prayed for mercy. 'And yet,' he continued, 'it was I who led

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them hither : had it not been for me, they would not have embarked ; had it not been for me, they would have given themselves up to the ship of war. Then Heaven's retributive justice has overtaken me, and I must bow to His stern decrees. I am the guilty one. It is right that I should suffer ; and God's hand was in it when the fatal lot fell to my share.'

Earnestly he prayed. Hardy knelt by his side, and petitioned Heaven to send them aid. He offered up prayers for the life of his friend, and registered a vow that, should his be spared, he would deliver himself up into the hands of the authority from whom he had escaped, and undergo the punishment to which he was sentenced.

Hall at length rose. 'Hardy,' he said, 'I have determined to bear my fate as a man. Should you escape, and something tells me you will, visit my father. Tell him I died repentant, and petitioning for Heaven's forgiveness and his. Comfort the old man, but say not how or why I died. This is my last will and testament.—Comrades, your pardon for what I have brought on you.—And now, Hardy, I will shew you how a noble Roman died. I learned it at school, and little thought I should have to practise it myself. 'Tis all I remember.' And he laughed faintly. 'Take my hand, Hardy. Farewell ! Who would think that, in a few minutes, I shall be the inhabitant of another sphere ? It is a dream too frightful to dwell on ; and madness will seize me if I dispel it not with the reality.'

Tears started from Hardy's dim eyes ; and while he was yet vainly entreating the rest to defer the fatal moment till another day, Hall drew forth a nail from one of the seats, and throwing off his coat, he opened the veins of both his arms. Hardy sickened at the sight, and hid his face with terror. Drop by drop the ruddy stream gushed forth, and soon the strength of their youthful leader grew as weak as the rest. Hardy saw not what followed. A convulsive sob struck his ear—it was the departing spirit of his friend.

IX.

The reader must picture the scene which now ensued : no pen could describe its horrors. Jackson had taken the helm. The boat sailed on as before. The sun arose in glorious brightness ; and some of those who then lived were never to see it set, for death in other forms was busy with those hapless beings. Madness had seized one, and ere his comrades could save him, with a loud shriek he leaped into the waves, and sunk for ever. Another lay down, and never rose again. Their numbers were thinning fearfully. Still the rest clung to life. Never had Hardy or Jackson passed a day and night of more acute suffering and wretchedness : gnawing hunger was tugging at their vitals ; anguish of heart ; dark forebodings of what the future might produce.

The dawn was approaching, when, as Hardy was seated at the

helm steering, his eyes, from weariness, scarcely able to distinguish the compass, he was aroused by a cry from Jackson, who had just then risen from the bottom of the boat, to relieve him from his dreary watch. He looked up, and his eyes piercing the gloom ahead, a dark object rose directly before them.

'Land—land! A high rock directly ahead of us!' shouted Jackson with a hysterical laugh. 'Land—land—land!' and he almost leaped into the ocean in his eagerness to reach it. The cry aroused the rest from their brutal lethargy, and lifting up their heads, they gazed at the dark mass which towered above them.

'Stand by to haul aft the sheet, if we should have to bring the boat up in the wind,' said Hardy. 'Out with your oars, ready to pull her round in case we find ourselves among reefs.'

Onward sailed the boat towards the wished-for object, when Hardy, who was keeping his eyes intently fixed on it, exclaimed: 'That is no land—it is a ship!'

'A ship! Where are her sails, then?' exclaimed Jackson. 'It looks to me like a rock.'

'It is the hull of a large ship, but completely dismasted,' answered Hardy. 'I can see her rising and falling in the waves. We must be careful when we approach her, to avoid the spars and masts probably towing overboard.'

'Ay, ay; we shall have time enough for that,' said Jackson. But he was deceived in the distance by the uncertain light; for scarcely had he spoken, when the boat passed close under the counter of a large ship, without a mast standing, though free from any of the wreck of spars which Hardy expected to find. He and Jackson, uniting their feeble voices, hailed the ship; but no answer was returned. He then entreated the other men to assist in calling for aid; and all joining in reiterated shouts, endeavoured to call the attention of any who might be on board, but without eliciting any responsive hail from the crew of the ship. All was silent as death.

'We must get on board without assistance,' said Hardy. 'Are there no ropes hanging over her sides by which we may clamber on board?'

'I can scarcely make out in this light,' answered Jackson; 'but if we run close alongside we shall find out.'

'We shall be swamped if we attempt it, without great care; we have not strength to fend off as she rolls over,' observed Hardy. And this was apparent to a person of any nautical knowledge; for though, with an active crew, there would have been no difficulty in boarding the ship, to persons so completely exhausted as were all in the boat, in the uncertain light of the break of day, it was a hazardous and difficult experiment. The sea, however, was tolerably tranquil. At each return of that long swell which continually agitates the bosom of the Atlantic, the vessel rolled from side to side, till her ports almost reached the water.

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'Has she any drink on board, I wonder?' exclaimed one of the men in a voice husky from want of water.

'She may have, probably,' answered Hardy; 'and if you follow my directions, we may be able to procure some; but if not, I will not venture alongside, for we should all be drowned to a certainty. Now listen to me; get out your oars, boat-hook, and stretchers, to push off as she rolls over. Do you, Jackson, go forward, and endeavour to hook on to the main chains; and remember, let only one at a time attempt to spring on board.'

Without further delay, Hardy steered the boat alongside the ship, while Jackson, with a rope ready in his hand, made it fast to the main chains. Climbing up the lofty side, he was not long in finding ropes to assist the rest. Hardy, seizing one, with difficulty hauled himself on board; but one of the other men, in his eagerness to spring forward, missed his hold as the boat receded from the side, and with a shriek of despair, fell head foremost into the dark water. The boat and the ship again met; his late companions looked for him in vain: he rose not again. The remaining two were safely drawn on board, and the boat being allowed to fall off at the end of a long rope, the party, reduced to four, stood on the deck of the ship.

The light of day was appearing in the east, but, exhausted with their exertions, the hapless beings had scarcely strength left to crawl in search of the food they hoped to find. Not a living being appeared on the deck; not a sound broke the solemn silence, except the never-ending splash of the waves as they washed the sides of the ship. Shattered spars, bales of goods, rigging, and sails, lay about the deck, over which it was difficult to find their way in the dark, and with one accord they threw themselves down amid the confused mass, to wait till daylight should enable them to commence a search for food. At last the light fleecy clouds which floated in the sky became tinged with red, and Hardy, raising himself up, crawled, as well as his strength would allow him, to the after-part of the deck. As he passed on, he saw more than one ghastly human form pressed down beneath the superincumbent wreck, destroyed evidently by the falling spars. Others, then, had been sufferers like themselves on the desert ocean—perhaps guiltless, too, of crime. But hunger urged him to proceed in his search, though it was with a feeling of awe that he descended the companion-ladder leading to the main cabins. What might he there expect to see? Perhaps forms like those on deck dissolving into corruption. The cabin-door was closed: he opened it. No one was there. It was large and handsome, richly ornamented with a shrine and the figure of a saint at the after-part, which at once betokened her to be a Spanish or Portuguese ship; but what attracted his eager gaze more than all the signs of wealth which surrounded him, was a red clay jar slung in one corner of the cabin. He eagerly clutched it: it was icy cold

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to the touch : and tilting it up, he poured a draught of pure cold water down his parched throat. Oh, what delicious nectar it seemed ! With a cry of joy he called on Jackson to partake of the reviving fluid, as the latter entered the cabin ; and then discovering an open locker, he drew forth a basket of broken biscuit and a piece of salt meat, which, dry and mildewed as they were, appeared delicious morsels to the starving wretches. Scarcely had they commenced eating, when the two other survivors found their way below. Hardy pointed to the water-jar ; both rushed to it at once, and, maddened by their burning thirst, one struck the other a blow which felled him to the deck, while he, placing his lips to the brim, drank till, with a deep groan, he sunk down by the side of his comrade.

Hardy and Jackson, seeing what had occurred, without the power of preventing it, dragged themselves to the spot where the two men lay, to render them assistance ; but it was useless : the lives of both were ebbing fast away, one senseless from the blow, and his murderer suffering excruciating torment from the quantity of cold water he had swallowed. The two survivors, taking warning from their fate, partook but sparingly of the food ; and then, unable to move from the cabin, they lay down, and a deep slumber fell over them. It was towards the close of evening when they awoke, with their burning thirst unassuaged ; and on returning to the water-jar to drink, the fate of their two comrades was recalled to their minds by seeing them lying where they had fallen, both with life extinct. They drank and ate again ; and then, overcome by excessive drowsiness, threw themselves into berths on either side of the cabin ; nor did they again awake till the sun of another day was rising from his ocean bed. Hardy arose with his mental and bodily faculties strengthened and refreshed, and collecting his thoughts, he felt how ungrateful to Heaven he had been ; then kneeling down, he offered up his thanksgiving to that Almighty Power who had thus far preserved him.

Along with Jackson, he again partook of the provisions they had discovered ; and then, with renovated strength, set out on a tour of inspection through the ship. They first clambered on deck, where such a scene of havoc and confusion met their eyes as they had rarely witnessed. On further examination, it was evident that the vessel had been dismasted in a gale, either at sea or on a lee-shore, where she had been deserted by her crew. That the last was the case, they discovered afterwards when going forward, from seeing the remains of two cables hanging out of the hawse-holes : so it was clear that after the crew had left her, a strong wind had come off the land, and driven her out to sea.

The individuals whose bodies they saw had been killed by the falling spars, and the condition in which they were in, was another proof of the length of time she had been floating untenanted on the ocean ; for not a particle of flesh remained on their bones, and it

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was their ghastly skulls which had first, in the uncertain twilight, caught Hardy's eye. At first, it struck Hardy that they might be able to navigate the ship to shore, or till they fell in with another vessel; but, unaccustomed to a seaman's resources, he soon found that this was beyond their power, and as probably she would scarcely be able to weather another gale, they prepared to resume their voyage in their own frail, but easily managed craft. The boat, which had fortunately escaped injury by knocking alongside for such a length of time, was now hauled up, and they set to work to prepare her better for sea, by nailing planks round her gunwale, and decking over a considerable part forward, to shelter their stores from the spray, covering it tightly over with canvas. They then fitted fore-and-aft sails, and filled all the smaller casks and jars they could find with water, of which there was an abundance on board, stowing them at the bottom of the boat. Over this they placed several casks of salt beef and pork, with others of biscuits, covering all up with canvas, filling up the spare room with wood for firing—having discovered some iron-work in the caboose, in which a fire could safely be lighted. They also collected a supply of clothes, carpenter's tools, and numerous other things which they thought might be necessary. Having cooked some food, sufficient to supply them as long as it could last good, they shoved off from the ark which had proved their preservation.

Three days had passed since they first stepped on board the ship, for in their weak state all these preparations took up a considerable time; but as the weather gave every promise of continuing favourable, they felt it was better to complete everything which might be necessary to encounter any heavy gale to which they might be subjected. How fearfully had their numbers decreased! Of the eight who left St Helena, two alone remained alive. Before leaving the ship, they wrapped the bodies of the dead in a torn sail, and with some heavy shot attached, launched them in their common coffin into the deep. What a contrast was there now between their condition four days ago and their present one! A fine breeze carried them onward; they had abundance of all the necessaries of life, and were daily recovering strength; but many days passed before their eyes were gladdened by a sight of land; and when at length their feet once more touched dry ground, they found that their trials were not yet over. After returning thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus far preserved them, they were walking towards a fort which they observed along the coast, when they found themselves surrounded by a party of Portuguese soldiers, who, roughly seizing them, dragged them before the commandant of the fort. Here they were unceremoniously consigned to a miserable dungeon, to await an investigation of their character.

X.

We now shift the scene of our story to St Helena. On the occasion of the desertion which has been narrated, the fate of the unhappy men was not believed to be doubtful. No sooner had the authorities notice of their disappearance, than an embargo was laid on all the ships in the harbour, with the hope of compelling them to return; and this it was which prevented the American from keeping his promise. As, however, they did not return, they were supposed to have perished miserably. A new governor had been appointed, by whose enlightened, though strict management a spirit of perfect subordination had been introduced among the troops under his orders. One day, about a year after the dismal events narrated, he was walking on a terrace overlooking the sea, in front of his residence, when a young man, in the costume of a sailor, presented himself before him.

‘What is it you want, my good man?’ said the governor.

‘I come, your Excellency, to fulfil a duty I owe to my country, and to accomplish a vow,’ answered the young man in a deep voice, slightly trembling with agitation.

‘What is this? I do not understand you,’ replied the governor, thinking his visitor was affected in his mind.

‘You see a man who has deserted from his colours, and has returned to deliver himself up to justice,’ said the stranger.

‘A heavy offence, young man, and one which must be severely punished,’ said the governor.

‘I am ready to undergo any punishment the laws of the service may inflict,’ said the stranger.

‘You! What are you talking about? There have been no desertions since I came to the island, full ten months ago,’ answered the governor mildly. ‘But stay, young man,’ he continued, regarding him earnestly; ‘I never forget a countenance I have once seen, and those features of yours I know well. What is your name?’

‘Hardy was the name under which I enlisted,’ answered the stranger.

‘But not the one you always bore,’ answered the governor, eyeing him still more attentively. ‘You say that you enlisted: in what corps, then? and how do I see you with the appearance of a seaman?’

‘I assumed the dress because I acted as one to work my passage here,’ answered Hardy; and then, as rapidly as the governor would allow him with his frequent interruptions, he narrated all his adventures. How he had escaped from the Portuguese fort with Jackson; how he had reached Pernambuco; and from thence, with

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numerous hardships, had arrived at Rio de Janeiro, from whence he worked his passage in an English ship to the Cape of Good Hope, and so back to St Helena.

When he had concluded, the governor, instead of ordering him into instant confinement, calmly addressed him. 'Your fault in deserting was a heinous one for a soldier; but in your case there are many extenuating circumstances, and you have already been most severely punished. Your conduct, too, in returning as soon as you had the power, in spite of all difficulties, and with the uncertainty of how you might be treated, is worthy of all commendation. This should be a set-off against all your previous faults, had we not the acknowledgment of that unhappy man, Captain Pieman, on his death-bed, that he had treated you most unjustly. I now remember all the circumstances, for I made full notes of them on my arrival. He even entreated that Hall might be pardoned, for he recovered from the wound inflicted by that unhappy man, and died only a few months ago from another cause. So far, I may congratulate you, young man, on your providential preservation. And now, tell me the name you bore before you enlisted—I have my reasons for wishing to know?'

'I would rather it were never heard till every stain of dishonour had been washed from it,' answered Hardy in a faltering tone.

'You are right; and if I mistake not, it is one as noble as any in the land. Your accents betray the station to which you were born. Do I mistake you?'

'Your Excellency is, I firmly believe, correct: my name is Hastings.'

'I thought so. Your father was my earliest friend, and often have I seen you during his lifetime. For his sake, as well as for your own, the first commission I can bestow shall be yours.'

'Pardon me,' exclaimed Hardy, scarcely able to express himself from emotion; 'I am not ungrateful for the kind interest you shew; but after what has occurred, I cannot accept your offer. I must win my way to the rank you would bestow, and not receive it as an undeserved gift. Then may I be able to lift my head among my equals, and defy the malice of my enemies.'

'I applaud your determination, and it shall be as you wish. The eye of those with more power than I have shall be upon you; and if the chances of war allow it, your fortune shall be in your own hands. Farewell, Mr Hardy; my heart is with you, though from henceforth you must assume the station you have chosen. A ship is expected shortly, to convey troops to India. You shall join them. In the meantime enlist again, and do your duty here under the name you have chosen.'

The kind governor made a sign to Hardy to leave him; and the latter, with feelings of heartfelt gratitude, and a firm resolve to deserve his good fortune, forthwith went about the duties he had

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been ordered to perform. Hardy's return, and many of the circumstances connected with the fate of his companions, were well known at the time in St Helena, though his real name never transpired.

XI.

Several years after these events, as Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst were seated one lovely evening in summer in the drawing-room of their beautiful villa on the coast of Devonshire, with their lovely children playing round them as they gazed forth on the moonlit dancing waters of the ocean, the servant announced a visitor.

'Who did you say?' asked Mrs Ravenhurst. But before an answer could be returned, a stranger entered, and bowing to the master and mistress of the house, took the seat which was offered him.

'My intrusion at this hour may appear strange,' he observed; 'but I am anxious to make inquiries respecting a dear friend, a near relative of yours, I understand—Henry Hastings—Colonel Hastings, I ought to say.'

A deep sigh escaped the bosom of the lady. 'I once had a brother of that name,' she answered; 'an affectionate, noble brother. But he, we have too much reason to fear, has long been dead.'

'And yet I can scarcely be mistaken,' observed the stranger, as if musing. 'We were in India together but a few months ago, and quitted it at the same time. He himself assured me of the relationship.'

'Sincerely do I wish you are not mistaken,' said Mrs Ravenhurst. 'It would indeed be an unspeakable increase to my happiness to have my long-lost brother restored to us.'

'Did he tell you the reasons for keeping us so long in ignorance of his existence, sir?' said Mr Ravenhurst, wishing to ascertain the truth of the stranger's statements.

'His adventures were romantic in the extreme, and having already given his sister cause to mourn his death, while every day the reality was so likely to occur in the chances of war, he was unwilling to give her the additional grief, should he fall. That she was happily married to the man of her choice, he had heard, and he therefore determined to remain unknown till he had won the station and name for which he panted. You have seen, probably, the name of Colonel Hardy mentioned in the accounts of the late wars in India?'

'Frequently—one of the most gallant and fortunate officers in the service!' exclaimed the husband and wife in the same breath.

'Such was the name your brother assumed,' said the stranger in an agitated tone. Just then the servant entered with lights. Both

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Mr and Mrs Ravenhurst started, and gazed earnestly at the stranger.

‘Henry!’ exclaimed the husband, hastening towards him.

‘My brother!’ cried the lady, throwing her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears—but they were tears of joy. It was Colonel Hastings, once the deserter from St Helena—the sole survivor of the misguided party; and few can tell the agony of mind and the physical suffering he endured before he once more trod the pathway to honour.



PEARLS AND PEARL-FISHERIES.



EW, if any, of our readers can be unacquainted with the appearance of the substance which we denominate pearl—a substance which, in its most perfect forms, has ever been held in the highest estimation as an ornament.

Commercially, it occurs in two states: in drops or pellets, less or more spherical, from the size of a coriander-seed to that of a boy's marble, called *pearls*; and in small plates or slips of variable thickness, called *mother-of-pearl*. The former are used in the manufacture of necklaces and head-dresses, or set as jewels in rings, ear-rings, bracelets, and other articles of personal ornament; the latter is employed in inlaying cabinet-work, in forming knife-handles and buttons, and in the construction of a vast variety of toys and fancy articles. These substances, lustrous and beautiful as they come from the hand of the artist—whether set as a stud on a common shoe, or as a jewel in the crown of royalty—have one and the same origin; are, in fact, the production of ordinary shell-fish, the congeners of our vulgar mussels and oysters. It is the object of the following pages to illustrate the formation and natural history of pearls, the modes of obtaining them in various quarters of the world, the manner of preparing them for use, the value which has been set upon celebrated specimens in ancient and modern times, and, generally, to afford such information respecting them as may at once prove interesting and instructive.

ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF PEARLS.

If the reader will take the trouble to examine the inside of certain shells—as those of the fresh-water mussel, the pinna, the pearl-oyster, or the staircase-shell of the curiosity-dealer—he will find their inside coated with a smooth substance of a white, bluish, or yellowish-white colour, and of an opalescent, or rather iridescent lustre. This substance, known to the learned as ‘nacre,’ is in reality pearl; constituting mother-of-pearl when the shell is sufficiently large and thick to afford a workable plate after the rough outside surface has been ground away. Frequently attached to this nacreous lining are tuberculated pellets, of a form more or less approaching a perfect sphere, of greater hardness and lustre than the nacre to which they are attached, and altogether of greater beauty and attraction. Sometimes these pellets are free and detached within the muscular or fleshy part of the shell-fish, in which case they are still more beautiful and perfect in form. These lustrous spherules constitute the ‘pearls’ of the jeweller; so called, it is said, on account of their form, from the Latin word *spherula*; and mother-of-pearl derives its designation as being the source or

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mother from which the true pearl springs. Other etymologists, however, derive pearl from an old Teutonic word *perala* or *berala*, a diminutive of the word for berry. Substances so unlike the composition of the shells in which they are found, must naturally give rise to speculations respecting their origin; and thus we find in times ere science had determined their real nature, various amusing hypotheses to account for their existence. Pliny, the celebrated Roman naturalist, gravely tells us that the oyster which produces pearls does so from feeding upon heavenly dew, or as Drummond translates him :

‘With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew
A shining oyster lusciously doth feed ;
And then the birth of that ethereal seed
Shews, when conceived, if skies look dark or blue.’

Our own early writers entertained the same notion; and Boethius, speaking of the pearl-mussel of the Scottish rivers, remarks that ‘these mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl. These mussels,’ he continues, ‘are so exceedingly quick of touch and hearing, that, however faint the noise that may be made on the bank beside them, or however small the stone that may be thrown into the water, they sink at once to the bottom, knowing well in what estimation the fruit of their womb is to all people.’ In the East, the belief is equally common that these precious gems are

‘Rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.’

But alas for poesy and romance; the science of chemistry—which has, with its sledge-hammer of matter-of-fact, converted the all-glorious diamond into vulgar charcoal—has also pronounced the precious pearl to be composed of ‘concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime!’

Admitting its composition, the question still remains as to the cause of a substance so dissimilar in appearance to the shell in which it exists, and why it should be present in some shells, and absent in others. Many naturalists have maintained that pearls are the product of disease, or ‘a distemper in the creature that produces them.’ This is not the case, however. Pearls may be properly said to be the calcareous secretion of certain animals of the class *Mollusca*,* which inhabit chiefly bivalve shells—as oysters,

* In all animals of the class *Mollusca*, the body itself is of a soft consistence, as its name imports, and is enclosed in an elastic skin, lined with muscular fibres, which is termed the *mantle*. It is from the surface of this mantle that the calcareous matter is exuded which forms the shell, in those species which possess such a protection: its particles are held together by a sort of glue or gelatine, which exists in much larger proportions in

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mussels, &c. These shells have all a fine pearly lustrous internal surface; so much so, that it is said by Dampier, in his *Voyage Round the World*, that 'the inside of the shell is more glorious than the pearl itself.' This internal coat is the *nacre* of the chemist; and upon analysing pearls, we find that they consist of alternate layers of very fine membrane, and layers of this nacre, regularly spread over each other like the coats of an onion. These pearls are found either adhering firmly to the inside of the shell, or lying loose in the very substance of the animal itself, commonly in its thickest and most fleshy part. According to the situation in which they are found, so are they more or less valuable, and require a different explanation to account satisfactorily for their growth.

In all cases, it appears that the ultimate cause of the animal's forming this beautiful substance is to get rid of a source of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand, or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mantle of the oyster and the shell, and which, proving a great annoyance, the animal covers with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre. At other times, it is caused by some enemy of the inhabitant of the shell perforating it from the outside to get within reach of its prey. With a plug of this same matter, the oyster immediately fills up the opening made, and shutting out the intruder, balks it of its nefarious design. In both these cases, we find the pearl usually adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best, however, and the most valuable specimens are generally found in the body itself of the animal; and the source of irritation here is proved, according to the observations of Sir Everard Home, who has paid great attention to this subject, to be an ovum or egg of the animal, which, instead of becoming ripe, proves abortive, and is not thrown out by the mother along with the others, but remains behind in the capsule, in which the ova are originally contained. This capsule, being still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the animal spreads over the internal

some species than in others. In very hard and brittle shells, if the calcareous matter be removed by the action of an acid, the animal matter that remains appears in the form of separate flakes; but in many other shells thus treated, the animal portion retains its form after the removal of the lime, and there are a few in which the (so-called) shell consists only of a substance like horn, without any intermixture of calcareous particles. Such a substance appears to be formed by the young animal before the true shell is secreted; and it is also the first that appears when the animal is repairing the effects of an injury to the old one. It is this that constitutes what is called the *epidermis* of shells—a covering possessed in their natural state by all that are not enveloped in a fold of the mantle. The shell is most solid and massive in those species which lead an inactive life, and is usually light and thin, or altogether deficient in those whose powers of locomotion are greater. Its thickness often varies greatly among different individuals of the same species, according to the roughness or tranquillity of the waters they inhabit. These explanations may be of use to the inquiring reader who will take the trouble to compare such animals as the common naked slug, the garden helix or snail, the mussel, cockle, oyster, the large strombus used as a mantel-piece ornament, the mother-of-pearl shell in the window of the curiosity-dealer, and the elegant paper nautilus, all of which are members of the class *Mollusca*.

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surface of the shell. This discovery was rather pompously announced by Sir Everard some years ago, when he stated : 'If I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which cannot be imitated by any art of man, either in beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own nacre, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment !'

We are certainly indebted to the learned baronet for calling the attention of scientific men to this subject ; but long before that time, Sandius had made known the same fact, and gives as his authority for the statement the testimony of an eye-witness, 'Henricus Arnoldi, an ingenious and veracious Dane.' In a letter which he sent to the Royal Society of London, dated 1st December 1673, he says : 'Pearl-shells in Norway do breed in sweet waters ; their shells are like mussels, but larger ; the fish is like an oyster, it produces clusters of eggs ; these, when ripe, are cast out, and become like those that cast them ; but sometimes it appears that one or two of these eggs stick fast to the side of the matrix, and are not voided with the rest. These are fed by the oyster against her will, and they do grow, according to the length of time, into pearls of different bigness, and do imprint a mark both on fish and shell by the situation conform to its figure.' Sir Everard Home does not appear to have been aware of this statement of Sandius at the time he first made his discovery of this curious fact ; but was led to it when investigating the mode of breeding of the fresh-water mussel, by generally finding in the ovarium round hard bodies, too small to be noticed by the naked eye, having exactly the appearance of seed-pearls, as they are called. Sometimes he found these bodies connected with the surface of the shell, in contact with the membrane covering it. In further examining into the structure of pearls, he ascertained that all split pearls upon which he could lay his hands universally possessed a small central cell, which surprised him by its extreme brightness of polish ; and in comparing the size of this cell with that of the ovum when ready to drop off from its pedicel, he found it sufficiently large to enclose it. He came thus to the conclusion that these abortive eggs are the commencement or nuclei of the pearl. Being once formed, the animal continues to increase its size by the addition of fresh coats, adding, it is said, a fresh layer every year. It is extremely probable, however, that its presence being still a source of irritation to the creature, the nacræ covering is more rapidly deposited

upon the pearl than upon the shell itself. Those pearls found in the substance of the animal are generally round (a), but occasionally we find them of a pyramidal form, the pedicel by which the egg is attached appearing to have received a coat of nacre as well as

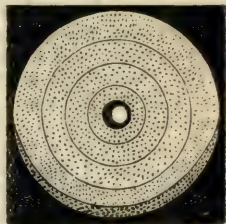


itself (b). People conversant with the pearl-fishery assert that they

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do not appear till the animal has reached its fourth year, and that it takes from seven to nine years for the oyster to reach maturity.

The true pearl is remarkable, as is well known, for its beautiful lustre—a lustre which cannot altogether be given to artificial ones. According to Sir Everard Home, this peculiar lustre arises from the central cell, which is lined with a highly polished coat of nacre; and the substance of the pearl itself being diaphanous, the rays of light easily pervade it. Previous to Sir Everard's theory, it was supposed by opticians that the peculiar splendour was the effect of light reflected from the external surface. They took for granted that pearls were solid bodies, denied them to be diaphanous, and therefore, considering the subject mathematically, they contended that their brilliancy must be produced by the reflection from the nacreal surface. In the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, we are told by Sir David Brewster that the fine pearly lustre and iridescence of the inside of the pearl-oyster arises from the circumstance, that we find in all 'mother-of-pearl a grooved structure upon its surface, resembling very closely the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger, or the minute corrugations which are often seen on surfaces covered with varnish or with oil-paint.' Similar appearances, we are told, are to be seen in the structure of pearls. 'The direction of the grooves,' says Sir David, 'is in every case at right angles to the line joining the common image and the coloured image; hence in irregularly formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the coloured images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image. In the real pearl these coloured images are crowded into a small space round the common image, partly on account of the spherical form of the pearl; and the various hues are thus blended into a white unformed light, which gives to this substance its high value as an ornament.' Pearls, however, at least the most valuable, are not perfectly solid, and are certainly translucent. In fact, in a split pearl we find the transparency to be considerable. 'Upon taking a split pearl,' says Sir Everard Home, 'and putting a candle behind the cell, the surface of the pearl became immediately illuminated; and upon mounting one with coloured foil behind the cell, and by putting a candle behind the foil, the outer convex surface became universally of a beautiful pink colour.' If we take a split pearl, and set it in a ring with the divided surface outwards, and look at this through a magnifying glass, this central cell becomes very conspicuous, and the different layers of which the pearl is composed are also beautifully displayed, as may be seen in the accompanying sketch.



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ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

It is the brilliancy above described that distinguishes the real from the factitious pearl—a lustre which no art can altogether give, though often attempted with considerable success. The Romans, who valued pearls so highly, do not seem to have been aware of any method of manufacturing them; but soon after their time, attempts were made to create them by artificial means. Philostratus, in his *Life of Apollonius*, informs us that in the first centuries of the Christian era, the Arabians, on the shores of the Red Sea adopted a plan by which they were able to form pearls at pleasure. ‘The Arabs,’ he says, ‘first poured oil upon the sea, which it is well known has the effect of calming the agitation of the waves, and consequently rendering the water more transparent at the bottom. They then dived in those spots where they knew the fish were to be found, and enticed them to open their shells by rubbing them with some kind of ointment as a bait; which having effected, they pricked them with a sharp instrument, having first placed near them a vessel hollowed out in various places into the form of pearls, into which moulds the liquor which flowed from the wound was received, and there hardened into the shape, colour, and consistence of the native gems.’ The method thus described is sufficiently apocryphal to induce even the most credulous to withhold his belief as to the exact mode adopted. That, however, some attempts were then made to form pearls in a somewhat similar manner is extremely probable, as we know that the Chinese have long been famous for a similar artifice. Two or three different methods have been described, by which that ingenious people caused them to be produced within the pearl-producing shells.

One method is, by taking a small portion of the substance of the shell, and turning it in a lathe into hemispheres of different sizes. These small hemispheres they introduce through the shell of the oyster, with the convex surface toward the animal. This prominent part proving a source of irritation to the creature, consequently soon gets covered with a coat of nacre, and a fresh coat is added every year. Half-pearls are thus formed in a few years; and these, when set, will readily pass off undiscovered by an inexperienced eye. Another method is said to be by ‘opening the shell very carefully, and scraping off a small portion of the internal surface of the shell. In its place is inserted a spherical piece of mother-of-pearl about the size of a small grain of shot. This serves as a nucleus, on which is deposited the pearly matter, and in time forms pearls.’ In the British Museum there is a fine specimen of a fresh-water shell from China, nearly allied to the fresh-water mussel, containing several very fine regular-shaped semi-orbicular pearls of most beautiful water. There are several fragments also of the same shell, with

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similar pearls upon them ; 'and on the attentive examination,' says Mr Gray, 'of one of these, which was cracked across, I observed it to be formed of a thick coat, consisting of several concentric plates formed over a piece of mother-of-pearl, roughly filed into a plano-convex form like the top of a mother-of-pearl button. On examining the other pearls, they all appeared to be formed on the same plan. In one or two places where the pearl had been destroyed, or cut out, there was left in the inside of the shell a circular cavity with a flat base, about the depth, or rather less than the thickness of the coat that covered the pearls, which distinctly proves that these pieces of mother-of-pearl must have been introduced when the shells were younger and thinner ; and the only manner that they could have been placed in this part of the shell must be by the introduction of them between the leaf of the mantle and internal coat of shell ; for they could not have been put in through a hole in the shell, as there was not the slightest appearance of any injury near the situation of the pearls on the outer coat.' Mr Gray describes another pearl found in the same species of shell from China, and which is deposited in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. Upon attentively examining it, he found that this pearl was formed upon a small piece of silver wire, which had been introduced between the mantle of the animal (while yet alive) and the shell.

In 1748, the celebrated naturalist Linnæus had his attention turned to this subject. He may have remarked the formation of pearls in shells the outer coat of which had been perforated by some marine worm, and the hole caused by which had been plugged up, as already mentioned ; or he might have acquired some knowledge of the Chinese methods of making pearls, and turned it to his own account. In a letter to his friend Haller, he says : 'At length I have ascertained the manner in which pearls originate and grow in shells ; and I am able to produce, in any mother-of-pearl shell that can be held in the hand, in the course of five or six years, a pearl as large as the seed of a common vetch.' This is believed to have been accomplished by his puncturing the shell with a pointed flexible wire, the end of which perhaps remained therein ; and the discovery seems at first to have been viewed in such an important light by the States of Sweden, that they rewarded him with a premium of eighteen hundred dollars, a sum equal to about £450, which at that time, and in that country, must have been a very considerable sum. This illustrious naturalist was soon after raised to the rank of nobility, and it is understood to have been in part owing to this discovery. The Swedish government at first made a great secret of it, and established artificial pearl manufactories ; but at the end of a few years it was obliged to abandon them, the benefits derived being far from sufficient to cover the expenses. In fact, of the great number of pearls so formed, it was very rare to find

any that had that perfect form and lustre which give to the gem its principal value.

All pearls produced by these unnatural methods have this great fault—they cannot be strung ; they are only fit for being set. The Chinese, however, ever fertile in plans for not over-honestly making money, seem to have tried a different mode still. They open the live shell carefully, and throw into it five or six minute mother-of-pearl beads strung on a thread ; and it is said in the course of one year they are found covered with a crust perfectly resembling real pearl. In these methods of manufacturing pearls, though art was called in, and beautiful specimens were produced, still it was to the animal itself that the lustre was owing ; and it required time and patience, often, indeed, several years, before success attended such efforts. A quicker mode was invented by the Italians in the beginning of the sixteenth century. They constructed small hollow beads, and incrustated them internally with a pearl-coloured varnish. A considerable quantity seems to have been manufactured, for at last the government prohibited the sale as being fraudulent.

Towards the end of the same century, we are informed by Humboldt that the Venetians had imitated pearls so exactly that it materially contributed to injure the pearl-fishery that had by that time existed for a considerable period on the shores of America. The method they adopted is not mentioned, nor does it seem to have continued long ; but in Paris a bead-manufacturer, about the year 1656, invented a mode of making artificial pearls, which seems to have been exceedingly successful, as it was difficult at first to distinguish them from the best Oriental ; and the celebrated Reaumur informs us that many necklaces were made so beautifully that the most expert jewellers would have estimated them at immense prices, if they had seen them round the neck of a princess. This M. Jaquin, for so was he called, carried on his business in the Rue du Petit Lion, at Paris, where his heirs continued the manufactory for many years. He was led to this discovery by observing that after washing the small fish called the Bleak (*Cyprinus alburnus*), the water contained a great number of scales of a bright silvery lustre. These scales he dried and reduced to powder, and this he used as an enamel, with which small beads made of wax, alabaster, or glass, were coated externally. It was soon found out, however, by the ladies, that when necklaces made of these beads were worn in hot weather, the enamel separated from them, and adhered to the skin. A lady then recommended him to use *hollow* beads, as had been already practised by the Italian manufacturers. By doing so, and making other improvements, he at length succeeded.

The practice was long kept secret, but the celebrated naturalist Reaumur explained the process before the French Academy in 1716 ; and from him we learn that it is only the silver-like substance found upon the under surface of the scales that is used to produce the

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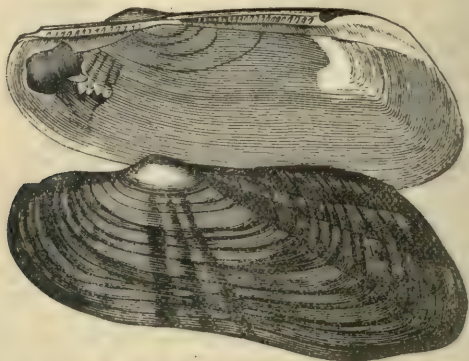
pearly lustre. The scales, taken off the fish, are washed and rubbed with several fresh quantities of water, and the several liquors suffered to settle; after which the water is poured off, and the pearly matter, of the consistence of oil, remains at the bottom. This substance is called by the French 'Essence d'Orient,' or 'Essence of Pearl.' Beckmann, in his *History of Inventions*, thus describes the process: 'Of a peculiar kind of fine glass, of a bluish tint, slender tubes are formed, which are then blown into small hollow globules; and the better to imitate nature, the artist gives to some of these small blemishes like those occasionally seen in real pearls. In order to incrust these, he mixes the essence with melted isinglass, and blows this varnish into each bead with a fine glass pipe, diffusing it equally over the internal surface by immediately placing the bead thus prepared in a vessel suspended over the table at which he works, and which he keeps in constant motion with his foot. To render the beads solid, they are then filled with white wax, and being perforated with a needle, they are threaded in strings for sale; but the holes are first lined with thin paper, to prevent the thread from adhering to the wax. Of the little fish from which this essence is procured, and which are found in abundance in the river Seine at Paris, four thousand will scarcely produce a pound of scales, from which not more than four ounces of pearl essence can be obtained; and as this soon becomes putrid, great inconvenience was often occasioned by the necessity of using it immediately.' Reaumur made many attempts to preserve it, but failed. It is now known that it can be kept without injury in volatile alkali. The date of the *introduction* of these pearls is not exactly known; but that it was practised with success in 1686 is well ascertained, as we learn from an anecdote mentioned in one of the periodicals of the day, the *Mercure Galant* of that year. A certain French marquis had, it appears, insinuated himself into the good graces of a young lady by the present of a necklace of pearls valued at two thousand livres, but which proved on inspection to be false, and had been purchased for three louis! Mucilage of fine gum-arabic is now used to fill the beads instead of wax, as it increases the translucency, and is not liable to melt with the heat of the wearer's body. The glassy appearance of the outside is removed by exposing it for a short time to the action of the vapour of hydrofluoric acid.

PEARL-PRODUCING SHELLS.

There are many kinds of shells which produce pearls; and indeed, from what has been said of their formation, it seems natural to expect to find them in all shells the interior of which are highly nacre and polished. They are not confined, as has been asserted, to bivalve shells, though they are more frequent in them than in others; and they are generally of the same colour as the inside of

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the shell which produces them. Our common edible oyster (*Ostrea edulis*) frequently produces them. In the British Museum there is a specimen of an oyster-shell which contains one of very large dimensions, occupying, in fact, nearly one-half the inside of the shell. It is of a dull white colour, irregular in shape, and of an uneven surface, and therefore valueless as an ornament. Our common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) is another shell which produces pearls. In the same collection there is a considerable series of large, well-formed pearls taken from this common shell, and they are of a very dark or deep blue colour, resembling the interior of the shell. They frequently occur also in the large swan mussels (*Anadonta cygneus* and *Anatinus*) of our fresh-water ponds (see fig.); but the most



esteemed pearls that are found in this country are taken from the species generally called the Pearl Mussel (*Alasmadon margaritiferus*), found in large and rapid streams like the Tay. This shell is of a considerable size, and externally of a very rough and black appearance. In the British Museum there are many pearls to be seen taken from this mussel, perfectly round, beautifully white, and apparently of a fine water.

The shell which we have already mentioned as producing the pearls in China is a large species of fresh-water mussel, of a somewhat wrinkled or corrugated appearance externally, flat, and of an oval figure, and of a fine, highly polished surface internally. Another shell, mentioned by Pliny, and found in the Mediterranean and in the Red Sea, produces pearls, but not perhaps to any great extent. This is the pinna or wing-shell, which often grows to a large size, and is moored, as it were, to the bottom, by a thick rope of fine silky fibres, called the *byssus*, or beard, and from which gloves and other similar objects are sometimes manufactured by the curious.

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The inside of this shell is of a reddish hue, and the pearls found in it are of a fine pink colour. Bruce, in his *Travels to discover the Sources of the Nile*, tells us that this shell occurs abundantly in the Red Sea; and that, in all probability, these beautiful pink-coloured pearls are those we find mentioned in Scripture, and which, in our versions of the Bible, are sometimes erroneously translated *rubies*. When Solomon, he says, terms them the most precious of all productions, he must be understood to mean chiefly this species of pearl, as having been the most valued in the land of Judea. There are three very fine, large, rosy-coloured pearls, of a beautiful form and colour, to be seen in the British Museum. These used to be considered the produce of the large stromb-shell, so common on our mantel-shelves, and which is of a rich pink colour internally. It is now ascertained, however, that they are formed by the animal inhabiting the *Turbinellus*, a shell which comes from New Providence. A fine specimen, with a large pink-coloured pearl in its mouth, may now be seen in the magnificent collection alluded to.

The shell, however, which produces the great proportion of the pearls of commerce, and which is found in both East and West Indies, is what is usually known by the name of the pearl-oyster, or mother-of-pearl shell (*Meleagrina margaritifera*). This shell is often of a large size, thick, and of an imperfect oval, or almost round figure. It sometimes occurs from eight to ten inches in diameter, though in general they measure about four. The outside of the shell is smooth and variegated in structure, and the inside (see fig.) is even brighter and more beautiful than the pearl itself. The body of the oyster is white and fleshy, much fatter and more glutinous than the common edible



oyster, and so rank as to be unfit for the table. Dampier, in his *Voyage Round the World*, tells us of the pearl-oysters of America, that, 'when opened, one part is as red as a cherry, the rest white; they are so large, that one stewed is a meal for five men; the crew ate them for want of better food.' And again he describes them 'as so large, that one stewed with pepper and vinegar is enough for two men: very tolerable food.' Almost all writers agree that they are almost unfit for food, except Mr Morier, who says those in the Persian Gulf are considered excellent, and that there is no difference to be perceived in respect of taste between them and the common oyster.

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VALUE OF PEARLS.

Pearls seem to have been considered as an article of value from the very earliest periods. Even in the days of Job we find them mentioned as articles of great price; for in the reproof which he administers to his *comforting* friend Bildad, he says: 'But where shall wisdom be found? Man knoweth not the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral, or of *pearls*; for the price of wisdom is above rubies.' History, too, teaches us that from time immemorial the princes and princesses of the East sought this kind of ornament with avidity, and employed them in decorating their garments, and even their instruments. The Romans, at the period of their greatest glory and luxury, esteemed them highly; and Pliny tells us that, in his time, pearls held the very highest rank in everything that was valuable. The Roman ladies used them on all parts of their dress, and over the whole of their bodies; and when they wore them as ear-rings, had three or four to each ear. Sometimes these were of immense value; hence the moralist Seneca reproves some one by telling him 'that his wife carried all the wealth of his house in her ears.' Julius Cæsar presented one of this kind to Servilia, the mother of Marcus Brutus, valued at £48,417, 10s. of our present money; and the celebrated Cleopatra, wishing, it is said, to expend a larger sum in one feast than Mark Antony had done in his most sumptuous repasts, in procuring which he had lavished all the riches of the East, took a large pearl from her ear, and throwing it into a cup of vinegar, swallowed it—the eccentric draught costing about £80,729, 3s. 4d. of our money! It was not uncommon amongst that luxurious people to dissolve pearls and drink them; for Valerius Maximus informs us that Clodius, the son of Æsopus the tragedian, swallowed one worth £8072, 18s. 4d.—a goodly sum for the son of a play-actor to expend in a single draught. Athenæus tells us that amongst the ancient Persians the value of pearls was their weight in gold; but Tavernier informs us that even as late as his time, immense sums were given for pearls by the natives of the East. One bought by that traveller at El Katiff, in Arabia, and now in the possession of the Shah of Persia, was valued at £110,000; and one obtained by Philip II. of Spain, in 1587, from the island of Margarita, off the Colombian coast, which weighed 250 carats, was estimated at 150,000 dollars.

The grand sources from whence these early nations procured their supplies were, according to Pliny and other authors, from the Persian Gulf, the island of Ceylon, and the Red Sea; and it is curious enough, that though many other parts of the world produce shells that form pearls, some of these same fisheries, which existed so many centuries ago, are still the most productive, and at this day

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furnish nearly all the pearls of commerce. Those on the Red Sea, it is true, have nearly disappeared; they have either been exhausted or neglected, and cities of the greatest celebrity have in consequence sunk into insignificance or total ruin. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, tells us that Dahalac was the chief port of the pearl-trade on the southern coast of the Red Sea, and Suakin on the north. The principal divers were furnished by Dahalac; and near Suakin, at a place called Gungunnah, the largest pearls were usually found. They were said to be inferior to none in water or roundness; and it is traditionally reported that they belonged exclusively to the Pharaohs and ancient kings of Egypt. 'Under the Ptolemies, and even long after—under the califs—these were islands whose merchants were princes; but their bustle and glory have long since departed from them, and they are now thinly inhabited by a race of miserable fishermen.' The two grand fisheries in the East are now at Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condatchy in the Gulf of Manaar, off the island of Ceylon. Oysters containing beautiful pearls are found, it is true, all along the coast of Arabia, and amongst the various islands in the Persian Gulf, and are frequently fished in these localities. They are also abundant in different parts of the Indian Ocean, along the Coromandel coast, and in various other places; but the two first-mentioned localities furnish the grand supply at the present day.

EAST INDIAN FISHERIES.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of our own government. Previous to 1796, this fishery was in the hands of the Dutch, though they had not fished there since 1768. In 1797, the produce of the fishery was £144,000; in 1798, it yielded £192,000; but in 1799, it decreased to £30,000—the fishery having been exhausted by the three previous years. In 1804, it was leased by government for £120,000; but in 1828, it brought only £30,612. A fishery which could yield such large sums annually, must, it can easily be believed, be of great importance to the place where it is carried on. 'There is no spectacle the island affords,' says Mr Perceval in his Account of Ceylon, 'more striking to a European than the Bay of Condatchy during the season of the pearl-fishery. This desert and barren spot is at that time converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and variety almost anything I ever witnessed—several thousands of people of different colours, countries, casts, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market-place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl-banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with

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which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast number of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use: all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene.'

The principal oyster-bank is situated opposite Condatchy, and is about twenty miles from the shore; and the best fishing is said to be found in from six to eight fathoms water. There are fourteen banks, but not all equally productive; and before the fishing commences, these banks are surveyed. The state of the oysters is thus ascertained, and a report is then made to government. If it is found that the quantity is sufficient, and that the oysters have arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up for sale to the highest bidder, or are kept in the hands of government, to be fished on its own account. The pearl-oyster, as already mentioned, is supposed to reach its maturity in about from seven to nine years; and it is said that after that period the pearl becomes disagreeably large to the fish, and is then vomited out of the shell. The Dutch, with inconsiderate avarice, had nearly exhausted the banks; but since the island of Ceylon has come into our hands, a different policy has been adopted, to prevent such an accident happening again. The banks are divided into several portions, and not more than two or three can be fished in one season. These different portions are leased annually in succession; so that now a sufficient time is given for the oysters to increase in size and numbers. Moreover, the period during which the fishing is permitted to be carried on is only about six weeks or two months at the most, commencing in February, and ending about the beginning of April; and so numerous are the holidays amongst the divers, that the number of fishing-days in each season seldom exceed thirty. During the season, the boats regularly sail and return together. A signal-gun is fired at the station Arippe about ten at night, when the whole fleet sets sail with the land-breeze. They reach the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise they commence fishing. In this they continue busily occupied till about noon, when the sea-breeze sets in, and warns them to return. When the boats come in sight, another gun is fired and the colours hoisted, to give notice to the anxious owners of their arrival. The cargoes are taken out immediately the boats arrive, so as to be completely unloaded before night sets in.

Each boat carries twenty men, with a *tindal* or chief boatman as pilot. Ten of these men are rowers, and also assist the divers in ascending; and the other ten are divers. Those from Colang, a

small place on the Malabar coast, are reckoned the most expert, and are only rivalled by the Lubbahs, who remain in the island of Manaar for the purpose of being trained. These divers go down five at a time alternately, thus giving each other time to recruit. Accustomed to this trade from their infancy, these men fearlessly descend to the bottom in from four to ten fathoms water; and to accelerate their descent, they use a large stone. Five of these are brought in each boat, composed of red granite, of a pyramidal shape, round at top and bottom, and having the smaller end perforated with a hole, so as to admit a rope. When about to plunge, the diver seizes the rope to which the stone is attached with the toes of his right foot, taking a bag made of network with his left. Accustomed to make use of his toes to work with and to hold by, the Indian can pick up articles with them almost as well as a European can with his fingers. He then seizes hold of another rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils shut with his left, plunges to the bottom. He there contrives to hang his net around his neck, and with much dexterity and despatch collects as many oysters as he can while he is able to remain under water; then pulling the rope, which he continues to hold in his right hand, he gives the signal to his comrades in the boat, who draw him up with his cargo, the large stone which he carried down being left behind, to be drawn up by the rope attached to it. The oysters are sometimes found, according to Sir Alexander Johnston, in what are called cables or ropes, of which a good diver is immediately sensible, and coils the whole into his net without breaking it. At such times, or when the ground is well clothed with them, the diver will bring up one hundred and fifty shells at a dip.

The exertion undergone during this process is so violent, that upon being brought into the boat, the divers discharge water from the mouth, ears, and nostrils, and frequently even blood. This does not, however, prevent them going down again; and they will often make from forty to fifty plunges in a day. Some rub their bodies with oil, and stuff their ears and nostrils, to prevent the water from entering, while others use no precautions whatever. The time the divers can remain under water, at the depth of seven fathoms, seldom exceeds one minute, sometimes one and a half, though they are occasionally known to remain about two. Mr Perceval asserts that there are instances known of divers who could even remain four or five minutes; which was the case, he says, of a Caffre boy, the last year he visited the fishery. The longest instance ever known, he adds, was a diver who came from Arjango in 1797, who remained under water absolutely full six minutes. This, we imagine, is rather apocryphal; though Mr Morier, in his *Journey through Persia*, asserts that the divers at Bahrein can remain five minutes under water. They seldom live to a great age; their bodies break out in sores, and their eyes become very weak and bloodshot. Indeed,

they often die from over-exertion, being struck down on arriving at the surface as if by a shock of apoplexy. It is recorded of one that he died immediately after he had reached land, having brought with him, amongst other shells, one that contained a pearl of surprising size and lustre ; and on this incident Mr Procter has founded the exquisite lines entitled *The Pearl-wearer* :

‘ Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single, peerless, priceless pearl
(All filmy-eyed) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond’s sparkling eyes,
The ruby’s blushes—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil’s withdrawn—
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale !
Yet, what doth all avail ?
All its beauty, all its grace ?
All the honours of its place ?
He who plucked it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian Ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling—dead !
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem !
What ! needest *thou* a diadem ?—
Thou, within whose eastern eyes,
Thought (a starry genius) lies ?—
Thou, whom beauty has arrayed ?—
Thou, whom love and truth have made
Beautiful—in whom we trace
Woman’s softness ; angel’s grace ;
All we hope for ; all that streams
Upon us in our haunted dreams ?

Oh, sweet lady ! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied !
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair !
Let the black and snaky vine
’Round the drinker’s temples twine !

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Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold !
But be *thou* for ever known
By thy natural light alone !'

The danger, however, which the divers dread most arises from the chance of their falling in with the ground-shark, a terrible creature, which prowls near the bottom, and proves a source of perpetual uneasiness to the adventurous pearl-fisher. No wonder that, with such an object of terror constantly before their eyes, these superstitious people should eagerly have recourse to supernatural means to insure their safety. They flee to the conjurer for assistance, and no business is begun till he has been consulted. Nor will they attempt to descend till he has performed his ceremonies. They place implicit reliance upon his supernatural powers ; and term him, in the Malabar language, *Pillal Harras*, or *Binder of Sharks*. These conjurers, we are told, 'during the time of the fishery, stand on the shore from the morning till the boats return in the afternoon, all the while muttering and mumbling prayers, distorting their bodies into various strange attitudes, and performing ceremonies to which no one, not even themselves, can attach any meaning. All this while it is necessary for them to abstain from food or drink, otherwise their prayers would be of no avail. These acts of abstinence, however, they sometimes dispense with, and regale themselves with toddy, a species of liquor distilled from the palm-tree, till they are no longer able to stand at their devotions.'

The address of these fellows in redeeming their credit when any untoward accident happens to falsify their predictions, deserves to be noticed. Since the island came into our possession, a diver at the fishery one year lost his leg, upon which the head conjurer was called to account for the disaster. His answer gives a most striking picture of the knowledge and capacity of the people he had to deal with. He gravely told them that an old witch, who owed him a grudge, had just come from Colang, on the Malabar coast, and effected a counter-conjuration, which, for the time, rendered his spells fruitless ; that this had come to his knowledge too late to prevent the accident which had happened ; but that he would now shew his superiority over his antagonist by enchanting the sharks, and binding up their mouths, so that no more accidents should happen during the season ! 'Fortunately for the conjurer,' says our informant, 'the event answered his prediction, and no further damage was sustained from the sharks during the fishing of that year.' So well grounded, however, is the divers' dread of these ravenous creatures, that the appearance of a single shark will produce as great a panic amongst the whole body as a hawk does when descried hovering over a brood of partridges. Should a diver perchance come roughly against a sharp stone at the bottom, straightway his

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fears conjure up the shark, he ascends immediately, gives the alarm to the rest of the divers, and perhaps the whole fleet of boats will return to shore before the real cause of alarm has been discovered.

The divers are paid differently, according to the agreement made before the fishing begins. Sometimes they receive their wages in money, and at others in oysters, receiving a certain number upon the chance of their finding pearls in them. This latter method, indeed, is the one they most frequently prefer; and they get up besides, amongst themselves, oyster lotteries, in which the European residents often join. A quantity of shells is purchased by an individual unopened, and he takes the risk whether they contain pearls or not. One hundred and fifty pearls, including the small ones called seed-pearls, have been found in one oyster, whilst again as many oysters have been opened without finding a single specimen. The divers frequently purloin the best pearls; and the conjurers, by way of giving their devotees more courage against their dreaded enemies the sharks, often accompany them in the boats, when they are always on the look-out to pilfer and steal. The oyster, when left undisturbed for a time, will often open its shell of its own accord; a large pearl may then be easily discovered, and the thief, adroitly gagging the shell, by introducing a piece of soft wood or a bit of grass, will watch his opportunity for picking it out unseen.

CEYLONESE MODE OF PREPARING THE PEARL.

The mode of extracting and subsequently preparing the pearls for the market are as follows: 'As soon as the oysters are taken out of the boats, they are carried by the different people to whom they belong, and placed in holes or pits dug in the ground to the depth of about two feet, or in small square hollow places cleared and fenced round for the purpose, each person having his own separate division. Mats are spread below them, to prevent the oysters from touching the earth, and here they are left to die and rot. As soon as they have passed through a state of putrefaction, and have become dry, they are easily opened, without any danger of injuring the pearls, which might be the case if they were opened fresh, as at that time to do so requires great force. On the shell being opened, the oyster is minutely examined for the pearls; it is usual even to boil the oyster, as the pearl is frequently found in the body of the fish. The stench occasioned by the oysters being left to putrefy is intolerable, and remains for a long time after the fishery is over. It corrupts the atmosphere for several miles round Condatchy, and renders the neighbourhood of that country extremely unpleasant till the monsoons and violent south-west winds set in and purify the air.'

After being extracted and perfectly cleaned, the pearls are rounded and polished with a powder made of the pearls themselves. They are then sorted into classes according to size. This is accomplished

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by passing them through brass sieves, or saucers full of round holes. These saucers are ten in number, and are all apparently of one size, but made so as to go one within the other. They are distinguished by the numbers 20, 30, 50, 80, 100, 200, 400, 600, 800, and 1000. 'This is a kind of ratio,' says Mr Milburn, 'to estimate the value of the different sizes of pearls; and probably the distinguishing numbers in some measure correspond with the quantity of holes in each basin.' These completely occupy the bottom of the vessel, and as they increase in number, necessarily decrease in size. The pearls are thrown in a promiscuous heap into the uppermost sieve, which, being raised a little and shaken, the greater part of them pass through into the second sieve, and only those remain which exceed a large pea in size. The second sieve is shaken in the same manner, the pearls remaining in it being the size of a small pea or grain of black pepper. The quantity of pearls gradually increases as the size diminishes. Those which fall through all the ten saucers belong to the class of *Tool* or seed-pearls, so called from the smallness of their size. The pearls contained in the sieves 20 to 80 inclusive are distinguished by the general name of *Mell*, or the first order. Those from 100 to 1000 are called *Vadivoo*, or the second order. Both these orders are divided into various sorts, according to shape, lustre, and other qualities. The first sort, called *Annees*, are perfectly round, and of the most brilliant lustre. An inferior kind of this first sort is called *Annadaree*. The second sort are called *Kayarel*; they are not so completely round, and are of a duller colour. An inferior kind of this sort is called *Samadiem*, nearly of the form of a pear; and another *Kallipoo*, having flat sides. The third sort are called *Koorwell*. The pearls of this sort are double, ill-shaped, and of a dull water. To this kind belong the *Pesul*, the most deformed of all; and the *Tool* or seed-pearl, the most diminutive. These different kinds are sent to different markets; but at the fishery all the kinds are sold together, mixed, at two hundred pagodas per pound [a pagoda = about 8s.]. The method of determining the price (according to the last quoted authority) of the different sorts is regulated by an imaginary criterion, estimating the proportion of that quality which attaches to them their highest value. It has the appearance of being intricate and difficult, but is considered simple by those who understand it. Size, roundness, and brightness seem to be the qualities on which it depends.'

The next process is drilling the pearls and stringing them. In this the natives are very expert, a good workman being able to perforate three hundred small or six hundred large ones in a day. 'I was very much struck,' says Mr Perceval, 'with the instrument they employ in drilling, as well as the dexterity in using it. A machine made of wood, and of a shape resembling an obtuse inverted cone, about six inches in length and four in breadth, is supported upon three feet, each twelve inches long. In the upper

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flat surface of this machine, holes or pits are formed to receive the larger pearls, the smaller ones being beat in with a little wooden hammer. The drilling instruments are spindles of various sizes, according to that of the pearls; they are turned round in a wooden head by means of a bow-handle, to which they are attached. The pearls being placed in the pits which we have already mentioned, and the point of the spindle adjusted to them, the workman presses on the wooden head of the machine with his left hand, while his right is employed in turning round the bow-handle. During the process of drilling, he occasionally moistens the pearl by dipping the little finger of his right hand in a cocoa-nut filled with water, which is placed by him for that purpose; this he does with a quickness and dexterity which scarcely impedes the operation, and can only be acquired by much practice.' They are next washed in salt and water, to prevent any stains they may have acquired from the drilling instrument, and then they are strung. This is considered the most difficult operation of the pearl-merchant, and is one in which very few excel.

The pearls of largest size being most costly, and esteemed as emblems of greatness, find a ready sale amongst the rich natives of India, in the Nizam's dominions, in Guzerat, &c. The finest *annee* pearls from sieve 30 to 80, which make most beautiful necklaces, are sent to Europe. A handsome necklace of pearls smaller than a large pea costs from £170 to £300; but one consisting of pearls about the size of a peppercorn will only cost about £15. The former pearls sell at a guinea each, and the latter about 1s. 6d. When they descend to the size of small shot, they are sold at a low price. The smaller sorts are sent to the markets of Hyderabad, Poonah, and Guzerat, in which last place pearls of a yellow tinge are preferred, being considered to have arisen to a higher state of maturity, to be less liable to fade, and to retain their lustre longer. The refuse and lower orders of pearls are sold readily in China. The pearls obtained in the Ceylon fishery are more esteemed in England than those from any other part of the world, being of a more regular form, and of a fine clear and brilliant silvery white. The true shape of the pearl is a perfect sphere; but if pearls of a considerable size are of the shape of a pear, as is not unfrequently the case, they are not less valued, as they then serve for earrings and other ornaments, and often bring a large price.

PERSIAN FISHERIES.

Though we have spoken thus largely of the Ceylon fishery, as being perhaps the most interesting to British readers, yet that which is carried on at Bahrein Island, in the Persian Gulf, is even more valuable, and may be considered as the greatest pearl-fishery in the world. The fishery extends along the whole of the Arabian coast,

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and to a large proportion of the Persian side of the gulf, though the most productive banks are those off the island Bahrein and Khar-rack. The fishery, we are told by Major Wilson, late political resident at Bushire, and to whom we owe many details in the following account, is now an entire monopoly in the hands of the Sheik of Bushire. 'The fishing season,' he says, 'is divided into two portions : the one called the short and cold, the other the long and hot. In the cooler weather of the month of June, diving is practised along the coast in shallow water ; but it is not until the intensely hot months of July, August, and September that the Bahrein banks are much frequented. The water on them is about seven fathoms deep, and the divers are much inconvenienced when it is cold ; indeed, they can do little when it is not as warm as the air, and it frequently becomes even more so in the hottest months of the summer. When they dive, they compress their nostrils tightly with a small piece of horn, which keeps the water out, and stuff their ears with bees-wax for the same purpose. They attach a net to their waists to contain the oysters, and aid their descent by means of a stone, which they hold by a rope attached to a boat, and shake it when they wish to be drawn up.' From what the major could learn, he considers two minutes as rather above the average time of their remaining under water. Although severe labour, and very exhausting at the time, diving is not considered at Bahrein as particularly injurious to the constitution : even old men practise it. A person usually dives from twelve to fifteen times a day in favourable weather ; but when otherwise, three or four times only. The work is performed on an empty stomach. When the diver becomes fatigued, he goes to sleep, and does not eat till he has slept some time.

At Bahrein alone, the annual amount produced by the pearl-fishery may be reckoned at from £200,000 to £240,000. If to this the purchases made by the Bahrein merchants or agents at Aboottabee, Sharga, Ras-ul-Rymack, &c. be added, which may amount to half as much more, there will be a total of about £300,000 or £360,000 ; but this is calculated to include the whole pearl-trade of the gulf ; for it is believed that all the principal merchants of India, Arabia, and Persia who deal in pearls make their purchases through agents at Bahrein. Such is the estimate of Major Wilson, whose situation gave him no doubt good opportunities of making such a calculation. 'I have not admitted,' he adds, 'in the above estimate, much more than one-sixth of the amount some native merchants have stated it to be, as a good deal seemed to be matter of guess or opinion, and it is difficult to get at facts. My own estimate is in some measure checked by the estimated profits of the small boats ; but even the sum which I have estimated is an enormous annual value for an article found in other parts of the world as well as here, and which is never used in its best and most valuable state except as an

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ornament.' Large quantities of the very small or seed pearls are used throughout Asia in the composition of majoons or electuaries, to form which nearly all kinds of precious stones are occasionally mixed, after being pounded. The majoon, in which there is a large proportion of pearl-powder, is much sought for and valued on account of its supposed stimulating and restorative qualities.* The Bahrein fishing-boats are reckoned to amount to about fifteen hundred, and the trade is in the hands of merchants, some of whom possess considerable capital. They bear hard on the producers or fishers; and even those who make the greatest exertions in diving hardly have food to eat. The merchant advances some money to the fishermen at cent. per cent., and a portion of dates, rice, and other necessary articles, all at the supplier's own price; he also lets a boat to them, for which he gets one share of the gross profits of all that is fished; and finally, he purchases the pearls nearly at his own price, for the unhappy fishermen are generally in his debt, and therefore at his mercy.

A great many of the pearls found at Bahrein are of a beautiful yellow hue. Though these are not esteemed much in Europe, they are highly prized in the East, where they are considered to retain their colour better than those of Ceylon, and not to become tarnished by wearing them. Mr Morier, who visited this fishery in 1812, says: 'The pearl of Ceylon peels off; that of the gulf is as firm as the rock upon which it grows; and though it loses in colour and water one per cent. annually for fifty years, yet it still loses less than that of Ceylon. It ceases after fifty years to lose anything.' El Katiff, on



the Arabian coast, situated opposite to Bahrein, was the site of a celebrated fishery in the days of Pliny, and it was at this place that the largest and most perfect pearl, as regards colour and water, was found that has ever yet been discovered. Tavernier, who travelled through Persia previous to the year 1670, has described this famous gem, and gives a figure of it, which we have copied in the accompanying engraving. It is pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without the slightest blemish. It measures six-tenths of an inch in diameter at the largest part, and is one and

a half inch long. Pearls of great value have also been found at Ormuz, an island off the Persian coast. Tavernier gives an interesting account of one which he saw there, which he describes as the most beautiful pearl in the world: not so much for its size, he says, for it does not weigh more than twelve 1-16th carats, nor from its perfect roundness, but because it was so clear and so transparent

* Pearls were formerly used medicinally in our own country; but their medical operation is not different from that of any other calcareous earth. A little lime-water or prepared chalk is quite as efficacious as the most expensive solution of pearl.

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that you could almost see the light through it. It belonged to Imenheit, Prince of Muscat. At the conclusion of a grand entertainment given by the Khan of Ormuz to this prince, at which Tavernier was present, Imenheit drew from a small purse he had suspended round his neck this beautiful pearl, and exhibited it to the company. The Khan of Ormuz wished to purchase it from the prince, to make a present of it to the Shah of Persia, and offered 2000 tomans for it; but the owner of the pearl would not part with it. He was afterwards offered by a Banyan merchant, an agent for the Grand Mogul, 40,000 crowns; but the prince would not accept the offer, so highly did he prize it.

BRITISH AND EUROPEAN PEARLS.

That pearls were found in Great Britain, seems to have been known to the ancients at an early period. So famous had the report of their value become, that Suetonius relates, as a fact, that Julius Cæsar was induced in a great measure to undertake the conquest of Britain for the sake of its pearls. He seems to have been a great connoisseur in this precious ornament; for so expert had he become at comparing the sizes, as sometimes to have ascertained their weight by his hand alone. It is generally believed that Cæsar was disappointed in his hopes with regard to the value of the British pearls, as they were found, says Pliny, to be small and colourless. That, however, he did collect a good number during his expedition is certain, as the last-mentioned author informs us also that he brought home to Rome a buckler made of British pearls, and hung it up in the temple which he had dedicated to the goddess Venus.

Pearls are found in various places in Great Britain. At one time a fishery to a considerable extent existed at Perth. Pennant tells us, that from 1761 to 1764, £10,000 worth were sent to London, and sold from 10s. to £1, 16s. the ounce. 'I was told,' says this traveller, 'that a pearl has been taken there that weighed thirty-three grains; but the fishery is at present exhausted from the avarice of the undertakers. It once extended as far as Loch Tay.' The mode of fishing in the Tay is thus described in the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*: 'The mussels are fished with a kind of spear, consisting of a long shaft, and shod at the point with two iron spoons, having their mouths inverted; their handles are long and elastic, and joined at the extremity, which is formed into a socket to receive the shaft. With this machine in his hand by way of staff, the fisher, being often up to the chin in water, gropes with his feet for the mussels, which are fixed in the mud and sand by one end, and presses down the iron spoon upon their point; so that, by the spring in the handles, they open to receive the mussel, hold it fast, and pull it up to the surface of the water. He has a pouch or bag of network hanging by his side, to carry the mussels till he come ashore, where they are

opened. In shallow water the operation is much easier.'—Other Scottish rivers besides the Tay seem to have been in early times fished for pearls. Boethius thus quaintly describes the mode of capture practised in the Don and Dee: First, four or five persons wade into the river together, and stand in manner of a circle with the water up to their shoulders. Each one of them has a staff in his hand, that he may not slide; and then they look through the clear water until they see the mussels; and because they cannot reach them with their hands, they take them up with their toes, and sling them to the nearest bank. The pearls, adds this old chronicler, that are found in Scotland are not of small value; for they have a clear shining whiteness, round and light, and sometimes are as large as a man's finger-nail, as specimens in our possession can testify. It was shewn to him by some traveller that there were similar mussels in Spain; but these, he adds, contained no pearl, for they lived in salt water! Some years ago, the Scottish pearl-fishery was revived, and specimens worth from £5 to £90 each were collected.

The river Irt in Cumberland was also famous for pearl-mussels. The famous navigator Sir John Hawkins had a patent for fishing that river. Having observed pearls plentifully in the Strait of Magellan, he flattered himself with the hope of being enriched by procuring them within his own island. The river Conway in North Wales was noted for producing pearls in the time of Camden; and it is said that Sir Richard Wynn of Gwydir, chamberlain to Catharine, queen of Charles II., presented her majesty with one taken from that river, which is to this day honoured with a place in the royal crown. A fishery still exists there; and a writer in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* says that he has been informed 'that a lady on the Conway nets nearly £1000 a year by the pearls of that river, under a charter.' The fishery exists at the mouth of the Conway, and is carried on by many of the inhabitants of that part of the country, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. 'When the tide is out, they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of the tide. The mussels are then put in a large kettle over a fire, to be opened, and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes barefooted, and stamps upon them until they are reduced into a sort of pulp. They next pour in water, to separate the fishy substance, which they call *solach*, from the more heavy parts, consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls, which settle in the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment, if I may so term it, is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much per ounce for them.' The pearls found at the mouth of the river are generally very

small, of a dirty white or sometimes blue colour, and the shell from which they are taken is the common edible mussel. About twelve miles farther up, however, and near Llanrwst, they have been found as large as a moderate-sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple; but the search is very precarious, and good pearls are rarely met with. The shell in which these latter pearls are found is the *Alasmadon margaritiferus*; and the Welsh call them *Cregin y Dylu*, or Shells of the Flood.

Ireland, too, can boast of her pearls. In the last century, several of great size were found in the rivers of the counties Tyrone and Donegal. The river Bann was at one period famous for its pearl-fishery, and pearls are still occasionally found there. In the old Down Survey, we find the following particulars: 'The pearls are found in fresh-water mussels, in shape and colour like the sea-mussels, but of a larger size; the shells of which are sometimes used by the poorer people instead of spoons. The fish of this mussel cuts like the oyster, is of a dark-green colour, and soon corrupts; but being of an insipid disagreeable taste, it is seldom eaten even by the poor. The shell is fastened by two cartilages, one at each end, and in this particular differs from the oyster and scallop, which have only one in the middle. Sir Robert Reading, in a letter to the Royal Society, dated October 13, 1688, from his own experience gives an account of these fish, and the manner of fishing for them in some rivers in the county of Tyrone; which, as it differs little from the Bann practice, may be applicable here. He tells us he saw the mussels lying in part opened, putting forth their white fins, like a tongue out of the mouth, which direct the eye of the fisher to them, being otherwise black as the stones in the river. That the backs of the shells above the hinges, on which the valves open, are broken and bruised, and discover the several crusts and scales that form the shell, which, he thinks, is caused by great stones being driven over them by the impetuosity of the floods. The insides of the shells are of a pearly colour, and of a substance like a flat pearl, especially when first opened; and he was told by an ingenious person on the spot, that he had observed in some shells under the first coat a liquor orient and clear, that would move on the pressure of the finger; but that such a mussel never had a pearl: and Sir Robert judges this liquor to be the true mother-of-pearl. He tells us that the pearl lies in the toe or lesser end of the shell, at the extremity of the gut, and out of the body of the fish, between the two films that line the shell. He is of opinion, with some naturalists, that the pearl answers to the stone in other animals, and, like that, increaseth by several crusts growing over one another, which appears by pinching the pearl in a vice, when the upper coat will crack and leap away; and that this stone or concretion is cast off by the mussel, and voided as it is able.

'Sir Robert affirms that the shells containing the best pearls are

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wrinkled, or bunched, and not smooth and equal as those that have none; which the fishers so well know, that though they are carefully watched, yet they will open such shells under the water, and conceal the pearls. That those pearls, if once dark, will never clear upon any alteration in the health or age of the mussel; and that if the first seed be black, all the coats superinduced will be clouded. He adds that a vast number of fair merchantable pearls are offered for sale every summer assize, some gentlemen of the country making good advantage thereof. That he saw one pearl bought for fifty shillings that weighed thirty-six carats, and was valued at £40; and that, had it been as clear as some others produced with it, would have been very valuable. That a miller found a pearl, which he sold for £4, 10s. to a man that sold it for £10, who disposed of it to the Lady Glenawly for £30, with whom he saw it in a necklace, for which she refused £80 from the old Duchess of Ormond.¹

Pearls are likewise found in several of the continental rivers, as in the Elster in Saxony, from its origin down to the town of Elsterberg, as well as in the rivulets that fall into Elster. Since 1621, a pearl-fishery has been established there, of course for the benefit of the sovereign. Also in the river Watawa in Bohemia, and in the Moldau river from Krumau to Frauenburg, pearls are found sometimes of great beauty, and difficult to be distinguished from the Oriental pearl. The fishery there is the property of the landowner.

AMERICAN FISHERIES.

In almost all countries we thus find that that sea-born gem, the beauteous pearl, was at the earliest periods of their history in high estimation. In the East, and in various parts of Europe, the prices given for them were often enormous; and we have seen that the fisheries were objects of national importance. The western hemisphere presents no exception to this remark; and it appears certain that long before the discovery of America, pearls were in high esteem by the natives. The Spaniards, upon their first landing in the New World, were surprised to find the savages decked out with pearl necklaces and bracelets; and soon afterwards observed that the comparatively civilised natives of Mexico were as eager in the search of a pearl of a beautiful form as were the people of Europe. Hernando de Soto found an immense quantity in Florida, where the tombs of the princes were adorned with them; and amongst the presents made to Cortes by Montezuma before his entry into Mexico, and which were sent to the Emperor Charles V., were necklaces garnished with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The natives of Peru also attached a great value to this gem; but the laws of Manco Capac forbade the Peruvians the task of diving, as being little useful to the state, and dangerous to those who undertook it.

The fishery of the ancient kings of Mexico seems to have been

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on the west coast, between Acapulco and the Gulf of Tehuantepec ; but the Spaniards sought for them in the Caribbean Sea, near the small islands of Cubagua, Margarita, and Coche ; and such was their success, that soon cities rose there into splendour and affluence. The wealth and luxury of their merchants has been handed down to us ; but in the sixteenth century the fishing rapidly diminished ; by 1683 it had already ceased, the islands had almost become unknown, and now not a vestige of their cities remains, and downs of shifting sands cover the desolate islands. At first the island of Coche alone furnished 1500 marks' worth of pearls, or 3000 dollars a month. The tax or *quint* which the king's officers drew from the produce was 15,000 ducats. Till 1530, the value of the pearls sent to Europe amounted yearly, on an average, to more than 800,000 piastres. In 1587, there was sent to Seville 697 pounds-weight, amongst which a good many of great beauty were reserved for Philip II. This same monarch had a magnificent one sent him from the island of Margarita, which weighed 250 carats, and was valued at 150,000 dollars. These islands, then so productive, became the frequent objects of mercantile speculations. The Emperor Charles V. granted the privilege of proceeding with five vessels for this purpose to the coast of Cumăna, to a person named Lewis Lampagnano, who was a relation of the assassin of the Duke of Milan. The colonists, however, sent him back with this bold answer : 'The emperor, too liberal of what was not his own, had not the right to dispose of the oysters which lie at the bottom of the sea.' The poor adventurer, not being able to pay the merchants of Seville the sums they had advanced for his outfit, remained at the island of Cubagua for five years, and then died insane.

Las Casas, the great apologist of the Indians, describes the great cruelties practised upon the poor divers by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest 'as a tyranny than which there could be nothing more cruel or more detestable.' As soon as the diver rose to the surface, he says, a cruel overseer was close at hand ; and should the miserable wretch presume to remain a little time to draw his breath, and rest a few minutes from his toil, his tormentor beat him with many blows ; and seizing him by the hair of his head, forced him again to descend. The food allowed them was such as was not sufficient to allay the pangs of hunger, and their bed was the cold ground. Frequently they descended in quest of the shells, but never reappeared, having been devoured by the sharks which prowled around them. If they escaped these cruel monsters of the deep, they soon fell victims to their equally ruthless masters ; for they quickly died of profuse spitting of blood, while their hair had already, from a deep glossy black, the natural colour, become of a dull gray, like that of the sea-wolf ; and so injurious was their dreadful trade, that they had assumed the appearance more of a monster in shape of a man, than a man himself. The avarice of

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the Spaniards soon destroyed their fisheries: they exhausted the banks by their never-ceasing and indiscriminate destruction of the oysters; and now the pearl-fishery of America is comparatively of no moment.

The only places in the New World which now furnish pearls for commerce are the gulfs of Panama and California. The fishery in the latter place had, soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, begun to rival the older established ones; and the pearls found there were often very large, and of a fine water. The Indians and negroes, however, employed in the fisheries, were so ill paid by the Europeans, that the fishing soon became almost abandoned; and the disturbed state of these countries has prevented the governments from making fresh exertions. In our time, various attempts, indeed, have been made by Englishmen to renew the fishery, but not with much success. Joint-stock companies have been formed, and commissioners sent out to examine the banks; and as good divers were difficult to be had, proposals were made to use diving-bells instead. In 1825, one of these companies, 'The General Pearl and Coral-fishing Association of London,' sent out Lieutenant Hardy, R.N., to Mexico, as their commissioner, to examine into the state of the fishing, and their prospect of success. The fishery he found in a very poor state; and further ascertained that the use of diving-bells for the purpose, however desirable they might be, could not be made available. He found that in many places the divers are afraid to go down, for fear of the *tintereros* or ground-sharks, and the *mantas* or *marrayos*. This latter fish, he was informed, is an immense broad fish, formed like a skate. They hug the divers with two large fins, and carry the poor fellows off. One was struck by a Captain Hall with a harpoon, and when taken, was found to measure twenty feet across the back! Notwithstanding these dangers, and anxious himself to ascertain the state of the oyster banks, Mr Hardy became a diver; and with his graphic account of this perilous trade, as practised by himself, we shall conclude this section of our subject.

'If it be difficult to learn to swim,' says Mr Hardy, 'it is infinitely more so to dive. In my first attempts, I could only descend about six feet, and was immediately obliged to rise again to the surface; but by degrees I got down to two or three fathoms, at which depth the pressure of the water upon the ears is so great that I can only compare it to a sharp-pointed iron instrument being violently forced into that organ. My stay under water, therefore, at this depth was extremely short; but as I had been assured that as soon as the ears should burst, as it is technically called by the divers, there would be no difficulty in descending to any depth, and wishing to become an accomplished diver, I determined to brave the excessive pain, till the bursting should, as it were, liberate me from a kind of cord, which limited my range downwards, in the same way

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that the ropes of a balloon confine the progress of that machine upwards. Accordingly, taking a leap from the bows of the boat, full of hope and resolution, with my fingers knit together over my head, the elbows straight, and keeping myself steadily in the inverse order of nature—namely, with my feet perpendicularly upwards—the impetus carried me down about four fathoms, when it became necessary to assist the descent by means of the hands and legs. But, alas! who can count upon the firmness of his resolution. The change of temperature from hot to cold is most sensibly felt. Every fathom fills the imagination with some new idea of the dangerous folly of penetrating farther into the silent dominions of reckless monsters, where the skulls of the dead make perpetual grimaces, and the yawning jaws of sharks and tintereros, or the death-embrace of the manta, lie in wait for us. These impressions were augmented by the impossibility of the vision penetrating the twilight by which I was surrounded, together with the excruciating pain I felt in my eyes and ears: in short, my mind being assailed by a thousand incomprehensible images, I ceased striking with my hands and legs; I felt myself receding from the bottom; the delightful thought of once more beholding the blue heavens above me got the better of every other reflection; I involuntarily changed the position of my body, and in the next instant found myself once more on the surface. How did my bosom inflate with the rapid inspirations of my natural atmosphere, and a sensation of indescribable pleasure spread over every part of the body, as though the spirit was rejoicing at its liberation from its watery peril! In fact, it was a new sensation, which I cannot describe. I did not suffer it, however, to be of long duration. Once more I essayed, with a more fixed determination. Again I felt myself gliding through the slippery water, which, from its density, gave one the idea of swimming through a thick jelly; again I experienced the same change of temperature in the water as I descended; and again the agonising sensation in my ears and eyes made me waver. But now reason and resolution urged me on, although every instant the pain increased as I descended; and at the depth of six or seven fathoms I felt a sensation in my ears like that produced by the explosion of a gun; at the same moment I lost all sense of pain, and afterwards reached the bottom with a facility which I had thought unattainable. . . . I no sooner found myself at the surface again, than I became sensible of what had happened to my ears, eyes, and mouth: I was literally bleeding from each of these, though wholly unconscious of it. But now was the greatest danger in diving, as the sharks, mantas, and tintereros have an astonishing quick scent for blood.'

In a short time our adventurous hero became a most expert diver; and after numerous submarine excursions, he ascertained that, on the coast of California, the pearl-oysters are not lying, as he had always previously supposed them to be, in regular beds or heaps, but that

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they chiefly occurred in sheltered bays, the bottoms of which were covered with large rocks; and that they were most abundant in fissures or clefts of these rocks, adhering firmly by a strong byssus, so strongly indeed that it requires no little force to tear them away. In such a coast as that, therefore, diving-bells, he soon saw, could be of no use; for though they would afford a complete protection to the diver from the voracious monsters of the deep, yet the particular situations in which the oysters occurred most abundantly would necessarily prevent the people employed in descending in the diving-bells from reaching them.

In diving, Mr Hardy tells us it is usual for the person so employed to carry a short stick about nine inches long, and pointed at both ends. Armed with this, an experienced diver will often fight the shark in its own domain. He grasps the stick in the middle; and when attacked by the shark, he thrusts it into the monster's expanded jaws, in such a position that, in attempting to seize his victim, the jaws close upon the two sharp points. He had no adventure of this sort to boast of himself, during his diving excursions; but a native of the name of Don Pablo Ochoa, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave him the following account of one of his watery adventures:

'The Placér de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loréto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it; and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference; and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the *coast is clear*, they may rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinterero had taken a station three or four yards immediately above him, and most probably had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick was a useless weapon against such a tinterero, as its mouth was of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself *rather nervous*, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked, to find the pertinacious tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, appar-

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ently just ready to dart from the sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or at least that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *gout*! Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo—one, to suffer himself to be drowned; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.'

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

It has been already stated that mother-of-pearl differs from true pearl only in form, and in being less compact and lustrous. Chemically speaking, it is one and the same substance; and as it constitutes the shell or protection of the animal, must be a natural secretion, and not an accidental concretion, which most of the real pearls are, whether attached to the inside of the shell, or free and enveloped in the folds of the mantle. Carbonate of lime is the great ingredient of all shells; some being coarse and earthy in aspect, as the common cockle; others porcellanous, as the cowry; some horny, as the common mussel; and others pearly and nacreous, according to the manner in which the layers of lime and animal albumen are arranged and compacted. We have mentioned that the brilliant hues of mother-of-pearl do not depend upon the nature of the substance, but upon its structure. The microscopic wrinkles or furrows which run across the surface of every slice, act upon the reflected light in such a manner as to produce the chromatic effect;

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and Sir David Brewster, to whom we are indebted for the discovery, has shewn that if we take, with very fine black wax, or with the fusible alloy of D'Arcet, an impression of mother-of-pearl, it will possess the iridescent appearance. According to this discovery, therefore, the lustre and beauty of any plate of mother-of-pearl will be determined by the minuteness and arrangement of these furrows, and not by the mere composition and compactness of the substance.

It is the nacreous class of shells, whether containing pearls or not, which furnish the mother-of-pearl of commerce—the shell, with the exception of the rough outside, being entirely composed of that substance; and it is the large oysters of the Indian seas alone that secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render it available to the purposes of manufactures. Our chief supply is obtained from the Gulf of Persia, and from the seas, straits, and creeks of the Indian archipelago. When stowed loose as dunnage, the shells are allowed to pass free of freight; and in this way about 950,000 pounds-weight are annually imported into Britain. Of course it is only those of the largest size, of a fine lustre, thick, even, and free from stains, that are chosen; and if the reader will take the trouble to examine some Chinese fancy-box, a parasol handle, a pearl paper-folder, or the like, it will enable him to form some conception of the size, thickness, and beauty of these shells. Mother-of-pearl is somewhat difficult and delicate to work: it is fashioned by saws, files, and drills, with the aid sometimes of a corrosive acid, and finally polished with the colcothar of vitriol. As an ornamental substance, it is extensively used in the arts, particularly in inlaid-work, and in the manufacture of handles for knives, folders, buttons, toys, snuff-boxes, and the like. The Chinese have employed the substance from time immemorial, fashioning it into beads, fish, counters, spoons, fancy-boxes, &c.; and giving to it a finish to which European artists, with all their mechanical facilities, have not been able to attain.



Carved Shell—work of Monks near Jerusalem. Purchased at door of Holy Sepulchre.



• MORAL TALES, FROM THE FRENCH.

THE LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

I.

IT was the Easter of the year 1635, and amidst a crowd assembled in one of the churches at Paris might be seen a young girl, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her countenance was interesting for the mildness and sweetness of its expression, more even than for its beauty, which was remarkable. Her dress indicated extreme poverty; the miserable rags scarcely sufficing to cover her, though, with instinctive modesty, she endeavoured to gather them around her as she knelt. The service over, she was still lingering in the porch, when another girl, as miserably clad, but somewhat older, appeared at the door, and was advancing on tiptoe, as if awed by the sanctity of the place, till suddenly perceiving the young creature first described, she ran forward, and catching her impatiently by the shoulder, said: 'What are you about so long, Alice?'

'Hush, Sarah!' replied the other in a tone of entreaty; but without heeding the caution, she ran on: 'They have been looking for you everywhere. The old mother has been crying out for you this hour, and if you do not get a beating when you go back, I wonder at it.'

'I cannot help it, Sarah,' said Alice. 'I have been praying, and asking for grace and strength to be patient to bear all!'

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'Alice,' said Sarah, with a look that might almost be called grave, 'I do not know what has come over you this some time. Instead of playing or going to beg with the rest of us, you are weeping and praying in every hole and corner, or talking to me of a whole heap of things of which I can make neither head nor tail.'

'O sister,' said Alice, 'if you but knew how wretched we are, we gipsy children!'

Sarah went off into a fit of laughter, which Alice endeavoured to suppress by putting her hand on the mouth of her companion.

'I think you might find a fitter place to laugh in than a church, you pair of little beggars,' cried an old woman who was also waiting in the porch, and whose costume marked her out as a housekeeper in some family of distinction.

'Indeed, madame, if we thought it was any offence to God to laugh, we would not do it,' said Sarah, assuming at once the whining tone of the mendicant.

'You are a young hypocrite,' said the housekeeper, as she adjusted her spectacles on her nose.

'You are not doing right now, Sarah; you know you are not,' whispered Alice. 'If you had been at the sermon, you would have heard the preacher say'——

'Really, Alice, if you go on this way, no one will believe that you are a gipsy, no more than that I am a princess; but perhaps I know more about you than you think. But be this as it may, to look at you and your ways, would be enough to convince me you were not a gipsy.'

'How so?' said Alice. 'Would that you were right. But what makes you think so?'

'Everything,' answered Sarah. 'True, you are dressed like the rest of us; but your petticoats, though not always whole, are never dirty. Your hair is more tidily arranged than ours, and I verily believe that you comb it out every three or four days.'

'Every day, Sarah,' interrupted Alice.

'Well, you see it is even oftener than I thought,' replied Sarah. 'Then you actually wash your face and hands, I do not know how many times in the day.'

'Only twice, I assure you,' said Alice in a deprecating tone.

'Is that all indeed?' retorted Sarah. 'And pray, how much oftener would you wish to do it? I doubt if her majesty the queen pretends to do more than that! No, no; any one in her senses would know you cannot be a gipsy child!'

'Would to God I were not!' said poor Alice sadly.

'But, I tell you,' said Sarah, 'we had better get back as quick as we can to the Court of Miracles. If the old mother knew that I was all this time in a church, she would say you have been spoiling me; and indeed, Alice, do you know that I have been good for nothing ever since you began to preach to me, and that you have

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been crying and breaking your heart all day long, and all night too, when we are lying together on the straw! I have got so much in my head all your talk about the good God, that I am afraid of everything now.'

'O Sarah! thinking of Him makes me afraid of nothing but doing wrong; and I know He is so good, that I tell Him when any evil grieves or terrifies me, and it gives me such courage! I am a poor ignorant girl: I cannot read myself; but the first day I heard the preacher read the words of love from the Book of God, I felt as if my heart told me I could never be happy in the ways of sin, and that is now more than a year ago.'

'You have told me often enough about it, Alice,' said Sarah. 'Come, come, it is getting late; I tell you we are in for a beating. Come along.'

In quitting the church, they passed close by the old lady, who had just been searching her pockets several times, and was now exclaiming: 'Where is my pocket-handkerchief? I lay anything these little rogues have carried it off!'

'You are mistaken, madame; you dropped it, and here it is,' said Alice, picking up a bright red handkerchief, and presenting it to the woman.

'Well, what luck I am in! They did not take it. Thank you, little girl;' and the old lady left the church.

'What a fool you are, Alice!' whispered Sarah. 'Why did you give it to her?'

'Simply because it belonged to her, and did not belong to me,' answered Alice.

II.

Hastening as rapidly as possible through several streets, the young girls soon entered a very large court, known from time immemorial by the name of the Court of Miracles. It was a long, muddy, filthy, unpaved, blind alley, at each side of which were a range of wretched dark hovels built of earth and mud. The two young girls, who seemed perfectly well acquainted with the place, made their way directly to one of these hovels, hardly distinguishable from the ground, and entered without any apparent fear for their heads, upon which, nevertheless, it seemed threatening to fall.

On the instant that the two young girls crossed the threshold of this uninviting abode, they were greeted by a vast number of maimed, blind, and lame; of persons who, after having feigned all kinds of diseases and infirmities, were now busied in getting rid of all their paraphernalia of falsehood. Some were throwing up in the air the crutches, without which it was before supposed to be impossible they could walk; some were opening eyes which they had protested were for ever shut to the light of day; others were getting rid of their

hunch, or rubbing off their skin the livid dye which gave their faces a corpse-like hue, that extracted from the beholder alms as for the dying; others, again, were once more resuming an upright position, and suddenly recovering the use of their limbs; so that any one who, standing at the entrance of the court, had seen pass that legion of lame, blind, paralytic, and aged, and afterwards looked into their place of assemblage, and beheld, instead of all that mass of decrepitude, a set of strong, healthy young people, must certainly have great temptation to believe that the court well deserved its name, and was indeed a Court of Miracles. The two young girls, however, seemed not at all astonished at the transformations, and making a sign to those nearest the door not to notice their arrival, they glided timidly into the farthest corner of the room.

That room, into which the light of day was admitted only through the door opening into the court, was at that moment illuminated by a large turf-fire, upon which figured an immense caldron, in which were boiling and hissing whole quarters of beef and a quantity of cabbage, which an old woman kept stirring with a huge pot-ladle, grumbling as she did so. In the middle of the room were ranged here and there tables of black wood, the legs of which did not seem much more firmly attached to them, though somewhat more needed, than the wooden legs of some of those who were crowding round them.

‘Mother Fragard, are not the girls come home?’ cried the cook to another old woman who was cutting up large slices of bread into porringers of green earthenware.

‘How do I know, Mother Verduchene?’ answered Mother Fragard.

‘They have been here these two hours, good girls as they always are,’ cried an ex-paralytic, pointing to the children, who by their silence lent themselves to this falsehood.

‘Why do they not come, then, and shew themselves, and tell what they have been doing to earn their dinner?’ cried the two old hags at once.

The young girls came forward, evidently in great trepidation.

‘Nothing in your hands—nothing in your pockets?’ said the old women, as each seized upon a girl and searched and shook her roughly.

‘Nothing, indeed,’ said they both with tears in their eyes.

‘So much saved, then, of to-day’s dinner,’ replied the two furies: ‘no work, no bread.’

And as several of the pauper band were beginning to intercede for the children, to the great displeasure of the two old women, there suddenly arose above all the din of voices—some entreating, and some threatening—a ‘Hush!’ so authoritatively uttered, that it instantly produced, as if by magic, a profound silence of the whole assembly.

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III.

The personage who by the single word 'Hush!' had so instantaneously imposed silence on the riotous conclave, appeared at first sight to be a fine old man, to whom long white hair gave a most venerable appearance; one of his coat sleeves was unfilled by the arm, which hung uselessly by his side, and one of his legs, bent at the knee, was fastened to a wooden supporter. But after uttering the word that had such magic power over all who heard it, the seeming old man threw his wooden leg to one side, and his white wig to the other, and quickly releasing his arm from the confinement in which it had been for the day, sat down at a table, and with a blow of his fist that made all that was on it rattle, he cried: 'Hush! Bring me my dinner, and listen to me. We are ruined; all is over with us!'

This preamble was not very encouraging, and every one lent an anxious ear.

'Oh, it is soon told,' resumed he. 'You may bring dinner; before it has had time to cool, I shall have said my say. This very day, the 5th of May, in the year 1635, my lord the king, Louis XIII., has sent letters-patent to parliament to this effect: "We hereby command that all vagabonds, all who cannot give a good account of themselves, such as gipsies, sturdy beggars, deserters from the army, shall be taken up, and sent, without any form of trial, to the galleys." Now, boys, there is little doubt that in this precious document our lord the king has had an eye to our worthy selves.'

'And there can be no doubt that the best thing we can do is to pack up, bag and baggage, and be off with ourselves as soon as we can,' cried several of his auditors, rising and looking for their sticks, to go that very moment.

'Stay a little,' resumed he who seemed to be the head of the band. 'There is no such violent hurry, so eat your dinners quietly. You know well, comrades, that so long as we are in our own quarters here, we have nothing to fear. No commissary, no officer of justice, no policeman, dare shew his face in this court, either night or day, unless he has a fancy for being torn to pieces; and I have my doubts whether any of these gentlemen would like that the least degree more than we should like being hanged. However, as we cannot stay here for ever without going out, for the simple reason that the court affords none of the necessities of life, there is no help for it—we must leave Paris; but let us leave it like true gipsies, and do as much good for ourselves, and as much harm to those who are hunting us out of it, as we can. For example, there exists at the Hôtel des Porcherons a certain individual of the name of Barbier. This Barbier is the keeper of the royal treasures, commonly called Comptroller of Finance to his majesty King Louis XIII. Now, my boys, I have got an idea in my head, and not a bad one either, you

will say. It is only to get a loan from our beloved monarch, through the hands of his treasurer ; in short, just to take with us some of the money-bags when we are going.'

'An admirable idea, my son !' cried Mother Verduchene.

'Yes, indeed ; Jean Verduchene's idea is a capital one,' said several voices.

'But how is it to be carried out—how is it to be done?' asked a little old man with a monkey face, who, as member of the band, had usually the part allotted to him of amusing the crowd, while his comrades were picking pockets, and lightening them of everything superfluous.

'I have thought of that too,' said Jean Verduchene, after a moment's reflection. 'The Hôtel des Porcherons is situated, you know, in one of the most retired, lonely parts of Paris. One of us must gain admission, disguised either as a mendicant, as a pilgrim, or as a monk, whichever his rogue's phiz will suit best. He need only ask hospitality: it is never refused. He will be let into some part or other of the hôtel ; and once in, he must be a bungler indeed if he cannot find some way of opening the door in the middle of the night for a band of his friends. Well, I do not think I have planned it badly ; I hope not, at least.'

'It is planned well enough—no fault in that,' was echoed on all sides. 'But which of us is to play the pilgrim?'

'Let me see,' said Jean Verduchene, as he examined, one after another, the faces around him. 'I must own, here is a difficulty ; you are all more like devils than pilgrims. I want a youthful, mild, hypocritical face—a voice with tones to reach the very heart ; in short, I must have an honest face, and I do not see a single one here.'

'Nor do I,' said Mother Fragard, 'unless, indeed, that of Alice would answer.'

'Yes ; Alice, Alice, Alice !' was enthusiastically shouted by all present.

'Very well, then, let it be Alice,' said the stentorian voice of the captain ; and pale and agitated, the poor child came forward from the corner, in which she had been lying upon some straw.

After surveying her for some moments with a complacent air, Jean Verduchene said : 'Yes, she is the very thing : air of decency, poor, but honest, and genteel-looking enough to pass for a decayed duchess. Then, too, a soft, timid voice, and tears coming to her eyes just at the right time. Her age, too ; who could suspect a girl of twelve? It is all settled : Alice will play the part of beggar to perfection !'

'What part?' asked the young girl, raising to the speaker two large black eyes, hitherto veiled by their long lashes.

'The child is becoming every day a greater fool,' said Mother Verduchene, shrugging her shoulders in great ill-humour.

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'Gentle mother, I beg of you not to speak so very roughly to the child,' said the chief.—'Listen to me, Alice,' added he in the mildest tone: 'your costume is perfect; it could not be better; so you can leave that as it is. But your hands are rather too clean. I cannot conceive your mania for never having them dirty; hands were intended to touch everything. You must do me the favour of not washing them from this till night, and in every other respect you will do very well. But now, listen to me attentively. This evening, at dusk, you are to station yourself close to the gate of the Hôtel des Porcherons, and then'——

'Do not give her too difficult a part, Jean,' said Mother Verduchene. 'Alice is a born fool, when you think that in her whole life she never arrived at stealing a pocket-handkerchief; and yet, I am sure, it was neither for want of teaching nor opportunity.'

'You are right,' said Jean; 'but a child of two years old could do what I am going to tell her.—Listen to me, Alice; that pale face of yours will suit admirably. You are to be outside the hôtel gate as if you were dead; that is all you need do; I shall take care that you get in. But once inside'——

'Well,' said Alice; 'once inside, what am I to do then?'

'Only to try to find out where the key of the street door is kept, and to come and open it for us. This is all you are wanted to do.'

The young girl's face flushed crimson to her forehead. 'I will not do any such thing,' said she determinedly.

'What!' cried the chief; 'you will not pretend to be dying?'

'That I may do,' said Alice, to whom some new thought seemed suddenly to occur.

'But once inside, will you open the door for the band?' asked Mother Fragard.

'No; that I will never do!'

Mother Fragard aimed a blow at the poor child, but her arm was arrested on its way by Jean Verduchene. As to Alice, she had made no attempt to avoid the meditated violence.

'Alice,' said the captain mildly, 'you do not love us, since you will not do so much for us.'

'And why should I love you?' answered Alice, with still greater vehemence. 'Who am I? Have I a mother here? Have I any one belonging to me in the whole world? Was I stolen from my parents, or am I a foundling? I know nothing of all this; but I know that you are all carrying on a dreadful trade; that you are robbers, plunderers, liars; that you are provoking God every moment of the day, and that He will yet surely punish you!'

At this violent outbreak on the part of a child, addressed to a troop of banditti, there arose such a storm of murmurs, threats, and imprecations, that poor little Alice believed her last hour was come, and, terror-struck, she fell on her knees, and with the remains of strength, which was fast failing her, she raised over her young head

her slight and delicate hands, crying : 'For pity's sake, if you are going to kill me, do it at once !' At this moment she felt a friendly arm around her neck, and clasping it convulsively : 'Let them kill me, Sarah,' she whispered ; 'I had rather die than stay with them.'

But it seemed as if the chief had taken a fancy to her : there is a secret attraction in the exhibition of innocence and purity of heart. By an imperious gesture, he restored silence, and then, addressing Alice, he asked : 'How is it that you talk of God ? Who told you anything about Him ? Who taught you to care about Him ?'

'A good clergyman, who has often given me alms, and who preaches such fine words about His justice, and such sweet words about His love.'

'And to whom, doubtless, you have told all the secrets of the band ?' interrupted Verduchene impatiently. 'Perhaps this is the very cause of our being hunted down now.'

'I never spoke to him but of myself and my wretchedness,' said Alice meekly.

'How can we be sure of that ?' asked Mother Fragard.

'I now have known him a year, and I see him every day at the chapel door. Only ask himself,' said she with great simplicity.

'Did you ever see such a little fool ?' interrupted Mother Verduchene.

'She is indeed a little fool,' resumed the chief. 'However, as she has known him a whole year, we should have been all hanged before this if she had ever told about us ; so I think we may trust her. But now, Alice, say yes or no. Will you go, or will you not, to the Hôtel des Porcherons ?'

'Why need you beg and pray so much ?' said Sarah, before Alice had time to answer. 'You want a cunning, clever girl, who knows how to faint properly : I can do it to perfection, so as to deceive a whole college of physicians. Send me to the Hôtel des Porcherons, and I engage that before midnight all the doors shall be open for you.'

'Indeed !' said the captain.

'O Sarah, surely you will not be so wicked !' whispered Alice.

'Be quiet, I tell you,' said Sarah in the same low tone. 'This is a bold stroke to make us all rich.'

'It is all settled,' cried Jean : 'I fix upon Sarah.'

Suddenly, as if actuated by some thought that had that moment struck her, Alice cried : 'No, no ; not Sarah. Send me.'

'What strange things children are !' said Mother Verduchene : 'they are all alike. If you want them to do a thing, they won't do it ; forbid them, and they are all agog for it.'

'I certainly should prefer Alice,' said the chief ; 'she looks so much more honest than Sarah.'

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‘Cannot they both go?’ said Mother Fragar, ‘as it seems they are now both so anxious to do so.’

Alice was about to speak, but checked herself; while Sarah, clapping her hands for joy, said: ‘O yes, let us both go.’

‘Well, then, let it be so,’ said the chief.

IV.

The Hôtel des Porcherons, situated in the Faubourg St-Honoré, was a vast building of great antiquity, in which Louis XI., consecrated king at Rheims the 14th August 1461, lodged the last day of that month, when making his public entrance into Paris. At the period of which we are writing, this hôtel was inhabited by Barbier, Comptroller of Finance to his majesty.

On the very evening of the day in which the plot was hatched in the Court of Miracles, the curfew-bell had just tolled, when a loud knocking was heard at the street gate.

‘Do not open on any account, Jacquand,’ said an old woman, whom we have already introduced to our readers in the porch of the Chapel des Porcherons, addressing herself to the porter of the hôtel, to whose lodge she sometimes went to have a little gossip: ‘do not open; it can be for no good that any one knocks at such an hour as this.’

‘Bad people seldom knock, Dame Mathurine,’ remarked the porter; ‘they get in without knocking. Perhaps it is our young master. Young men are not always at home at regular hours—such as seven, or half-past seven at latest: they seem to think the curfew intended to tell them the hour to go out, whereas curfew means: Go in; shut yourself up; put out your fires; blow out your candles’——

‘And do not open the doors to those who knock after proper hours,’ said Dame Mathurine, completing the sentence.

‘They are actually knocking still,’ said the porter, now beginning to look rather grave.

At this moment the door of the lodge opened, and a gentleman, tall, pale, and still young, though study, toil, and, it may be, care, had marked his brow with premature furrows, entered, exclaiming: ‘Jacquand, you must be deaf. Somebody has been knocking this hour.’

‘But, sir,’ said the porter as he got up, ‘who can it be at this time of night?’

‘Instantly go and see,’ said the gentleman, in a tone so decided, though mild, that it permitted no reply; and Jacquand went to the gate.

‘As I have had the honour of having you in my arms the day you were born, sir,’ said Dame Mathurine very respectfully, ‘perhaps I may be permitted to observe that any one who knocks at so late

an hour can be only some vagabond, or some person who has been assaulted.'

'In that case, it is the duty of every Christian to do anything in his power to help.'

This last word was echoed from without. It was the porter calling out: 'Help, help!'

'What is the matter? What ails you?' cried Monsieur Barbier and the two women, as they came out into the front yard.

'I have got here two young creatures, one dead, and the other not far from it,' answered the porter. 'I want help to bring them into the house.'

At eight o'clock at that season of the year, it is not too dark to hinder objects in the street being distinguished perfectly, so that, as he went forward, M. Barbier beheld two young girls lying upon the ground apparently almost insensible; the face of one of them bearing the undoubted stamp of innocence and modest purity. 'But surely it could not have been either of these children that knocked at such a rate?' said M. Barbier.

'No, your honour,' answered the porter; 'it was a man who was passing by, and who, when I opened the door, just said as he went away: "Will you see what is the matter with these two poor creatures? I must be off for home, for the curfew has tolled, and the streets of Paris are not safe." But what are we to do with these poor young things, your honour?'

'Bring them into the house, and let the women take good care of them.'

'Take them into the house!' exclaimed Mathurine; 'surely, sir, you will not think of it. Only consider all the horrible things that go on at night in the streets of Paris, all the robberies, the assaults, the murders'——

'The greater reason for not exposing these two poor young girls to them, Mathurine.'

'But, sir, who told you that they are two poor young creatures?'

'I rather think, woman, you need only look at them to know so much,' said M. Barbier, by this time quite losing patience.

'A thousand pardons, my dear master, for thus seeming to stand in the way of any good action of yours,' persisted Mathurine; 'but such extraordinary things have been done by the band of gipsies, under the command of Wooden Leg, as they call him. These wretches take every form they please; they are old, young, ugly, handsome, hunchbacked, lame, blind at will. Take your old nurse's advice, sir, and let us manage these creatures. Let them stay outside, and we will take to them anything you like—broth, wine, covering; but, for the love of Heaven, do not bring them into the house!'

'Oh, for the love of God, my good lady, do not leave us in the street, I implore you!'

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These words were uttered in a very faint voice by the young girl with the least prepossessing appearance. 'Come, Jacquand, you must not mind Mathurine; do what I order you.' And as he said these words, the Comptroller of Finance stooped, and took up in his arms the young girl who had not yet spoken, and carried her into the hôtel. Jacquand lifted the other, and followed his master, while his wife went on grumbling: 'What a piece of folly!' and Dame Mathurine chimed in with: 'You are quite right, Madame Jacquand; it is absolutely mad imprudence. God grant that my master may not have cause to repent of it!'

V.

'Who are you, and whither were you going?' Such were the first questions addressed by M. Barbier to the girls, as soon as he deemed them sufficiently restored by the nourishment administered to them to be in a condition to answer.

The one who had already been spokeswoman took upon her to reply. 'My sister Alice and I are two poor orphans without relations or friends, or any one in the world to take care of us; we live by the charity of the public. In the day we wander through the streets, and at night we sleep where we can, often under the porch of churches, or the pent-houses over the market-places; but this evening our strength was entirely exhausted, and we could go no farther than your gate; we had eaten nothing since morning.'

While Sarah was speaking—we need scarcely say it was she—M. Barbier could not take his eyes off Alice, who, pale as death, with her head bent upon her breast, seemed quite overwhelmed with grief; and at every word uttered by Sarah, the big tears fell slowly down her emaciated cheek. Grief thus quiet and yet deep, at so tender an age, had something in it that went to M. Barbier's heart. 'Where do you intend to put them to sleep?' he inquired of Mathurine.

'I am sure we need not be very particular, sir,' answered the housekeeper; 'any of the out-offices, the stable, or the barn.'

'Is there no closet near your own room, Mathurine, which would be a better place for them?'

'Oh, your honour, the stable will do quite well,' said Sarah eagerly; 'my sister and I are not accustomed to sleep upon beds.'

'Oh, the closet; if you will be so good, madame, as to allow us to sleep there,' said Alice in a tone of such earnest entreaty, and with a look of such agonising appeal to M. Barbier, that he instantly answered: 'It shall be in the closet, my poor child.'

'In the closet, close to my own room, that I may be the first to have my throat cut!' muttered Mathurine.

'And why are you to have your throat cut?' asked Sarah.

'How do I know?—how can I tell?' said the old woman.

'If you be afraid of us, madame,' said Alice submissively, 'lock the door upon us;' and she turned to Sarah with a beseeching glance, which was returned by a look so threatening, that M. Barbier, who was watching the two girls, was quite surprised. 'It is very singular,' thought he; but as looks continued to be exchanged on both sides, still more supplicating on the part of Alice, and more threatening on that of Sarah, he determined to elicit an explanation.

'The point is easily settled,' said he; 'we will lock up the one that wishes to be locked up, and the other can go to the stable.'

A flash of joy passed over Sarah's face, whilst Alice at the moment became still paler than before, and exclaimed, in evident consternation: 'O sir, for mercy's sake, do not separate us!'

The astonishment of M. Barbier was at its height. His eyes seemed fascinated, so riveted were they upon Alice.

'How you do look at that little creature, sir!' observed Mathurine.

'It is very singular, very singular,' said M. Barbier musingly: 'methinks that face is not strange to me, and I could almost fancy the tones of her voice were familiar.'

'I know them now myself,' said the housekeeper; 'they are the two little beggars I saw so often at the door of the Church des Porcherons.'

M. Barbier now left them, saying: 'Mathurine, put them both into the closet next to your own room, and do not let them go away in the morning till I have seen them.'

Mathurine had no alternative but to obey, and taking up a light, she desired them both to follow her, and led the way through several corridors and up a long stone staircase to a small closet, in which was a bed. As she was retiring, taking with her the light, Sarah cried: 'Are you going to leave us in the dark, madame?'

'The moon is up,' answered the housekeeper, 'and what more do you want?'

At the moment she was passing out of the room, Alice whispered to her: 'Lock the door upon us.' But these words had no other effect than to increase Mathurine's fears to such a degree, that she ran off as fast as she could, forgetting to take the precautionary measure suggested to her.

VI.

'So you want to ruin us all, Alice?' said Sarah, as the steps of the old housekeeper died away along the passage.

'On the contrary, I want to save you,' answered Alice gently; and then added: 'Is there nothing in what you have seen—a master owing his authority to love and respect, instead of fear, and so good and kind to us: is there nothing to touch your heart, and make you desire virtue, and shrink from all the terrible things we have around us every day?'

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'It is certain, Alice, I would rather spend my life here than in the Court of Miracles: but that is nothing to the purpose; I promised the captain I would open the gate and let in the band; and do it I will.'

'O no, Sarah, you will not—you will not be so wicked: but you shall not do it!' said she vehemently; 'for if you attempt to move or leave this room before to-morrow morning without me, I will alarm the house, and tell the whole dreadful plot. Sarah, my sister, my own Sarah,' added she, throwing herself on her knees at the feet of her companion, while tears streamed down her cheeks—'are we not both children stolen from our parents? Oh, let us not make ourselves unworthy to be received by them. Something tells me we shall yet discover them. There is a God in heaven, Sarah, a God both just and good, and who will reward those that seek Him and love Him. But you are not heeding me, Sarah.'

'I promised to open the gate,' repeated Sarah, in precisely the same tone as before.

'But a promise to do wrong, Sarah, ought never to be kept,' urged Alice.

'I only know I promised,' persisted Sarah doggedly.

In utter despair at her obstinacy, Alice turned to the window and looked out of it for a few moments, while deliberating how she could prevent the threatened mischief, without criminating Sarah. The height of the casement from the ground led her to conclude that the room was in the third story of the hôtel; and she soon satisfied herself that the walls around it were so high as to preclude all ingress but by the gate. Somewhat reassured by having ascertained this point, she now turned to survey the little room. Narrow and low, its only furniture the bed, upon which Sarah had thrown herself: it had no outlet but the window and the door, which Mathurine had left open. Alice turned to Sarah, to make one last appeal. 'O Sarah, remember the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. He sees all the good of the kind master of this house, and all the evil, too, we are plotting against him. Oh, if you have no gratitude for him—no pity for him, when he has pitied us—have mercy on me, have mercy on your own soul!'

Sarah, who had been just dropping asleep, now looked stupidly up in her face; and Alice, seeing that it was hopeless to think of prevailing upon her, resolved upon putting into execution a plan that for the last few moments had been floating in her brain. She seized the moment when Sarah had sullenly turned from her, and bounding out of the room, and shutting the door with some violence, double-locked it. All was the work of an instant; and she was fleeing along the passage before Sarah had leaped from the bed. She heard her calling loudly after her, but this served but to quicken her flight. Suddenly, as she turned round a corner, she came upon Mathurine and M. Barbier.

'Now, sir, will you believe me again?' cried Mathurine. 'Here is one of them actually trying to make her escape;' and she seized Alice by the arm.

Thus wholly taken by surprise, the poor child knew not what answer to make. She stood silent, with drooping head and down-cast eyes.

'Speak, child,' said M. Barbier; 'where were you going?'

And as Alice did not answer, Mathurine broke in: 'And where else can you think she was going, my dear master, but to open the gate to the gang of robbers to which the dreadful little wretch belongs, and who at this moment, I would lay any wager, are lurking about the hôtel? I consent to have my hand cut off if I did not already hear three times the signal for the massacre of us all! You must only shut her up in the dungeon till we can give her up in the morning into the hands of the provost-marshal, who, I warrant, will make short work with her.'

'Why do you not speak, unhappy child? Answer me: Where were you going now?' repeated M. Barbier, whose heart resisted even the evidence of his eyesight.

'Deal with me as you please, sir,' said Alice, in tones so soft, so sad, that the good man, deeply affected, exclaimed: 'No; it is not possible that those tones, that sweet face, can belong to anything capable of such vileness.'

'Deal with me as you please, sir,' again said Alice; then clasping her hands in an agony of terror, she added: 'but oh, do not let her out of the room! I have locked the door upon her.'

'This girl is a perfect mystery to me,' said M. Barbier. 'But tell me, child'—

'I can tell you nothing till to-morrow, sir,' said Alice.

'To-morrow, indeed!' interrupted Mathurine. 'We are much obliged to you. By to-morrow all our throats will be cut.'

'Shut me up in a dungeon, or anywhere you please, madame,' answered Alice; 'but let nothing induce you to open the gate to any one, under any pretence whatever, until morning, and no harm can happen.'

Threats and promises alike failing to extract anything more from Alice, M. Barbier determined to confine her for the night in one of the dungeons; and then, after placing a guard at the gate of the hôtel, he went to bed. But finding it impossible to sleep, he got up before day, and feeling an irresistible desire to question the little girl again, nay, to look upon her once more, he resolved to pay her a visit. The look, the voice of that child strangely revived memories long buried in his heart. Eleven years had elapsed since he had lost a little girl of about two years of age, in the most unaccountable way. It had been sent out to nurse in the environs of Paris; and when the alarm was given that the child was missing, it was discovered that the nurse was deranged; and it was impossible to

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ascertain whether her insanity was the cause or the consequence of the loss of the child. Had the nurse, in a paroxysm of madness, destroyed the infant? This was the general belief; but the sorrowing parents could not elicit, by the most diligent inquiry, anything that could serve to throw certain light upon the fate of their child. The mother survived her loss but five years, and M. Barbier was left a widower with an only son.

But now the poor little girl so strangely introduced to him recalled vividly the memory of his wife. It was her very look, the expression of her face, nay, more, the very tones of her voice. What wonder, then, that M. Barbier felt his heart stirred within him by hopes and fears the more agitating from their very vagueness.

Unable to shake off thronging thoughts, so as to obtain any sleep, M. Barbier, as we have said, got up, and providing himself with a lantern, descended to the place where he had locked up Alice. Hearing no noise as he entered, he for a moment thought: 'Is it possible she has made her way out of this also?' but soon the light fell upon a heap of straw in a corner, and he beheld Alice in a deep sleep. He could not bear to wake her, and sitting down on a stone at a short distance from her, and contriving to throw the light full upon the head of the sleeper, he began to examine every feature. Even in sleep, the face of the child bore the subdued expression of extreme suffering: deep sighs burst from her little heart, and from her parted lips came from time to time a wailing sound that fell sadly on the listener's ear. As he watched her feverish slumbers, he suddenly perceived around her neck a green silk string, to which was hanging a little locket. To see it and to grasp it was the act of the same instant; but the motion awoke Alice, and she started up with a cry of terror at the sight of the nocturnal visitor.

'Where did you get this?' asked M. Barbier, as he pointed to the locket.

Without answering, Alice took it off and handed it to him.

'You will give it back to me, sir?' said she with somewhat of uneasiness. 'It is the first time it has ever been off my neck.'

'And what is the inscription upon it?' demanded M. Barbier, as if not daring to trust his own eyes.

'"Never part with it,"' said Alice; 'and I never do. I wear it always.'

'O my God! thy ways are indeed past finding out! After so many years of sorrow and unavailing search, am I now to find my child?' And scarcely able to articulate, he turned to Alice: 'Speak, speak! In mercy, say where you got this locket! Who gave it you?'

'It is my own,' said Alice; 'and I had a great many more things—so Sarah tells me—but they were gold, and they took them away from me: this was worth nothing, so they left it with me.'

'Sarah! Who is Sarah?' asked M. Barbier.

‘The young girl I locked up. She knows all about me, I am sure, though she would never tell me.’

‘Come with me,’ said M. Barbier, suddenly taking the arm of Alice, and drawing her out of her dungeon. It was now daylight; and no sooner did she perceive it, than she involuntarily exclaimed: ‘Thanks be to God! all danger is now over.’

‘What danger?’ inquired M. Barbier, still rapidly moving onward.

‘Oh, you shall know all, sir, now. But pardon for Sarah; pardon for me, I beseech you.’

While still hurrying on in the direction of the closet, he was met by Mathurine, who, receiving no answer to her question of where he was going, thought she might as well follow, so that all three arrived together at the closet door, and on opening it, found Sarah weeping bitterly. M. Barbier at once advanced towards her, and pointing to Alice: ‘Sarah,’ said he, ‘who is this child? Speak, and speak the truth; and whatever may be your answer, you are at liberty to go where you please.’

‘The sun is risen, my friends are gone, and I am alone in the world, so there is nothing to prevent my speaking out,’ said Sarah: ‘you are now the disposer of my fate.’

‘In mercy, speak quickly,’ said the agitated M. Barbier.

Sarah went on, still weeping. ‘Alice and I are part of a gang of gipsies, who were to leave Paris last night, and for whom we were to open the gate of your hôtel; and I would have done it, but that Alice locked me up in the room.’ There’s the truth for you.’

‘Did I not say so!’ cried Mathurine; and there is no knowing how she might have gone on to evince her triumph in her sagacity, had not her master silenced her somewhat angrily.

‘But Alice—Alice! who and what is she? Speak, girl; I care for nothing else.’

‘She is like myself—a stolen child, sir,’ answered Sarah; ‘with this difference, however, that I can tell the place she was stolen from, whereas the only person that knows anything about me is gone.’

‘Well, girl—well!’ interrupted M. Barbier, now nearly frantic from suspense.

‘About eleven years ago,’ said Sarah, ‘I was on an excursion with Mother Verduchene in the environs of Paris. I used to beg, and I was never refused, for I had a pretty face, and I had learned sweet words and winning ways, that interested people for me. Well, one day as we were passing a cottage, Mother Verduchene went in to ask for a drink of milk, and there was no one in the cottage but a child asleep in a cradle. She was dressed in the finest cambric and lace, and had, I well remember, a gold chain round her neck. Mother Verduchene caught up the child, and ran off with her so fast that I did not overtake her till she had got into a wood, where

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I found her stripping the infant. But when she began to untie a green string, to which a locket was suspended, the little one screamed at such a rate, and then lisping: "Never part with it!—never part with it!" that Mother Verduchene thought she might as well leave it with her. The next day we left Paris, and the gipsies thought it best to take the child with them.'

'My daughter! my daughter!' exclaimed M. Barbier, as he pressed her fondly to his bosom. 'Well do I remember that your mother used so often to repeat the words which she had engraved on the locket when fastening it round your neck, that at last your young lips had learned to form the sound; and no one could touch it, not even myself, without your trying to say: "Never part!—never part!" But how shall I thank the gracious Being who has so wondrously preserved my child, innocent, pure, and virtuous, amid such a gang of wretches; and who, in inspiring her with the determination not to be instrumental in betraying a stranger, has, to reward her, permitted her to find in that stranger a father! My child! my child!'

But wonder and joy had been too much for Alice, and she had fainted in the encircling arms of her father. Tender cares, fond soothing, and words of love, to which she had been long a stranger, hailed her returning senses; and her father, eager to present her to her brother, now cried: 'Come with me, my child! I am impatient to shew to the whole world my recovered treasure.'

'But—Sarah—my father!' said Alice hesitatingly, yet imploringly.

'Sarah shall always stay with you, if you like it, my child.'

'And can you trust her, my young lady?' said the old house-keeper.

'She may trust me,' said Sarah, 'if I once promise; and I do promise to try to be good, like herself.'

'And we will ask God to make us both good,' said Alice, 'and to take out of our minds all the bad things they used to try to teach us; and I know nice words for asking Him—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!"'

'Surely His providential care over you, my sweet child,' said M. Barbier, 'is a proof that there are no possible circumstances in which the way of duty is not open to us, if we have but honest, truthful purpose of heart to walk therein.'

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THERE lived in a small town in the Upper Alpes a poor man named Marcel; he had been early left a widower, with two young boys, the elder called Jerome, the younger Louis. Having much good sense, he felt the deficiency of his own education, and deeply regretted that

his poverty deprived him of the power of affording a good one to his sons: he did his best, however, to instil pious and virtuous principles into their youthful minds. Jerome was giddy, and when his father was absent, would amuse himself with all the young scamps of the village. Scrambling over garden-walls to rob the fruit, beating dogs or cats, and throwing stones at the fowls, were their favourite occupations; and when the younger brother attempted to remonstrate, he not unfrequently received a blow in return. As Louis grew older, his naturally gay disposition was saddened by the reflection that he could not find any mode of acquiring information; there was not any village school; and at last, after much hesitation, he went to the curate, and expressing all his grief for his ignorance, he earnestly entreated him to teach him to read. This worthy man was surprised, and much pleased, at this request from so young a child, and willingly acceded to it. The close attention of the pupil so gratified his kind master, that, not satisfied with teaching him to read, he taught him to write, to keep accounts, a little Latin, history, and geography; at the same time carefully attending to his religious education. Jerome ridiculed his brother for his assiduity to his studies; and his faults increasing as he grew up, at the age of fourteen the youth had succeeded in making himself feared and thoroughly detested by the whole village. When the two boys had attained their fifteenth and sixteenth years, their father called them to him, and said: 'My dear children, you are both old enough to seek some profitable occupation. I can give you no assistance, for you know that it is with difficulty that I have hitherto supported you. I have saved two pounds; here is one for each of you. Go to the city; try to earn your bread, and let me often hear from you. For thee, my dear Louis, I have no fear; I am truly grateful to the curate for the instruction he has so kindly given thee; it will serve thee everywhere, and thou wilt get on well. As for thee, my poor Jerome, I cannot see thee depart without much anxiety: thou hadst the same opportunities as thy brother, but thou hast not availed thyself of them; thou hast preferred idleness and dissipation, and I greatly fear thou wilt have cause to repent it. My heart forms the same wishes for both of you. Go, my children; may every happiness attend you!' and Marcel tenderly embraced his sons, and wept over them. Just then the curate came in. Louis threw his arms around his benefactor, and was so overcome by his feelings, that he could not utter a word to express his gratitude. Jerome likewise shed tears, for even the most corrupted cannot completely shake off all natural feeling. At last the two boys walked away, their father and the good curate gazing after them whilst they remained within sight.

The two boys walked for some time sadly and in silence, which was at length broken by Louis asking his brother what occupation he meant to follow. 'Oh,' said Jerome, 'it will be time enough to consider that when our money is exhausted.'

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‘That will not take long, Jerome. I have read somewhere that children and fools think that twenty years and twenty shillings never come to an end.’

‘No more sermons, brother, I beg.’

‘Well, I shall say no more.’

Towards evening, our two pedestrians came to an inn, where they stopped for the night; it was about fifteen or eighteen leagues from Lyon, which they hoped to reach within two days. There were a good many people at the inn; amongst others was one whose rakish air attracted the notice of Jerome. He was a *fourrier* (a petty officer attached to each company in the French army), returning to the garrison of Grenoble. Jerome soon began to talk freely to this man, who, as soon as he discovered that the poor boy had some money, proposed a game at cards. At first, Jerome’s purse filled so fast, he thought it quite inexhaustible. The wiser Louis vainly tried to dissuade his brother from the dangerous amusement. He was so rudely received, that he was forced to desist. Another game commenced, and now Jerome’s purse was completely emptied. ‘Lend me some money,’ said he to Louis, ‘that I may recover what I have lost.’

‘No,’ said his brother firmly; ‘you refused to listen to good advice, and now I must keep my money.’

The friendship of the *fourrier* was singularly cooled when he found that Jerome had not a penny left; he soon retired, wishing him a good-night and better luck. When the two boys were alone, Louis said: ‘I see, brother, that we can never get on together; our tastes and inclinations do not agree, and it is much better for us to separate. I will pay our expenses at this inn, and we will then equally divide what money remains.’

The plan of Louis was adopted; and early the next morning they started on different roads. Jerome took the road to Grenoble, and walking slowly, was soon overtaken by the *fourrier*. ‘What are you doing here?’ exclaimed the latter. ‘I thought that you were off to Lyon this morning?’

‘Oh, I have changed my mind. I am going with you to Grenoble; I wish to serve in your regiment.’

‘Indeed; you are a capital fellow! We can go together, and I will present you to my captain.’

They arrive at Grenoble; Jerome is presented and enlisted! he puts on the uniform, shoulders the musket, and commences drill. For a time this was all well enough. He had touched the bounty, and had won a little money at cards from his companions; but this was quickly run through in dissipation and drunkenness on those days when he was not on duty; and how was he to obtain more? Not liking to work, and tired of soldiering, he resolved, although at the risk of being taken and shot, to rob his fellow-soldiers and desert. Knowing that some of them had saved a little money, or

earned it in the town when off duty, he watched his opportunity, and searched the knapsacks of these poor men in their absence. In this way he picked up nearly £10, and hastily quitting the barracks, he exchanged his uniform for the dress of a countryman, and left Grenoble, choosing the by-roads, for fear of pursuit. He crossed the country at a brisk pace, sleeping many nights in the open air, and in about ten days reached Châlons-sur-Saône. Here he imagined himself safe; and, emboldened by his success, determined to continue a trade which he found so lucrative and convenient, totally forgetting that justice never sleeps, and that although he may escape detection once, or even oftener, yet, in the end, discovery is certain, and the culprit pays a heavy penalty for all his crimes. With such a love of play, Jerome's funds were soon at a low ebb, and he looked around for some other favourable occasion.

A band of strolling players was at this time performing at Châlons, and Jerome had made the acquaintance of one of them, named Bernardin, who acted the part of a brigand chief. He tried to induce Jerome to join the party; but there was one great obstacle—the youth did not know how to read. This, however, he did not acknowledge, but said that he had so bad a memory that he never could recollect a line by heart. 'Oh, that does not signify,' replied Bernardin; 'we can give you what we call a dumb part.'

Matters were quickly arranged. The manager being satisfied with his appearance, engaged him; and, dressed as a brigand, he joined the troop of his friend Bernardin. The expression of his countenance was well adapted to his performance, which was partly caused by the circumstance that, in going to the stage, he passed the pay-office, and caught a glimpse of the money-box, quite full enough to excite in his mind sentiments analogous to those he was to represent. For two months he pondered upon the means of acquiring this treasure. He sounded the cash-keeper, and thinking his probity doubtful, he invited him to a tavern, and imparting his plan over the bottle, easily persuaded the foolish creature to join him. They fixed upon a day when a popular piece was to be acted; and no sooner had the cash-keeper received the money for the tickets, than he hastily joined Jerome, who had absented himself from the representation on the plea of indisposition.

That night they walked on, without resting, until morning, when they stopped at an inn to obtain some refreshment. Imagine Jerome's horror upon entering to perceive two gendarmes, who observed him with such attention that he could not doubt but that he was recognised. Recollecting his desertion, he instantly quitted the room without a word. He had noticed that the horses of the gendarmes were left in the court-yard; and now coolly walking up to them, plunged his knife into one, so as totally to disable it, then snatching the bridle of the other, he sprang into the saddle, and galloped off, carrying the booty along with him, and mocking at

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the vain menaces of the gendarmes. We shall hear by and by what became of his wretched accomplice, who was thus left without a penny in the hands of the enraged gendarmes.

Jerome never pulled up until the poor horse sunk under him exhausted with fatigue. He then turned off from the road, and sat down in a wood to rest and count his ill-gotten gains : they amounted to twenty-five pounds. Jerome had never seen so much, and was rejoicing over his riches, when two men of fearful aspect walked up, and presenting a pistol at his head, demanded his purse or his life. For a moment he thought that it was all over with him ; but rallying his courage—'Eh, sirs !' said Jerome, 'I have always heard that wolves never devour one another. I am one of yourselves ; it would be a villainous action to rob one of the fraternity.'

'That may be ; but have you never heard that stolen goods never profit ?'

'No more jokes,' replied Jerome. 'I tell you I am one of the trade. These moneys are the receipts of the players of Châlons, which I have contrived to appropriate. I am ready to share with you, but you cannot expect all.'

'Well,' said one of the robbers, 'if you will really be one of us, you may enroll yourself in our band. So come along.'

'Willingly, sirs ; I know of nothing better to do.'

Jerome followed the two thieves to a thick part of the wood, where their comrades, seven or eight in number, were assembled.

'We bring a new member,' said the wretches.

'Is he a safe man ?' demanded the leader of the gang.

'Yes, yes ; he brings money to the general fund.'

'All right. Hand it over, comrade.'

For four years he continued to lead this shocking life ; but just when he least expected it, his crimes were brought to light, and received their due reward. As the most intelligent of the gang, he was the one selected to hire himself as a servant in a neighbouring château, in order to smooth the way for the others to commit an extensive robbery. An officer happened to dine at the château whom Jerome did not recollect. Whilst the latter was attending at table, the officer remarked him, and looking at him more attentively, suddenly called out : 'Arrest that man ! He is a deserter and a thief !' Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, Jerome could not have been more horrified : he dashed the plate he held upon the ground, and rushed to the door : but it was too late : he was seized, and carried off to prison. It happened that one of his escort was the gendarme upon whose horse he had escaped from the robbery at Châlons. He was soon convicted, and sentenced to the galleys ; but in less than a week after his arrival at Toulon, he was called upon to pay a heavier penalty. A galley-slave came up to him one day in the harbour and stared at him for a moment ; then exclaiming : 'Wretch ! I have long waited for my revenge. To you I owe all my misfortunes. It

was you who tempted me to commit my first crime—to rob the players of Châlons. My last crime is that of murder ;’ and so saying, he gave Jerome one desperate blow, that laid him dead at his feet. Thus was terminated this wicked young man’s career, after passing through every gradation of crime. The vengeance of the laws and of Heaven is sometimes long delayed, but, sooner or later, retribution is certain : the guilty never remain unpunished.

Let us now return to a more pleasing subject. When the brothers parted, Louis chose the road to Lyon, and walked on, full of misgivings for Jerome’s future fate. He began then to reflect upon his own prospects ; he thought that the situation most easy to obtain was that of a servant in some house ; but he preferred a country life, in which he hoped to turn his good education to a better account. Whilst considering thus, night came on, and he found it necessary to seek a lodging till the morning. Fortune directed him to a cottage inhabited by an old gardener, who was employed on the grounds of a neighbouring château, and from whom our young hero received a hearty welcome. The evening was destined not to pass over without an adventure. The old man became suddenly ill, and having fallen to the floor in a kind of swoon, Louis, with the greatest kindness, attended to him, and did not leave him till he had recovered. This was a melancholy duty, but it met with its proper reward. The aged gardener, grateful for the attentions shewn him, recommended Louis to a neighbouring farmer as worthy of confidence.

On presenting himself to the farmer, Louis found that the only situation vacant was that of herdsman : this was not exactly to his taste ; but recollecting that there is a beginning to everything, and that he might rise to something higher, he gladly accepted the employment ; and being forthwith installed, we behold him early on the following day driving his flocks to the fields. After a little time, he greatly felt the want of books, and in order to be able to procure them, saved his wages, and tried various ingenious devices to add to his little store. His attention to the cattle intrusted to his charge was unremitting, and he was careful to keep everything belonging to them in the highest state of order and neatness. His character was thus soon so well established, that he might easily have obtained higher wages elsewhere ; but he remembered the old proverb, ‘A rolling stone gathers no moss ;’ and besides, he was too grateful to the master who had first given him an asylum to desire to leave him. As soon as he could, he wrote to his father and the curate, detailing all his hopes and plans, whereupon this kind instructor immediately sent him a few books upon agriculture which he happened to have ; a present that quite overjoyed poor Louis, who applied himself to their study with the utmost ardour. Some time had thus elapsed, when the following conversation occurred :

‘ My dear Louis,’ said Farmer Berthand, ‘ I am much pleased with you ; my cattle have much improved whilst in your charge. I know

that many advantageous offers have been made to you, which you have declined. You have done well; but you must not be a loser: I will make up the difference to you.'

'I am most grateful for your kindness, Monsieur Berthand,' replied Louis; 'but I have another plan to propose.'

'What is that, my friend?'

'Have you confidence in me?'

'The greatest.'

'Well, I could greatly increase the revenue of your farm, if you will make me superintendent for one year. I ask for no wages; feed me only; and if I succeed, you can then do as you like.'

'How could you imagine such an idea, boy? You are much too young.'

'Then you have not confidence in me?'

'O yes; but to give you the management of everything!'

'You will watch over me.'

'Such a thing was never heard of.—Well, after all, I will try it: I will grant your request.'

'I promise you that in a year hence your neighbours will envy you.'

'Well, I depend upon you. You see what confidence I repose in your knowledge and merit.'

The joy of Louis cannot be described. In the space of two years his good conduct had thus raised him to the rank of superintendent, and enabled him to put in practice those improvements in agriculture which he had learned from his books. Henceforth, no part of the ground was left untilled; all was industriously turned to account; the best manures sought out, and the whole carefully cultivated. He also formed artificial meadows, which were hitherto unknown in the country.

Farmer Berthand, having always pursued the old routine, could not witness these innovations without anxiety; still, his opinion of the talents of the young agriculturist was so high, that he allowed him to take his own course, notwithstanding his fears and the raillery of his neighbours. But at the end of the year, the triumph of the new system was complete; the revenue of the farm had increased by a third or fourth, and the surrounding farmers looked on with admiration not unmixed with envy.

'You may easily enjoy the same advantages,' said Louis to them: 'you possess a rich soil, which will yield all you need, if you will only manage it with judgment. The industry of her husbandmen constitutes one of the greatest sources of the wealth of France; and if her people were wise, they would give more attention to agriculture. It would advance them far on the road to power and riches. Attend to the advice of enlightened men, and do not sacrifice your fortune to old prejudices and ancient routine.'

Farmer Berthand knew not how to testify his gratitude to Louis.

At the close of the year's trial he gave him a handsome salary, the greater part of which Louis, like a good son, transmitted to his father, to whom he wrote regularly, as well as to the curate, from whom he had received the good education whence arose all his prosperity; the only drawback to which was, his uncertainty with respect to his brother's fate, of whom he had heard nothing since their separation.

The farmer's substance continued gradually to increase; but who was to inherit it? His only child was about the age of Louis, a pretty and amiable girl, but without education; and she, with her father's permission, gladly availed herself of the young man's assistance in her studies. Thrown so much into each other's society, the young people soon formed an attachment, which neither of them, however, ventured to avow; nevertheless, it was quite apparent to the clear-sighted farmer, who thus addressed Louis one day, after he had been more than five years in the management of the farm: 'Louis, you have rendered me such services, that I have known no way of acknowledging them save by treating you as a son. Will you now, in reality, become one to me? My daughter and you love each other, and I willingly give her to you.'

At these words the rapture of Louis was extreme, and he almost smothered honest Berthand with his embraces. Annette not only consented to the arrangement, but seemed not to think it at all necessary to conceal the pleasure it afforded her.

Old Marcel was sent for to the wedding, and the worthy curate could not be left behind. This completed the joy of the good son, who, now that he had once obtained possession of his father, refused to allow him to depart, and was warmly seconded in his entreaties by Berthand. 'We are both old men, Father Marcel,' said the latter; 'let us live together and enjoy the happiness of our children; they will remind us of our young days. Besides, Marcel, it is not at my house that you will reside; we must both live with your son, for everything here belongs to the young people. I have given all up to them; and I can tell you I leave it in good hands. Your Louis is a famous fellow for activity and merit.' And how could Marcel resist an invitation urged with so much warmth and delicacy?

But in this world perfect bliss is not to be found; and the report of the tragical death of Jerome had spread far and wide, and at last reached the ears of his family, clouding their enjoyments with grief and shame: but we will not dwell on those days of mourning.

Louis, having now become sole master, made many new experiments, the greater number of which proved successful. He visited Lyon occasionally, and there formed acquaintance with many enlightened men, whose conversation and advice were of great benefit to him; and by unceasing study and exertions, he gained the reputation of being a first-rate agriculturist. As Louis rose in the world, he never forgot his former condition in life, and never failed to shew

VICTOR DACHEUX.

the utmost respect to both Berthand and his father. Even when distinguished guests were entertained at his table, the most honourable places were always reserved for the two old men.

Having been chosen to fill the office of mayor to the commune, Louis shewed that his integrity and judgment as a magistrate were quite on a par with his skill in other pursuits. At last Louis obtained the highest honour which a citizen can arrive at: his merit having well deserved the confidence of the inhabitants of the department in which he resided, they elected him to be their representative in the Chamber of Deputies, where he set a noble example of disinterested and devoted patriotism.

His children, carefully brought up in the same honourable principles which have guided him through life, inspire their parents with the highest hopes for the future.

How truly precious is a good education! How inexcusable is the neglect of it, when every facility now exists for its acquirement! Teach children early to have the fear of God before their eyes, to respect the laws, and to love their fellow-creatures. With such guides, they seldom wander; without them, they are sure to go astray.

VICTOR DACHEUX.

NOT many years ago, there lived in a little wooden house on the banks of the Seine at Paris a poor man named Victor Dacheux. This individual had placed himself in this hampered and unpleasant abode with the sole view of rescuing persons from drowning. In England, no poor man would think of devoting himself to such an occupation; but in France there are instances of this species of practical benevolence extremely agreeable to reflect upon. Victor was not employed by any one. He voluntarily took up his residence in his booth, and his only chance of gaining a subsistence consisted in the petty rewards which might be given by persons rescued by his intrepidity.

This worthy man had been thus engaged for a number of years: misfortunes of different kinds had overtaken him, not the least troublesome of which was an infirmity from rheumatism; but he was still cheerful, and kept a constant outlook on the river. One day, while sitting at the door of his hut, he perceived the body of a man drifting slowly down the Seine. In two minutes he had doffed his clothes, and was in the middle of the stream, grasping the object he vainly hoped to save; but, alas! the decomposition of the body proved it to have been long the prey of the waters—a late rise of the river having disengaged it from some obstacle which prevented its earlier appearance on the surface. All that Dacheux could do was

to note down any discernible particulars respecting the evidently aged sufferer; but on removing his decaying garments, no clue to his name or residence could be found, nothing but an old leathern pocket-book, containing twenty-four bank-bills for one thousand francs each. These Dacheux dried with the utmost care, and replaced them in the pocket-book, in a secret drawer of his little desk, unknown even to his wife and children, so much did he fear lest their extreme destitution should tempt them to infringe on the sacredness of the deposit. He had, besides, little doubt that the advertisements he intended to insert in the public papers would quickly bring forward the owners or heirs of so considerable a sum, which he promised himself no small pleasure in handing over to them.

He lost no time in conveying the dead body to the Morgue—a place for the reception of bodies found in the river—and here it remained exposed during the whole time prescribed by the law; but no one came forward to recognise or claim it. He continued to intimate in the papers, for months together, that such a person, whom he described, had been found by him (apparently carried off by apoplexy, and fallen by accident into the river) between the Pont des Arts and the Pont Royal; and that his *valuable* effects remained with the finder, only awaiting any owner who could prove his title to their possession. Nay, he went so far as to declare, that though no scrap of writing affording a clue had been discovered on the deceased, there were sufficient effects in his hands, and particularly in his memory, to lead to an identification.

There was enough here to move both cupidity and curiosity, and bring forward swarms of pseudo-relatives, who found their match, however, in the wary as well as faithful trustee. Many *bonâ-fide* mourners for missing individuals came also with better-founded hopes and proofs of identity; but none would tally with the no less eager hopes and wishes of good Dacheux. He was therefore compelled, notwithstanding all his disinterested exertions, to retain in his possession the twenty-four bank-bills, about which he still thought it his duty to maintain inviolable secrecy. Lest, however, sudden death amid the perils of his vocation should carry him off from his family, he placed beside the old pocket-book a paper in his handwriting, solemnly enjoining his wife and children, should no owner have previously appeared, to hand over the contents to some competent authority.

Three years passed away, and no relative, or even acquaintance, had come forward to lament the deceased. Times, meanwhile, had gone harder then ever with Dacheux. A bitter winter covered the Seine with blocks of ice, which partly destroyed his humble cabin, shattered nearly all his furniture, and left his family all but destitute. His wife and faithful associate in acts of humanity was seized with a serious illness, requiring constant nursing and expensive medicines; while he himself was attacked with acute rheumatism, which crippled

him for a time in every limb. In the midst of all this distress, it was little the labour of his children could add to the small income of the suffering household; but if even the sick man's glance rested for a moment with a wishful expression on the desk which contained the twenty-four bank-bills, its upward direction would immediately seem to say: 'Please God, whatever may be the extent of our trials, I will keep sacred to the last the charge He has intrusted to me!'

His eye rested upon it with a proud and delighted consciousness of integrity rewarded, when, shortly after (in a ceremony at which the writer was present), a deputation from the freemasons of Paris, in presence of more than twelve hundred spectators of all ranks and ages, waited upon him with a voluntary subscription, sufficient to replace on its original footing his benevolent establishment, and conferred upon him, amid shouts of applause and admiration, the unfading title of *L'Homme du Rivage!* (Man of the Shore!)

But it was not only as an asylum for the resuscitated from drowning that this good Samaritan's house was gratuitously restored: it had long been the resort of every wounded workman on the banks of the Seine. If, by the collision of two unwieldy wood-rafts, a poor fellow got a bruise on the arm or a jam of the leg, he would hobble as best he might to good M. Dacheux, and have his hurts dressed as skilfully and more kindly than in any hospital. If a poor female fagot-seller stumbled under her burden while climbing the steep steps of the Quai de L'Ecole, and got, as may be supposed, an ugly fall, her legs would still drag her to Madame Dacheux, where the softest bandage and most healing ointment were set off by motherly sympathy and Christian charity.

Among the many wounded persons thus claiming the good offices of the Man of the Shore, there came, one fine spring evening, a young man, whose right hand had been grievously crushed by a barrel of saltpetre, which had slipped from him a few minutes before, while rolling it on the quay. The thumb seemed well-nigh destroyed, and two fingers terribly lacerated; and the agony of the sufferer was so intense, that, spite of his bodily strength, tears were trickling down his face. The skilful Dacheux, after washing, according to his custom, the formidable-looking wound with warm wine, declared there was no fracture. But the hurt was of a nature to require the greatest care and attention; and having bandaged it up with the proper applications, and prepared a sling, he strongly advised the youth to return twice a day to have his hand dressed, as long as it remained unhealed.

This was not an invitation to be despised, and the lad failed not to avail himself of it, night and morning, for several following days. The wound, serious as it was, soon did credit to the skill of the well-known cottage practitioners; and the jolly young workman, one of the handsomest specimens of humanity among his companions, soon recovered his naturally high spirits. No sooner was his cure

MORAL TALES, FROM THE FRENCH.

completed, than he came one Sunday, in his holiday attire, to salute his physician, and asked, with well-meaning abruptness: 'What do I owe you, Monsieur Dacheux?'

'And what do you mean by that, my good friend?'

'Mean! why, to pay you your dues. Five-and-twenty dressings, and all that linen and ointment, must come to'—

'Neither more nor less than a shake of the hand, my dear fellow! Shew me you can bear a squeeze of the one I cured, and we are quits. I never take money from any one.'

'Oh, that will never do; and though I am but a porter on the quay, and have both my mother and grandmother on my hands, I have wherewithal to pay, I assure you.'

'And I assure you once more that you owe me nothing. But tell me what countryman you are?'

'I come from Villeneuve le Roi, near Sens. My father was killed at Austerlitz; they say he was a gallant fellow. I never knew him. My mother, left a widow at nineteen, with no child but me, went to live with her father-in-law, who was a dealer in wines, and had, I may say, as pretty a bit of land on the banks of the Yonne, and as snug a house at Villeneuve, as you could see. Well, we've had to sell it all!'

'And for what reason?'

'D'ye see, Monsieur Dacheux, my poor grandfather, one of the honestest men in the world, had but one fault—he liked his glass. I'm afraid I take after him. He was employed as a salesman by some of the first houses at Sens, and came on their account to recover money for them in Paris. One day, when he had received a pretty large sum, he disappeared, without our ever having been able to get the smallest tidings of his fate. He was subject to fits of blood to the head, poor old man; and no doubt this had happened to him somehow, and rogues must have taken advantage of it to rob and bury him secretly. But it was the worse for us. The Paris merchants could prove they had paid him the money, and as we had nothing to shew for it to the wine-growers of Sens, of course we had to sell all to satisfy them, which left us without a sou. My grandmother fretted herself into a palsy; and my poor mother, having no means of living at Villeneuve, had to come to Paris, where she toils hard making shirts for my fellow-workmen; and I get, when all goes well, three francs a day; so that, with the help of God, we manage to live.'

'Pray, what might be your grandfather's age?'

'Hard upon seventy.'

'And his height?'

'Much the same as mine: about five feet ten.'

'And his name, if you please?'

'Why, the same I bear after him: Maurice Goddard.'

'And may I ask the amount of the sum which he had drawn, and you were forced to make good?'

'Just twenty-four thousand francs ; enough to ruin us out and out. But why do you ask me all these questions?'

'Why, to be useful to you, if I should have opportunity.'

'How you do look at me, Monsieur Dacheux!'

'Not for nothing, believe me ; you have inspired me with a lively interest. I have taken a great fancy to know your mother and grandmother likewise.'

'We're highly honoured, I'm sure ; but if so, you'll have to take the trouble to call on us, for the poor dear old woman is past moving.'

'You may expect me to-morrow. What address?'

'Rue Boucher, No. 15, up five pair of stairs. Oh, how delighted they'll be when I tell them of your visit ! They know that to you I owe my cured hand.—Good-bye, Monsieur Dacheux.'

'Till to-morrow, friend Goddard.'

Early next day, the Man of the Shore was at the house specified, eager to confirm, by authentic proofs, the surmises floating in his mind. He found the humble abode distinguished by the peculiar neatness of those who have seen better days. The venerable grandmother, seated in her wheeling-chair, seemed, in spite of bodily infirmity, in possession of all her faculties. Her daughter-in-law, Maurice's mother, was busy at her needle ; while her son read to both, from an old paper, the report of the honours conferred on Dacheux by his grateful countrymen. His presence gave rise to transports of joy in this worthy family. Madame Goddard blessed him for his care of her son ; and the old palsied woman thanked him for the last bright gleam on her declining years.

It was not difficult to turn the conversation to the lost head of the united family—his painful disappearance, and the sad consequences which ensued from it. But the holder of the twenty-four thousand francs had enough to do to conceal his secret emotion, while putting to those so deeply interested the questions dictated by prudence. 'Had your husband,' he inquired of the old woman, 'no mark or token by which he could have been recognised?'

'O dear, yes !' was her ready answer. 'The poor fellow was in the first wars of the Revolution, and had two fingers shot off at the battle of Fleurus.'

'From which hand?'

'The left. And then, at the great battle of Jemappes, he got a sabre-cut from the right ear to the chin, which left such a lovely scar !'

'And may I ask if there was anything remarkable in his dress? What did he usually wear?'

'Oh, at the time he was lost, an old gray greatcoat (for it was cold dirty weather), and under it an old hussar jacket, which he could only wear out so.'

'Oh,' added Maurice's mother, 'you forget he always wore a silver watch with a steel chain.'

'Yes,' said the old dame sighing, 'with a gold heart hanging from it, which I had given him the day we were engaged, and which never left him.'

'But,' abruptly interrupted Dacheux, now almost sure he was right, 'a man in the habit of receiving sums of money must have carried a pocket-book.'

'To be sure he did,' replied three voices at once.

'And of what colour?'

'Oh, black leather originally, but so worn by use, that you might have half fancied it red.'

'And fastened,' said the mother, 'with a little steel clasp.'

'And inside,' again sighed the grandmother, 'my poor goodman always carried an image of his patron saint, St Maurice, which I gave him, when I was a girl, once upon his birthday. Ay me! 'tis a long, long while ago!'

'But, sir,' young Maurice could not help saying, 'methinks, from your eager looks and anxious questionings, one might almost suppose you had some object in view.'

'I have,' replied Dacheux, convinced, from all these particulars, that the rightful heirs he had sought for so many years in vain now stood before him—'I have indeed a notion that, about the time you mention, an old man was taken out of the river, on whom a pocket-book was found; and I should not be at all surprised if you were to get back all it contained.'

'You don't say so? And wouldn't it come apropos to let me marry Celestine, whom they won't let me have, because I have nothing!'

'And pray, who may Celestine be?'

'The prettiest girl on all the quay, for whom I am dying! Fancy, Monsieur Dacheux, their letting me fall in love with her, and never hindering her a bit from loving me again; and then, when I wanted of course to marry her, asking me what I had to marry upon! And when I said just my four quarters, and I am sure they are substantial enough, they laughed in my face; and Celestine cried, and I was like to choke. I appeal to you, Monsieur Dacheux, could a poor fellow be worse used?'

'And who is the father of your bride-elect?'

'Monsieur Aubert, a rich fellow in the cider line.'

'Ay! I should have something to say with him; for last summer, no farther back, I fished out his only son, who was taken with a fit while swimming at high-water in the Seine. I'll see what can be done for you this very evening in that quarter; and you may come and hear the result at twelve o'clock to-morrow.'

'Oh, I'll be there without fail. But, dear sir, do you think there are any hopes?'

'It would be rash to promise; but we'll see.'

'Ah! sir,' said the youth's mother modestly, 'you would be doing

us all a great service, for the poor boy neither eats nor sleeps as he used to do.'

'Well, good people, all shall be done that lies in the power of man; but you have reason to look higher for the possible comfort and consolation of your latter days! I dare say no more at present; we shall meet to-morrow.'

So saying, he left this interesting family, casting behind him a last look, so expressive of satisfaction, that we need not wonder if it laid the foundation for a thousand fond conjectures. None of them, however, came up in the faintest degree to the series of agreeable surprises awaiting them next day at the hands of the most upright and most friendly of human beings.

On Maurice's arrival at the cottage of Dacheux, he found there before him the father of his mistress, the same who had laughed to scorn his former pretensions; but who, meeting him now with the most cordial frankness, said: 'Excuse me, Maurice, for having received somewhat coldly your request for my daughter's hand; but why did you conceal from me that you were worth four-and-twenty thousand francs, and that you were only waiting an opportunity to purchase warehouses, and set up for yourself?'

'What is all this you are saying?' stammered the bewildered Maurice. 'I do not comprehend a word of it.'

'It shall be explained to you,' replied good Dacheux, fleeing to his desk, and bringing forth the deposit so long and so discreetly preserved. 'Here is your own. If this pocket-book had contained a single name, the least word of direction to any one, you would have been put in possession of it next day, and your poor grandmother's property have been saved from the hammer. But though long foiled in my researches, it has pleased Heaven to grant me at length the joy of restoring it to its lawful proprietors. It can only belong to those who have so well described it. Look at this black leather, reddened by long use, this old steel clasp, and, above all, at the image of St Maurice. These twenty-four bank-bills make the exact sum drawn by your grandfather, and which he was no doubt carrying back to his employers when, surprised by treacherous liquor, he fell into the Seine. Let this be a lesson, young man, to yourself!'

'Ah, Monsieur Dacheux, there is little fear of my forgetting it. But are you really quite sure this pocket-book was my grandfather's?'

'Yes; by the tokens of this silver watch, which was also upon him; and the little steel chain from which still hangs your grandmother's golden heart; and by that of the two fingers of the left hand, which were missing from the old man I drew out of the river; and the scar from the tip of the right ear to the chin. How could all these marks meet in any but the right person? Nay, my own heart tells me this restitution is the dictate of Heaven. I am too happy in making it, to be under any delusion.'

So saying, he warmly embraced the delighted young man, whose honest gratitude found vent in the expressions of unsophisticated nature, and whose goodness of heart soon prompted him to make his relatives at home the sharers of his joy. Panting and breathless, scarce able to speak for delight, he announced to the two dear maternal friends of his youth the happy change in their circumstances, and thrust into the shaking hand of his grandmother the well-known pocket-book, saying as he did so, in his turn : ‘ Here is your own.’

‘ Nay, yours, my children !’ exclaimed the palsied one, exerting, to transfer it, more strength than she had done for long. ‘ Methinks I feel reviving already, and as though God might yet grant me to see my great-great-grandchildren.’

The marriage of Maurice with Celestine Aubert took place soon after ; and joining his father-in-law, whose experience in the cider trade was very extensive, they were soon at the head of that flourishing branch of business. The old grandmother quitted her lodging up five pair of stairs, and came to live with her daughter-in-law and the young couple on the Quai de l’Ecole, where the good air she breathed, and the sight of her children’s happiness, so far restored her, that she could sally forth on crutches, to thank in person the author of all their prosperity. She and the friends and neighbours by whom she was accompanied, found the indefatigable friend of humanity engaged in his vocation, having just rescued from a watery grave an interesting young woman, making, with her unborn infant, the two hundred and fifteenth life he had been enabled to preserve !

Every one present crowded round the general benefactor, proclaiming him the honour of his country, and a model for mankind ; and all united in beseeching him to continue, while strength permitted, his heroic career, exclaiming : ‘ Never will your memory perish from that of your fellow-citizens, or that proudest of titles with which they have thought fit to associate it, when they conferred on you the affecting surname of THE MAN OF THE SHORE !’





IT is proposed in the present sheet to offer a brief history of what is more frequently heard of than understood—*the famous Thirty Years' War*—a war which, in the seventeenth century, devastated Central Europe, and has left, to the present day, melancholy traces of its frightful progress. In this mortal struggle England was fortunately not concerned, although deeply interested in the contest. At that period, the British Islands were under the sovereignty of James I. and his son Charles I.; the one too peaceful, and the other having too many troubles of his own to

allow of his interference in the great German war. The struggle was therefore strictly continental, but it involved principles of universal concern. To give the war its proper character, in the fewest words, it should be described as a great, if not the only regular, stand-up fight between the two leading forms of Christianity—Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. That the adherents of these forms of belief should have gone the monstrous length of slaughtering each other during a space of thirty years, in order to determine which should be uppermost, and which faith should be considered the true one, may well fill every one now with horror and astonishment. At that period, however, all questions were settled by the sword. Whilst the inhabitants of Germany were butchering each other, sacking towns, and laying countries waste, on the broad dispute of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, the English and Scotch were lashing themselves into a frenzy on the similar but more narrow questions of Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Independentism, Muggletonianism, and other departments of opinion. The seventeenth was essentially the century of religious fighting. Differences which began to operate in the sixteenth, came now to a head. Mutual concession and toleration were generally denounced by each party as sinful. While, however, from various circumstances, religious discord was protracted for a century and upwards in England and Scotland, the Thirty Years' War brought matters speedily to a crisis in Central Europe, and may be said to have quashed, as if by a single blow, all disposition to quarrel seriously on the score of religion.

Such was the general character of this remarkable war, in which were engaged the most distinguished generals of the age—men whose names are frequently seen scattered about in literature—Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Turenne, besides others of lesser note. The greatest of these personages was Gustavus Adolphus, more familiarly known as the 'Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith.' We shall first introduce this extraordinary man to our readers.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Gustavus Adolphus was the son of Charles IX., king of Sweden, and grandson of Gustavus Vasa. He was born at Stockholm in 1594. From his earliest years, Gustavus gave promise of his future greatness, and much care was bestowed on his education. Under competent masters, he acquired the French, Italian, and German languages, in addition to Latin, which he spoke with fluency; he was an eager student of mathematics, fortification, and other branches of the military art. By being accustomed to take an interest in public affairs, he soon became acquainted with the state of Europe, and attained a wonderful degree of political experience;

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

and lastly, his hardy manner of living, and his daily practice of all the most laborious duties of a common soldier, gave him that familiarity with military affairs which it was easy to foresee he would require, in order to support with credit his part as the sovereign of a European state in times of convulsion and warfare. It is to be remarked also, that from early youth Gustavus was distinguished by the strict morality of his conduct, the strength of his devotional feelings, and his resolute attachment to the Protestant faith, of which he was to be the champion.

Charles IX. died in 1611, at the age of sixty-one; and his son, Gustavus Adolphus, then in his eighteenth year, succeeded him. By a law made a short time before, he should have continued a minor till the attainment of his twenty-fourth year; but so fully formed was his character, so great were his abilities, and so much confidence did the Swedes repose in him, that, two months after his accession, his guardians—among whom was the illustrious Oxenstiern, then a senator of the kingdom—voluntarily resigned their authority, and procured an act of the states recognising Gustavus as of full age. On this occasion, Gustavus behaved with much modesty and dignity. Addressing the senate, he adverted in becoming terms to his youth and inexperience as disqualifications for undertaking so high a trust as that of governing a nation during times of such emergency, while at the same time he declared that, 'if the states should persist in making him king, he would endeavour to acquit himself with honour, magnanimity, and fidelity.' He was accordingly, young as he was, publicly inaugurated king of Sweden, swearing to preserve the Reformed religion as long as he lived, and to govern according to the laws.

The position of the young king of Sweden was indeed one of great difficulty, and demanding much ability and discretion. Although Sweden was but one of the minor kingdoms of Europe, and little heard of as yet in connection with any of the great events which had been agitating the larger and southern states, its political situation with respect to one or two of the other countries of Europe was such as to involve it in considerable difficulties. During the whole reign of Charles IX., the nation had been engaged in hot disputes with Denmark, Russia, and Poland; and these disputes descended by inheritance to his son Gustavus. To conduct a threefold war to a successful termination, to reduce or conciliate three formidable enemies, and to prevent, in the meantime, the internal affairs of his kingdom from being deranged by these foreign quarrels—such were the tasks which fell to the young Swedish sovereign. His first step was one which augured well for the prudence of his character, and the probable success of his government. This was the appointment of the celebrated Axel Oxenstiern to be his prime-minister and chancellor. Although Oxenstiern was yet only in his twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth year, he had already exhibited those wonderful

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political talents which enabled him ultimately to perform so distinguished a part in the affairs of Europe, and which have elevated him, in the opinion of posterity, into a rival, if not more than a rival, of his great contemporary Richelieu.

With the assistance of this able counsellor, Gustavus was fortunate in bringing all his embarrassing wars to a conclusion, and on terms advantageous to his country. Much of this success was owing to the great discipline he maintained in his army, and to his skill in every species of military manœuvre. Governing his army as well as his kingdom with rigorous justice and paternal care, he was universally beloved by his subjects ; and already, while still a young man, he was known all over the north of Europe as a genius of no ordinary kind, whom it would be dangerous to provoke.

ORIGIN OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Germany consisted of numerous states, each of which, governed by a king, duke, or elector, as the case might be, possessed sovereign and independent jurisdiction within its own territories. The whole were united in a confederacy for general protection, and the united body, which had occasional diets or sittings, was headed by a personage styled Emperor of Germany. This emperor was elective, and the honour fell on any king who commanded most interest in the diet.

The Germanic confederacy never wrought well. It was an ill-assorted association ; the lesser states tyrannised over very much by the larger ones, and there being at all times causes of mutual jealousy and hatred. The Reformation of Luther, in the early part of the sixteenth century, had added a fertile source of discord. Some states embraced the doctrines of the Reformers, others held pertinaciously to the principles and practice of the Roman Catholic Church. Germany became now distracted with leagues and counter-leagues, and contentions had risen almost to open war, when the Emperor Charles V., in 1555, patched up a peace between the two great parties. By this treaty of pacification, Roman Catholics and Protestants were to enjoy equal civil rights. Charles's immediate successors had the good sense to respect this peace ; and for fifty years the empire enjoyed a tolerable degree of tranquillity. The peace proved ultimately to be only a hollow truce. At the close of the sixteenth century, bitter animosities and brawls began to break out. The growing strength of Protestantism was a provocation to measures for its suppression. These measures, adopted in the bishoprics of Würzburg and Bamberg, led to retaliations upon the Roman Catholics in the Protestant states. The idea of returning good for evil—a fundamental principle in the religion about which all were contending—seems never for a moment to have been entertained. From 1600 to 1618, there were many

disturbances, much forming of confederacies and leagues, much oppression, much unchristian vengeance—no progress of a sound and temperate view of the matters in dispute.

Things came first to a head in Bohemia, where the Reformed doctrines had taken deep root. Matthias, king of Bohemia and emperor of Germany, having thrown himself into the Catholic league, gave great offence to his Protestant subjects by arbitrarily shutting up two of their churches. 'A universal commotion among the Protestants,' says Schiller, 'was the consequence of this step. At the instigation of Henry Mathias, Count Thurn, proprietor of large estates in Bohemia, and a zealous Protestant, a meeting of deputies was called from every circle in the kingdom, to concert measures against the common danger. It was here resolved to petition the emperor. The emperor's reply reproached them with refractory and rebellious conduct, justified the shutting up of the churches by an imperial mandate, and contained some threatening passages. Count Thurn did not fail to increase the bad effect which this imperial edict had upon the states. He pointed out to them the danger to which all those who signed the petition were exposed. To rise in arms against the emperor was, as yet, too bold a step: by degrees, however, he led them to it. For this purpose he laid the blame first upon the emperor's counsellors. The public hatred was principally directed against the imperial deputy, Slavata, and Baron Martinitz, who, in the place of Count Thurn, had been elected burgrave of Carlstein. Among all the Catholic proprietors of estates, these two acted with most severity against their Protestant vassals. They were accused of hunting these unfortunate beings with dogs, and forcing them, by a renunciation of baptism, marriage, and the funeral service, to embrace Popery. On the 23d of May 1618, the deputies assembled in arms, and in great numbers, at the emperor's palace, and forcibly entered the room where the counsellors Sternburg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slavata were sitting. With a threatening tone, they required a declaration from each of them whether they had a share in the emperor's proclamation, or had given their consent to it. Sternburg received them with moderation; Martinitz answered with disdain. This decided their fate. Sternburg and Lobkowitz, less hated, and more dreaded, were shewn out of the room; while Slavata and Martinitz were dragged to a window, and flung down a height of eighty feet. The secretary Fabricius was thrown after them. This violent action—somewhat astonishing to civilised nations—the Bohemians justified as a mere national custom; and what surprised them most was, that the sufferers escaped with so little mischief. A dunghill, on which they had fallen, had saved their lives.'

The incident here recorded was the commencement of the Thirty Years' War. The rupture between Matthias and his Bohemian subjects was too wide to be healed; and accordingly, the latter openly

cast off their allegiance, organised a new government for Bohemia, and, in concert with the Protestant Union, levied forces to resist the emperor. Matthias, on the other hand, prepared to vindicate his authority, and to punish the insurgents; but before he could effect anything decisive, he was cut off by death on the 20th of March 1619. He was succeeded in the empire by Ferdinand II., who had previously been nominated his heir to the Bohemian throne. At this time, Ferdinand was in his forty-first year. As his character gave a tone to subsequent events, and, in fact, determined, more than any other cause, the progress and duration of the war, we shall here present a summary of it from the pen of Archdeacon Coxe in his *History of the House of Austria*. 'We cannot but admire,' he says, 'in Ferdinand II. the great qualities which have distinguished the greatest men of every age and nation—penetration and sagacity, unbroken perseverance, irresistible energy of character, resignation and fortitude in adversity, and a mind never enervated with success. But these great qualities were sullied and disgraced by the most puerile superstition, inveterate bigotry, and unbounded ambition. In many features of his public character, Ferdinand resembled his relative Philip II. : in his talents for the cabinet, no less than his incapacity for the field; in elevation of mind, as well as in bigotry, persecution, and cruelty; in fortitude in adverse, and arrogance in prosperous circumstances. In his private character, however, he differed essentially from the gloomy tyrant of Spain. He was a good and affectionate father, a faithful and tender husband, an affable and indulgent master; he was easy of access to the meanest of his subjects; and compassionate and forgiving where his religious prejudices were not concerned. His failings may be attributed to the prejudices instilled into him by the Jesuits, which strengthened with his years, and grew up with his growth. Had he not been influenced by the narrow and jaundiced views of superstition and bigotry, he might have maintained the peace and happiness of his hereditary dominions; might have ruled the empire, not as the head of a sect or the chief of a party, but as the sovereign and the friend of all; and might have saved Germany and Europe from thirty years of anarchy, persecution and terror, devastation and carnage. In fine, the defects of education and erroneous principles rendered him the misfortune of his family, the enemy of his country, and the scourge of his age.' This character of Ferdinand, we may mention, is more favourable than that given by other writers.

Justly fearing the consequences of admitting such a man as Ferdinand to the government of their country, the Bohemians formally declared their throne vacant, and looked about for some Protestant prince upon whom they might confer it. Their wishes rested upon Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, who had succeeded his father as the recognised head of the Protestant Union of Germany. This prince, whose misfortunes have rendered him

famous, possessed good natural abilities, and had received an excellent education ; but in accepting the throne of Bohemia, and thus defying the emperor to a contest, he was attempting to perform a part above his strength. Six years before this period, and while yet a mere youth, he had gone to England, and married Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. 'Universal joy,' says Harte, 'seized the English nation upon this occasion ; the balls, carousals, and feastings were innumerable. The very poets were called in from every quarter ; such magnificence hath rarely been beheld in the most expensive and extravagant times. Ben Jonson and Davenant held the pen ; Lawes composed the music, Inigo Jones contrived the theatrical entertainments ; and the best painters on this side the Alps garnished the scenes with their pencils. These honours, to which the Order of the Garter was added, lulled Frederick into a sort of dream, and rendered him a visionary in ambition. He forgot his own dominions, and caught incautiously, though honestly, and with some diffidence, at what he imagined to be a most plausible acquisition—the crown of Bohemia.' In taking this step, he had no encouragement from his father-in-law, James I. ; whose aversion to a drawn sword displayed itself through life in his keeping aloof from continental disputes, and who on this occasion assured Frederick in direct terms that he need expect no assistance from him. James's daughter, the wife of Frederick, was a woman of extraordinary parts and firmness, a devoted Protestant, and superior in genius and generosity of character to all the other children of James ; but she was affected by an insatiable ambition, which contributed to ruin her husband. The Palatinate was a state of considerable size in Germany, its lower division lying on the Rhine, and the whole generally fertile. The title of Palatine, nearly equivalent to that of prince, was, however, distasteful to the proud Elizabeth. Born the daughter of a king, she resolved that she should also be the wife of one—she would be a *queen*.

Alas for the result of such miserable aspirations ! The struggle between Ferdinand and Frederick for the crown of Bohemia was not of long duration. Assisted by Spain and the pope, and having the advantage of employing such able military commanders as Spinola and the celebrated Count Tilly, the Emperor Ferdinand speedily reduced the Bohemians, with their allies, to extremities ; and on the 8th of November 1620, the last hopes of the Protestants were shattered by a total defeat which they sustained under the walls of Prague. Frederick fled from this city, and finally quitted his kingdom altogether, and took refuge in Holland, where he lived for many years on public charity ; his father-in-law, in the quaint words of Harte, 'supplying him only with peaceable advice and scholastic quotations instead of money and legions.'

The Bohemians were severely punished by Ferdinand for their insurrection. Many of their nobles were beheaded ; the estates of

others were confiscated ; the Lutheran and Calvinistic clergy were banished ; and the Jesuits were appointed to the sole superintendence of the entire system of national education. The inhabitants of the Palatinate, the hereditary dominions of the unfortunate Frederick, shared these calamities. Frederick having been put under the ban of the empire, his possessions were divided among those who had distinguished themselves by their zeal for the cause of the emperor. The larger part of them, with the dignity of Elector, was conferred on the Duke of Bavaria. Latterly, a portion of the Palatinate, including Heidelberg, a favourite residence of Elizabeth, fell to the share of the grand-dukedom of Baden.

The severities of Ferdinand, together with the dread that the influence of his bigotry would soon extend itself over the rest of the empire, occasioned a reaction in favour of Protestantism. Foreign nations too, both Catholic and Protestant, looked on with no small interest. One of the most general and most respected political doctrines of that time was the doctrine of the balance of power in Europe ; and for many years the utmost jealousy had prevailed in France, England, Denmark, &c. with respect to the perpetual growth and aggrandisement of the House of Austria, so fatal, it was imagined, to this balance of power. Consequently, there was a strong disposition throughout Europe to encourage and blow up any flame of disaffection within the empire, which would occupy the emperor, and prevent his power from becoming so gigantic in reality as it was in appearance. This is the secret of the perpetual interference of foreign powers in the affairs of Germany during the seventeenth century. Germany was, as it were, a huge conflagration, into which other nations were perpetually throwing fuel, sometimes apparently with no other motive than to keep up the blaze.

Scarcely was Bohemia subjugated, when Ferdinand found himself engaged in a war with others of the states, assisted by the king of Denmark. An army of 60,000 men was raised by the Protestant party, and placed under the command of Christian, Duke of Brunswick, and the able Count Mansfeld. The imperial forces under Tilly were unable, without reinforcements, to cope with such an enemy ; and as Ferdinand's resources were exhausted by the expenses of former campaigns, his position was one of great difficulty. In this emergency, the empire was saved by the prompt appearance on the stage of a man famous above almost all men of his time, Albrecht of Waldstein, more commonly known by the name of Wallenstein. This extraordinary man was the son of a German baron, and was born in 1583. By birth a Protestant, he was converted in early youth to the Catholic faith. He was remarkable from the first for his haughty, aspiring disposition, and his strange eccentricities. After serving for some time in the imperial armies against the Turks, he returned to Bohemia in 1606, and married a wealthy widow, somewhat advanced in life, who, dying in 1614, left

him all her property. In 1617, he raised a body of horsemen, at his own expense, to assist Ferdinand of Grätz, then at war with the Venetians. In this war, his munificence, the liberality with which he paid his soldiers, and his military abilities, obtained for him a great reputation ; and the name of Wallenstein was in every one's lips. He was invited to Vienna by the Emperor Matthias, who created him a count, and bestowed other honours upon him. A second marriage, which he now contracted with a lady of rank and fortune, placed him high among the nobles of the empire. When the war with Bohemia broke out, Wallenstein declined an invitation from the Bohemians to make common cause with them, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the interests of the emperor. On the overthrow of Frederick, Ferdinand amply repaid Wallenstein for his services, by allowing him to purchase many of the confiscated estates at a low price. These acquisitions, together with his former property, made Wallenstein's wealth absolutely enormous. To make his dignity correspond with his wealth, he was created, by Ferdinand, Count Palatine, and Duke of Friedland, with the right of issuing coin and granting patents of nobility. The most extravagant stories were current respecting his magnificent style of living. It was said, for instance, that his palace was built on the ruins of a hundred houses ; that each horse in his stables had a rack and manger of polished steel ; that the stalls were divided by intercolumniations of Bohemian marble ; and that behind each horse was placed its picture, painted by the best Italian and German masters. His palace was more like the court of a sovereign than the residence of a subject ; and to secure the patronage of Wallenstein was deemed the high-road to fortune. Among other peculiarities of his character, it may be mentioned that he manifested an extraordinary antipathy to noise, insomuch that officers attending his levee used to silence the jingling of their spurs by tying them with silk twist before entering his presence ; and that he was a firm believer in astrology, conceiving the presiding star of his own fortunes to be the planet Jupiter, and maintaining at his court a famous astrologer, whom he consulted on all occasions. Such was the man who came to the relief of the empire in the year 1625, when it was hard pressed by the chiefs of the Union, and their ally the king of Denmark. He offered to raise an army of 50,000 men at his own expense, provided that, when raised, they should be allowed to support themselves by pillaging the hostile provinces through which he should lead them. After some delay, the proposal was accepted ; and in two months Wallenstein found himself at the head of 30,000 men—Germans, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Cossacks, Croats, Poles, and Hungarians—all attracted to the imperial service by the fame of Wallenstein and the prospect of a rich booty.

Fortune now again declared for the emperor. The Protestant allies were quite unable to cope with two such armies as those of

Wallenstein and Tilly; and after various defeats, the king of Denmark was obliged, in May 1629, to conclude a peace, and withdraw to his own dominions, leaving the Protestants of Germany to their fate. The empire having thus been cleared of foreign troops, state after state submitted, paying the price of their past conduct by vast contributions for the support of the imperial troops. New titles and estates were conferred on the haughty soldier to whose energy the empire owed its deliverance. The subjugation of the Protestants was complete; and had Ferdinand chosen to act prudently and wisely, the wounds of war might have been healed, and Germany once more might have enjoyed peace. The religious bigotry of Ferdinand, however, would allow of no compromise for the sake of the general tranquillity. On the 6th of March 1629, he published an edict, called the Edict of Restitution, requiring the restoration to the church of all the ecclesiastical property which had been alienated to the Protestants, and authorising at the same time the use of stringent measures for the extirpation of Protestantism. The Catholic princes, generally, soon perceived the impolicy of such severities. They had another cause of complaint, likewise, in the licentiousness of the imperial army, which, instead of having been disbanded or diminished at the peace, was still in being, distributed over the empire—every regiment committing dreadful depredations and excesses alike on friend and foe, and proving an intolerable scourge to the locality where it chanced to be stationed. Moreover, the Catholic princes began to be jealous of the enormous influence of Wallenstein, whom they called an upstart and an ambitious schemer, and to demand his dismissal from the post of commander-in-chief. A powerful cabal was formed against him, consisting of the Duke of Bavaria, his political, and Tilly, his military rival; also the Catholic chiefs, who were suffering from the devastations of his army; and the priests and Jesuits, for whom he had always manifested a rooted dislike. Ferdinand was at length obliged to yield to the representations of this cabal, who told him that, unless this insolent dictator were dismissed, the empire was ruined; and accordingly, in 1630, Wallenstein was deprived of his command. Proudly and silently the dismissed general retired to his Bohemian estates, to lead, as before, a life of princely magnificence, taking no concern in the affairs of the empire.

Such was the position of affairs in Germany when Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, plunged into the struggle. Twelve years of the Thirty Years' War had already elapsed; Ferdinand and the Catholic party were victorious; and the Protestants of Germany lay at their feet crushed, timid, and apparently without hope. Gustavus appeared as their hero, their champion, and their deliverer.

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INVASION OF GERMANY BY GUSTAVUS—HIS VICTORIES AND DEATH.

Wallenstein had early discovered the secret intentions of the king of Sweden to take part in the struggle which was distracting Germany. 'I beg you, sir,' he wrote to one of his generals during the war with the king of Denmark, 'to keep an eye upon the Swede, for he is a dangerous fellow. You must not trust Gustavus Adolphus, for every one says that he likes to lead people by the nose. I should wish to have the Swede for my friend, but that he should not be too strong; for love and power cannot agree.' The motives which induced Gustavus to entertain the designs attributed to him were various. In the first place, he had been inevitably mixed up with German affairs during the progress of his Polish war. Again, he had a strong desire for the aggrandisement of Sweden; his favourite idea being, that the Swedish territories might be so extended as to make the Baltic but a Swedish lake. It is even hinted that he entertained the design of obtaining as much influence in Germany as possible, with the view to being elected emperor at some future period. Moreover, Gustavus was a little alarmed at the common bugbear of the age—the increasing power of Austria. Addressing this feeling in the mind of the Swedish monarch, Richelieu, then at the head of affairs in France, endeavoured to stimulate him to the contest; it being the interest no less of France than of Sweden that the power of the emperor should be curbed. But although all those reasons may have had their weight, it is not to be denied that the grand motives which animated Gustavus in the undertaking were his attachment to the Protestant faith, and his desire to render assistance to millions of his fellow-men who were groaning under persecution. 'I know,' said he, discussing the propriety of engaging in the enterprise with his counsellors—'I know as well as any one person amongst my subjects the difficulty, the perils, the fatigues, and the duration of such an undertaking; yet neither the wealth of the House of Austria dismays me, nor her veteran forces. The imperial army subsists by rapine and military exactions; whereas, on the other hand, though the Swedish revenues are not considerable, yet they are paid with punctuality; and my soldiers are accustomed to temperance, frugality, and virtue. In the worst of cases, my retreat is secure, and my brave troops shall never want their daily subsistence, though it is transported to them from Sweden; and if it is the will of the Supreme Being that Gustavus should die in the defence of his country, he pays the tribute with thankful acquiescence. It is a king's duty and his religion both to obey the great Sovereign of kings without a murmur.' It was in such a spirit that Gustavus, with no help from any other power, except, perhaps, some secret assurances from France, and without

much encouragement even from those Protestant princes of Germany whose cause he was going to defend, resolved to invade Germany. The doctrine, it may here be observed, of the non-interference of one nation in the affairs of another, had not yet been recognised. Indeed, that doctrine would have been totally out of place in the seventeenth century; it arose only in the eighteenth; and although it still exists with very beneficial effects in certain cases, it is evident that the doctrine is essentially temporary in its nature, and that, as we advance in civilisation, it will be either greatly modified, or entirely superseded by a nobler principle.

The latter part of the year 1629, and the commencement of 1630, were employed by the Swedish king in making preparations for his enterprise; and when all things had been arranged for his departure, as well as for the government of the country in his absence, he assembled the states, and took a solemn farewell of them. Bearing in his arms his daughter Christina, then only four years of age, he presented her to the assembled diet, and caused them to renew their oath of allegiance to her. His manner was so affectingly serious, that the whole assembly were dissolved in tears, and it was some time before he himself could pronounce his farewell words. 'No light or trivial cause,' said he, 'induces me to involve myself or you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that *I* have not sought the contest. But the emperor has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and stretched his ambitious hand to grasp my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly to us for aid, and, by the help of God, IT SHALL be afforded them.' The brave and pious monarch then severally addressed the various orders of his people, and gave them his parting advice and blessing. 'I feel a presentiment,' he said, 'that I shall die in defence of my country and religion. I commend you, then, to the protection of Heaven. Be just, be conscientious, act uprightly, and we shall meet again in eternity.' With nobler sentiments a king never went to war. Having thus set his house in order, like a dying man, Gustavus left Sweden with a force of 15,000 men—an army not very formidable in numbers, but powerful from its valour, discipline, and unanimity, as well as from the dauntless spirit and military skill of him who commanded it. Conveyed by a fleet of transports, the Swedish troops landed, on the 24th of June 1630, on the isle of Rügen, in Pomerania. Gustavus himself was the first who sprang to land, where he knelt down, and thanked the Almighty for the safety of his army and fleet. Immediately afterwards he turned his attention to the performance of his great task. What was the degree of courage necessary to nerve him for entering on it, may be conceived from the fact, that the emperor had not less than 150,000 men on the field in various parts of Germany, independent of those in garrison; as well as from the fact, that the Protestant princes, from

whom he might naturally have expected assistance, at first refused to co-operate with him. But the Snow King, as he was contemptuously called at Vienna, under the impression that he would speedily melt away, and be lost before the fiery powers of the south, knew neither fear nor hesitation. He overran Pomerania without delay, and in doing so, exhibited a noble contrast to the conduct of the imperial generals. The Swedish soldier paid for all he required; no private property was molested on his march. The Imperialist garrisons fled before him on all sides; and it was not till he entered Brandenburg that an opponent worthy of his arms appeared on the scene. This adversary was Count Tilly, already mentioned, a man descended of a noble Flemish family, and who had long commanded the Bavarian armies without ever losing a decisive battle. Tilly was every way a remarkable man. Stern, gloomy, and bigoted, yet loyal and trustworthy, his appearance was in unison with his character. Of low stature, thin, with hollow cheeks, a long nose, wrinkled forehead, large whiskers, and a pointed chin, formed the chief features in his terrible and vulture-like countenance; while his dress was of a fantastic Spanish order—a long red feather, which hung down his back, being the most notable point in it. Tilly was the first who pointed out to the emperor the truly dangerous character of Gustavus as an enemy. 'This is a player,' said the old marshal, 'from whom we gain much if we merely lose nothing.' With about 30,000 men, Tilly hurried to the scene of the Swedish king's successes. It was some time before they met, and in the interval the Imperialists attacked the strong and rich city of Magdeburg, which had declared for Gustavus. Before the latter could relieve it, the city was taken, and suffered the most deplorable fate, being given up by Tilly to the tender mercies of his brutal soldiery. 'For four days,' says Schiller, 'a scene of carnage was carried on which history has no language, art no pencil, to portray. Neither the innocence of childhood, nor the helplessness of old age—neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty—could disarm the fury of the conquerors. The entire amount of the slaughter was calculated at 30,000.' Harte's account of this famous siege is equally terrible. 'Now,' he says, 'began a massacre not to be paralleled in modern ages. The soldiers fired promiscuously in the streets, churches, and squares, upon persons of all ages, sex, and conditions, with the same fury as in the day of battle. The very best troops, the old Walloons, behaved the least like men; and, as there may be a justice sometimes in cruelty, spared not their own friends within the town—namely, the informers—in the general massacre. The Croats exercised barbarities unknown to savages. The young men and the new-raised soldiers were the only people who shewed any visible signs of compassion. When the streets and public places were filled with dead bodies (and this scene may be considered as the very mildest part of their cruelty), the troops

disbanded themselves, and began to enter the houses. Here began a more deliberate perpetration of murder; even the aged, the sick, and the young found no mercy. Two soldiers held an infant by the legs with the head downward, and killed it with their swords. A young lady of quality was seized by an officer, but as he dragged her over the Elbe bridge, she begged leave to have the use of her hands to take out her handkerchief and wipe her eyes, and that instant plunged herself into the river, and there expired. Twenty young girls, who were assembled together at a house near the banks of the Elbe, rushed out of the doors all at once, and, embracing each other, threw themselves into the river. By this time the whole city was in flames. Most historians attribute this to accident; but as the fire began in various places at once, many may be inclined to consider it as a part of the besiegers' cruelty. Thus, the few perished who had concealed themselves, and, by the justice of Providence, the Imperialists lost the greater part not only of what they had plundered, but of what the inhabitants had hidden. Nothing remained of the town but the cathedral, the church and convent of Notre-Dame, some few houses that stood round it, and about eighty or a hundred fishermen's cottages on the banks of the Elbe. Out of 40,000 inhabitants, it is thought hardly the number of eight hundred escaped. Some retired to the cathedral, some obtained quarter, in hopes of ransom, some escaped over the walls, some were dug out of the ruins, and some few were preserved by the seeming interposition of Providence. A handful of the garrison which held out to the very last man, obtained conditions; but all the officers were put to the sword excepting Amsteroth, who was taken prisoner, and died the next day; and a lieutenant-colonel and major, whose lives were spared.'

In the conducting of this terrific carnage, Tilly was outdone in cruelty by Count Pappenheim, one of his generals, who had already figured in the war, particularly at the battle of Prague. Of the horrors enacted by order of these two commanders, language can bring up no sufficient picture in the mind. We can, however, attain a slight idea of the scene of wholesale rapine and murder at the taking of Magdeburg, by perusing the following accounts left us by two of the sufferers. The first is that of a poor man, a fisherman, who died at a very advanced age in 1720, and who was therefore a mere child at the time of the siege. His account, however, is very graphic: 'The 10th of May, early in the morning, at the time the regent or master of our school was reading prayers, a report flew through the streets that the town was taken, which was confirmed by the ringing of the alarm-bells. Our regent dismissed us all in a moment, saying: "My dear children, hasten to your homes, and recommend yourselves to the protection of God; for it is highly probable we shall meet no more except in heaven." In an instant we all disappeared, some one way, and some another. For my own part, I took my

course with speed along the High Street, and found, where the public steelyards are (and where the grand guard of the city was kept), a considerable body of troops with their swords drawn; and saw near them, and at a distance round them, a great number of soldiers stretched dead on the pavement. Terrified with so melancholy a sight, I shaped my course down the street called Pelican, with a view to conceal myself in my father's house; but had hardly advanced a few steps before I fell in with a band of soldiers, who had that moment murdered a man, whom I saw weltering in his blood. This sight shocked me to such a degree, that I had not power to move forward, but, sheltering myself in a house opposite to the *Pelican Inn*, found a kind-speaking aged man, who said to me: "Child, why comest thou hither? Save thyself before the soldiers seize thee." I was strongly tempted to put his advice in practice; but at that moment a party of Croatians rushed in, and, holding a sabre to his throat, demanded his wealth. The old man immediately opened a coffer to them full of gold, and silver, and precious stones. They crammed their pockets with his riches; yet, as the coffer was not emptied, they filled a small basket with the part that remained, and then shot the poor old man through the head. I stole away behind them, hoping to seek a place of safety amongst some empty casks, and found there a young lady, perfectly handsome, who conjured me to remove, and make no mention of her. Anxiously reflecting where to dispose of myself, the same Croatians surprised me again, and one of them bade me carry a basket for them. I took up the basket immediately, and followed them wherever they went. They entered several cellars, and rifled all persons who fell into their hands without remorse. As we ascended from one of these cellars, we saw with astonishment that the flames had seized the whole fore-part of the house. We rushed through the fire, and saved ourselves. In all probability, every soul was destroyed that remained within doors. As to my father, mother, and relations, I never heard a syllable concerning them from that time to the present.'

The other account of the siege, which is more minute, is that left us by M. Theodanus, then a clergyman in the town. 'Going out of church,' says he, 'immediately after sermon, some people of St James's parish passed by, and told me the enemy had entered the town. With difficulty could I persuade myself that this was anything more than a false alarm; but the news unfortunately proved too true. I then lost my presence of mind; and as my wife and maid-servant were with me, we ran directly to my colleague, M. Malsio's house, and left our own house open. At M. Malsio's we found many people, who had fled to him in great perplexity. We comforted and exhorted each other as far as the terror of our minds would give us leave. I was summoned thence to discharge the last duties to a colonel, who lay dangerously

wounded. I resolved to go, and sent my maid to fetch my gown; but before my departure from my wife and neighbours, I told them that the affair appeared to me to be concluded, and that we should meet no more in this world. My wife reproached me in a flood of tears, crying: "Can you prevail on yourself to leave me to perish all alone? You must answer for it before God." I represented to her the obligations of my function, and went. As I crossed the great street, a multitude of matrons and young women flocked round me, and besought me, in all the agonies of distress, to advise them what to do. I told them my best advice was to recommend themselves to God's protecting grace, and prepare for death. At length I entered the colonel's lodging, and found him stretched on the floor, and very weak. I gave him such consolation as the disorder of my mind would permit me: he heard me with great attention, and ordered a small present of gold to be given me, which I left on the table. In the interval, the enemy poured in by crowds at the Hamburg gate, and fired upon the multitude as upon beasts of prey. Suddenly my wife and maid-servant entered the room, and persuaded me to remove immediately, alleging that we should meet with no quarter if the enemy found us in an apartment filled with arms. We ran down into the courtyard of the house, and placed ourselves in the gateway. Our enemies soon burst the gate open with an eagerness that cannot be described. The first address they bestowed on me was: "Priest, deliver thy money!" I gave them about four-and-twenty shillings in a little box, which they accepted with good-will; but when they opened the box, and found only silver, they raised their tone, and demanded gold. I represented to them that I was at some distance from my house, and that at present I could not possibly give them more. They were reasonable enough to be contented with my answer, and left us, after having plundered the house, without offering us any insult. There was a well-looking youth among the crowd, to whom my wife addressed herself, and besought him in God's name to protect us. "My dear child," said he, "it is a thing impossible; we must pursue our enemies;" and so they retired.

'At that moment another party of soldiers rushed in, who demanded also our money. We contented them with seven shillings and a couple of silver spoons, which the maid fortunately had concealed in her pocket. They were scarce gone, before a soldier entered alone, with the most furious countenance I ever saw. Each cheek was puffed out with a musket-ball; and he carried two muskets on his shoulder. The moment he perceived me, he cried with a voice of thunder: "Priest, give me thy money, or thou art dead!" As I had nothing to give him, I made my apology in the most affecting manner. He levelled a piece to shoot me; but my wife luckily turned it with her hand, and the ball passed over my head. At length, finding we had no money, he asked for plate; my wife gave

him some silver trinkets, and he went away. A little after came four or five soldiers, who only said : " Wicked priest, what dost thou here ? " and then departed. We were now inclined to shelter ourselves in the uppermost apartments of the house, hoping to be there less exposed. We entered a chamber that had several beds in it, and passed some time there in the most insupportable agonies. Nothing was heard in the streets but the discharge of muskets and the cries of expiring people ; nor were the houses much more quiet ; everything was burst open, or cut to pieces. We were soon discovered in our retirement. A number of soldiers poured in, and one who carried a hatchet made an attempt to cleave my skull ; but a companion hindered him, and said : " Comrade, what are you doing ? Don't you perceive that he is a clergyman ? " When these were gone, a single soldier came in, to whom my wife gave a crape handkerchief off her neck ; upon which he retired without offering us any injury. His successor was not so reasonable ; for, entering the chamber with his sword drawn, he immediately aimed a blow at my head, saying : " Priest, give me thy money ! " The stroke stunned me ; the blood gushed out in abundance, and frightened my wife and servant to that degree that they both continued motionless. The barbarian turned round to my wife, aimed a blow at her, but it glanced fortunately on her gown, which happened to be lined with furs, and wounded her not. Amazed to see us so submissive and patient, he looked at us fixedly for some moments. I laid hold of this interval to represent to him that I was not in my own house ; but if he would grant us quarter, and protect us to our home, I would then bestow upon him all I had. " Agreed, priest," said he ; " give me thy wealth, and I will give thee the watchword : it is *Jesu-Maria !* Pronounce that, and no one will hurt thee." We went down-stairs directly, highly contented to have found such a protector. The street was covered with the dead and dying ; the cries of the wounded were enough to have pierced the hearts of the greatest barbarians. We walked over the bodies, and when we arrived at the church of St Catharine, met an officer of distinction on horseback. This generous person soon discovered us, and seeing me covered with blood, said to the person who conducted us : " Fellow-soldier, fellow-soldier, take care what you do to these persons ! " At the same time he said to my wife : " Madam, is yonder house yours ? " My wife having answered that it was—" Well," added he, " take hold of my stirrup ; conduct me thither, and you shall have quarter." The soldier who had used me ill took this opportunity to steal away. Upon entering my house, we found it filled with a multitude of plunderers, whom the officer, who was a colonel, ordered away. He then said he would take up his lodging with us ; and having posted two soldiers for a guard to us, left us with a promise to return forthwith. We gave, with great cheerfulness, a good breakfast to our sentinels, who complimented us on our good fortune in falling into their colonel's hands ;

at the same time representing to us that their fellow-soldiers were making a considerable booty, whilst they continued inactive, and beseeching us, therefore, to render them some equivalent. Upon this I gave them four rose nobles, with which they were well contented, and shewed us so much humanity as to offer to go and search for any acquaintance whom we desired to place in safety with us. I told them I had one particular friend, who had escaped to the cathedral, as I conjectured, and promised them a good gratuity on his part if they saved his life. One of them, accompanied by my servant-maid, went to the church, and called my friend often by name. But it was all in vain ; no one answered ; and we never heard mention of him from that period. Some moments after, our colonel returned, and demanded whether any person had offered us the least incivility. After we had exculpated the soldiers in this respect, he hastened abroad to see if there was any possibility to extinguish the fire, which had already seized great part of the city. He had hardly got into the street, when he returned with uncommon hastiness, and said : " Shew me the way out of town, for I see plainly we shall perish in the flames if we stay here a few minutes longer." Upon this we threw the best of our goods and movables into a vaulted cellar, covered the trap-door with earth, and made our escape. My wife took nothing with her but my robe ; my maid seized a neighbour's infant child by the hand, whom we found crying at his father's door, and led him away. We found it impossible to pass through the gates of the town, which were all in a flame, and the streets burned with great fury on either side. In a word, the heat was so intense that it was with difficulty we were able to breathe. Having made several unsuccessful attempts, we determined at last to make our escape on the side of the town next the Elbe. The streets were clogged with dead bodies, and the groans of the dying were insupportable. The Walloons and Croats attacked us every moment, but our generous colonel protected us from their fury. When we gained the bastion which stands on the banks of the Elbe, we descended by the scaling-ladders which the Imperialists had made use of in the assault, and arrived at length in the enemy's camp near Rottensee, thoroughly fatigued, and extremely alarmed. The colonel made us enter into his tent, and presented us some refreshments. That ceremony being over—"Well," said he, "having saved your lives, what return do you make me?" We told him that for the present we had nothing to bestow, but that we would transfer to him all the money and plate that we had buried in the cellar, which was the whole of our worldly possessions. Next day the colonel sent one of his domestics with my maid-servant to search for the treasure we had buried in the cellar ; but they returned without success, because, as the fire still continued, they could not approach the trap-door. In the meanwhile the colonel made us his guests at his own table, and during our whole stay treated us not as prisoners, but as intimate

friends. At length I ventured one day to ask our colonel to give us leave to depart; he complied immediately, upon condition we paid our ransom. Next morning I sent my maid into town to try if there was any possibility of penetrating into the cellar. She was more fortunate that day, and returned with all our wealth. Having returned our thanks to our deliverer, he immediately ordered a passport to be prepared for us, with permission to retire to whatever place we should think proper, and made us a present of a crown to defray the expense of our journey.

The news of the fate of Magdeburg spread horror over all Germany, and Gustavus was obliged to take some pains to shew that it was impossible for him to have come up in time to save it. At the same time he proved that, though greatly inferior in force to Tilly, he had been advancing with fearless speed to encounter the Imperialist commander. The two did not meet, however, until the 17th September 1631, when Gustavus, being joined by the Saxon elector with his troops, advanced against Tilly near Leipsic, and attacked him with nearly equal forces. On the event of that battle hung the fate of the Protestants of Germany. The king chose for his battle-cry, 'God with us!' while that of the Imperialists was, 'Jesu-Maria!' During this great day, Tilly seemed for the first time unnerved. 'Gloomy and sombre presentiments,' says Schiller, 'clouded the native clearness of his mind; the shade of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him.' The pure-souled confidence of Gustavus formed a striking contrast. Having completed his dispositions, the king, arrayed in a plain gray dress, and only distinguished by a single green plume, stepped out in advance of the whole line of his army, and, in sight of them all, knelt down with uncovered head, and prayed that 'God would defend the right.' The whole army responded with a deep 'Amen.' The issue of the battle was decisively in favour of the Swedes. After an obstinate struggle, the Imperialists fled on all sides, and Tilly himself narrowly escaped with life. Of the great army which he had commanded at morning, not a thousand remained by his side at night. Gustavus gained universal praise for his conduct on this day.

In this great struggle, Gustavus was aided by many Scottish gentlemen, who, shut out from preferment in England, sought employment in the German wars. In the above battle there were of these Scotchmen thirty colonels, fifty-two lieutenant-colonels, and fourteen majors. They were chiefly Leslies, Ramsays, Mackays, and Monroes. All were as much trusted by Gustavus as he was revered by them. The king was indeed the idol of all his followers, notwithstanding that he enforced among them a strictness of discipline altogether unknown in the wars of the day. 'Luxury,' says his biographer Harte, 'was a stranger in his camp, and so was gaming. The nobility and the rich made no expenses but for the honour of the service; and the younger officers, in point of dress,

never went beyond neatness and propriety. The common men had a full confidence either of overcoming the enemy by dint of valour and discipline in the field of battle, or of wearying them out and reducing their numbers by virtue of judicious encampments and marches, and by being able to support themselves with greater moderation and frugality; for they could continue three months in those very quarters where the Imperialists could but barely subsist themselves one-third part of that time. Their hardness of constitution was such, that they could extend the duration of a campaign almost equal to that of the year; being alike patient of summer heat and winter cold. The camp was their home, their inn, their farm, their city, their country. One would think an army no very excellent school either for learning to read or for apprehending one's duty to God; yet Gustavus paid particular attention to these points. Public schools were opened every day with the same regularity and quiet as in a country town; and the moment the forces began to intrench themselves, the children went to a safe and peaceable quarter, marked out for their place of study. One day, contrary to the expectation of the general who allotted to them their ground, a cannon-ball happened to pierce through the school, and killed two or three young people at a stroke; but the rest, far from quitting their places, neither changed colour nor dropped a pen or a book from their hands. Every regiment had two chaplains, who received forty pounds a year each. They were governed by a consistory of their own order; and being men judiciously chosen, were respected by the principal commanders, and beloved by the soldiery. Yet their authority was such, that they discountenanced and suppressed all profane swearing and drunkenness; nor was the camp filled with vagrants, thieves, &c., as in the imperial service.'

Gustavus having freed Saxony and Pomerania from the imperial yoke, now marched forward into the country, bending towards the Rhine. 'With the sword in one hand,' says Schiller, 'and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a judge, while the keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him by the inhabitants as to their native sovereign.' Franconia, Swabia, and the Palatinate, however, contained strong Catholic cities and garrisons, which he was under the necessity of subduing by force. Würzburg, Marienburg, and various others, fell before him in this manner; but though he opened the churches there to the Protestants, and established for them an equality of rights, he did not retaliate on the Catholics the oppressions which they had inflicted on others. It was a sacred principle with him to spare the blood of foe as well as of friend. Having secured Franconia, and routed an army under the Duke of Lorraine, who had come from France to assist the emperor, notwithstanding that the French king was in alliance with the Swedes, Gustavus marched along the Main towards the Rhine, to win that frontier from Spain. Frankfort opened its

gates to him, and he followed up the capture by the conquest of the whole Palatinate of the Rhine. In the meantime, Tilly, burning to avenge his defeat at Leipsic, had pursued the king's steps as far as the river Lech, the frontier of Bavaria on the west. There the Swede met him, and another great battle took place. Tilly was so strongly encamped in an arc, formed by a bend of the river, that all the Swedish generals dissuaded their leader from the attempt to pass the stream in the face of such an enemy. 'What!' cried Gustavus, 'shall we, who have not only passed the Baltic, but the Oder, the Rhine, and the Danube, turn back from a stream so petty as the Lech?' In pursuit of his resolve, the king, by the most admirable management, not only passed the river in spite of all Tilly's endeavours to stop him, but gave the old marshal a total and most signal defeat. Here ended the renowned Tilly's career. In the heat of the battle, he was struck in one of his legs by a shot of three pounds-weight, and was carried off the field shortly before the rout of his army. He died a few days afterwards.

The battle of the passage of the Lech took place on the 3d of April 1632. All Europe was astonished. The Snow King, of whom it had been predicted that he would melt away as he advanced into the warm regions of the south, was now master of the whole country from the Baltic to the frontiers of France, and at the head of an army sufficiently large and courageous not only to retain his conquests, but even to accomplish whatever design he might undertake with a view to the humiliation of Austria, and the remodelling of the Germanic empire. This was more than his allies had looked for; it was more than they desired. True, Ferdinand was humbled. But what better would it be for Europe that the Austrian should be deposed from the supremacy, if the Swede should seize it? Such was the feeling of a number of foreign states. Louis XIII. of France told the Venetian ambassador 'that the powers interested in desiring to behold a partial reduction of the House of Austria, had hitherto offered up, with a safe conscience, their sincerest wishes for the prosperity of the Swedish arms; but then no human being could conceive that matters should have advanced, with so amazing rapidity, to such extraordinary lengths. Therefore, inform your senate that means must be devised whereby to check this impetuous Visigoth in the career of his victories, which may prove, in the conclusion, as fatal to us as to the emperor and the elector of Bavaria.' Such also was the feeling of Denmark, and, to a certain degree, also of some of the Germanic states themselves. As for Great Britain, her own affairs occupied most of her attention; and, besides, it was the policy of Charles I. to take little part in continental struggles. Had not God made Great Britain an island? Let her, then, behave as an island, it was said, and allow foreign affairs to take their own course!

The Emperor Ferdinand was placed in a situation of extreme

difficulty. He had no sufficient army ; his best general, Tilly, was dead ; and the Swedes were masters of his territory. His first impulse was to assume the command of the army himself ; but he soon perceived the folly of such a plan. No alternative remained but to invite Wallenstein to resume the command from which he had been dismissed ; and the desperateness of the occasion may be judged of from the fact, that the emperor consented to implore his offended subject to come to his assistance. Wallenstein, who, ever since his dismissal, had been living in gorgeous inactivity on his Bohemian estates, was in no hurry to comply with the emperor's invitation ; but, on the contrary, made such terms as shewed the value which he set upon his own services. He yielded at last on the following conditions : That he should have the sole and only command of the army he undertook to raise ; that there should be no imperial authority within his camp ; that no peace should be concluded without his consent ; that he should have the sovereignty of the provinces which he might conquer ; and that he should receive, as a reward, one of the emperor's hereditary estates. In the pomp of these magnificent conditions, Wallenstein issued from his retirement to raise an army and save the empire. His own words, as put into his mouth by Schiller in his famous drama, *The Death of Wallenstein*, vividly describe the effect :

‘ All eyes were turned on me,
 Their helper in distress ; the emperor's pride
 Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
 ’Twas I must rise, and, with creative word,
 Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
 I did it. Like a god of war, my name
 Went through the world. The drum was beat, and lo !
 The plough, the workshop, is forsaken ; all
 Swarm to the old, familiar, long-loved banners :
 And as the wood-choir, rich in melody,
 Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
 When first his throat swells with his magic song,
 So did the warlike youth of Germany
 Crowd in around the image of my eagle.’

To describe the campaign of 1632 between Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, or to decide which of the two shewed himself the greater captain or the grander genius, would require the knowledge of one who was himself a consummate general. Their faculties, their natural dispositions, their ideas and modes of warfare, were totally different ; and some writers are prepossessed in favour of the one, some in favour of the other. The views of Wallenstein as to the maintenance and discipline of an army were entirely the reverse of those of Gustavus. Pillage, as we have seen, was strictly forbidden in the Swedish camp. Wallenstein, on the other hand, was heard to say, in reply to a question of the emperor, how many men

he ought to levy: 'Let me beseech you, Kaiser, to raise just double what you intend. It is true you cannot maintain 50,000 fresh men, but 100,000 fresh men will support themselves in the enemies' countries.' It was the opinion of Gustavus that the size of an army was an inferior consideration where there was good generalship; Wallenstein's maxim, on the other hand, was, that 'the Supreme Being always favours the larger squadrons.' Probably each opinion was founded on the peculiar circumstances of the leader who held it. Of Wallenstein's opinion of Gustavus we have already given our readers some idea; Gustavus, we may now mention, always spoke of Wallenstein by the name of 'the madman.'

At length, after some months of preliminary fighting and manœuvring, the two armies met at Lützen, at a short distance from Leipsic, on the 6th of November 1632. Wallenstein's army was by this time reduced by war, illness, and desertion, to about 20,000 men; the Swedish army was about equal in size. The meeting of these two armies and of these two generals was even more momentous to Germany than the combats of the Swede with Tilly. The dreaded morning on which the Swedes came up to their foes was marked by a thick fog. 'God with us!' and 'Jesu-Maria!' were again the watchwords of the combatants. Again, or rather according to his wont, Gustavus knelt down in front of his army and prayed. Soon after, the mist cleared away, and the charge was sounded. Thrice on that day was the battle lost and won. In the end, the Swedes were left masters of the field, and of all the cannon and baggage of the enemy; but the victory was bought at the price of their great commander's life. Hearing that his infantry had been beaten back at one point, Gustavus had flown to the spot with the greatest eagerness. He was about to lead on his men anew; but, while advancing fearlessly in front to search for a flaw in the enemy's line, his short-sightedness carried him almost close upon the enemy, and alone. A musketeer, seeing him to be a person of consequence, took deliberate aim, and shattered his arm. 'The king bleeds!—the king is shot!' was the cry of the rapidly advancing Swedes. 'It is nothing—follow me!' cried the brave monarch; but he grew faint, and whispered to the Duke of Lauenburg to lead him from the tumult. But ere this could be done, a well-known colonel of the Imperialists noticed, and knew the king. 'Ha! is it thou?' cried he; 'long have I sought thee!' and with these words shot Gustavus through the body with a pistol. The hero fell immediately from his horse, and a desperate contest took place around, which heaped the spot with dead. The Swedes were again driven back, and a party of the enemy's light horse began instantly, as was their custom, to pillage the dead. Gustavus yet lived; and on being asked his name and quality, exclaimed: 'I am the king of Sweden, and seal with my blood the liberties of the German nation!' A pistol-shot and a sword-thrust formed the reply of the questioner to

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

this exclamation. 'My God! my God!—alas, my poor queen!' were the expiring words of the Lion of the North. They were heard and reported by a wounded soldier at his side, who lived only to tell the tale.

Maddened by the loss of their prince, the Swedes, under Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, renewed the fight with resistless impetuosity, eager to recover the body of the king, and avenge his fall. Both purposes they effected, though at a bloody cost. One affecting circumstance was noticed in the morning after the field was won: the Yellow Guard of Gustavus, his favourite band, was cut to pieces, and lay on the ground close by the spot where he had fallen, precisely in the order in which they had met the foe, having disdained to yield one inch. The body of the king, known only by its bulk and by certain scars, was carried to Stockholm, and there interred amid the tears of a whole nation. He was but thirty-eight years of age at the period of his death.

Gustavus was succeeded on the throne of Sweden by his daughter Christina, a child of six years of age, during whose minority Oxenstiern conducted the administration. The eccentricities of this queen, the daughter of the great Gustavus, form a curious page in the history of the seventeenth century.

CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE WAR—PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

We have thus sketched the history of the thirty years to the death of Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lützen in 1632. Our account of the remaining sixteen years of this great struggle, to its conclusion in 1648, must be as brief as possible; nor, indeed, are there the same elements of interest to make a long account desirable.

The Swedes did not abandon Germany after the death of their king. 'Gustavus,' says Schiller, 'had inspired the men to whom he had left the administration of his kingdom with his own genius. However dreadful the intelligence of his death was to them, they did not lose courage, and that noble assembly displayed the spirit of old Rome when assailed by Brennus and Hannibal: the greater the price of the acquired advantages, the less could they be relinquished; the king could not be sacrificed in vain. The Swedish council of state, divided between the prosecution of a doubtful war, and an advantageous though a disgraceful peace, courageously embraced the cause of danger and honour. At the same time, promises of friendship and support were made by England, Holland, and France; and the Swedish council of state received powerful encouragement to continue a war which had hitherto been maintained with such reputation. However France had cause to behold the king of Sweden's death with pleasure, it saw the necessity of continuing the Swedish alliance: without exposing itself to the utmost danger, it could not

permit the affairs of the Swedes to go to ruin in Germany: without receiving support, Sweden must be compelled to a disadvantageous peace with Austria, and in that case all the efforts were lost which it cost to contain that dangerous power within bounds; or, in the other case, want and necessity led the troops to provide for their own subsistence in the territories of the Catholic princes, and France would then appear as the betrayer of those states which she had taken under her protection. The death of Gustavus Adolphus, instead of terminating the French alliance with Sweden, rather increased it. Strengthened by these alliances, secured in their interior and on their exterior by frontier garrisons and fleets, the regency did not lose a moment to continue the war, and determined to procure, in case fortune attended their arms, a German province at least as an indemnification of their expenses. Secure amid its seas, Sweden was not much more endangered if its armies were forcibly expelled from Germany, than if they voluntarily retired from it; and the former was as honourable as the latter measure was disgraceful. A leader of abilities, however, was requisite to manage the Swedish affairs in Germany, and be possessed of the power to regulate both war and peace according to his own disposition. This minister must be invested with a dictatorial power, and with the authority of the crown which he represented, in order to maintain its dignity, to create union among the common operations, to give his orders the greater effect, and fully to supply the place of the monarch whom he succeeded. Such a character was found in the person of Oxenstiern, the chancellor and prime minister, and, what is more, the deceased king's friend, who was fully acquainted with his secrets, versed in German politics and in the different interests of Europe; and, without comparison, was the most capable of following the plan of Gustavus Adolphus.

Nor was a general wanting fit to succeed Gustavus in the field. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, one of the most distinguished commanders of the age, assumed Gustavus's place, and, in the eyes of all Europe, presumed to cope with Wallenstein. The war was continued for sixteen months with various success, when the career of Wallenstein was brought to a violent close. His haughty conduct, and, in particular, the tenacity with which he held the right—granted to him on assuming the command—of being supreme in his army, giving great offence to various individuals, a conspiracy was formed for his overthrow. The emperor was induced to give his approbation of the designs of the conspirators; and on the 25th of February 1634, Wallenstein was assassinated in his camp. He was succeeded in the command of the imperial army by Ferdinand, the young king of Hungary, son and heir of the emperor, with two distinguished generals—Gallas, and John Von Werth—for his lieutenants. Reinforced by fresh troops from Spain and Italy, he was able to give the Swedes a complete defeat at Nördlingen on the 6th of September

1634, taking the Swedish general, Horn, prisoner. Depressed by this defeat, most of the Protestant princes who had hitherto taken part with the Swedes were glad to conclude a treaty with the emperor. The terms of this peace, effected at Prague on the 30th of May 1635, were, that the Protestants should for ever retain the mediate ecclesiastical benefices (those not depending immediately upon the emperor) acquired before the pacification of Passau in 1552; that they should also retain possession of the others for a period of forty years, during which a committee of both religions would deliberate on the manner in which they should be finally disposed of; that the exercise of the Protestant religion, with certain restrictions, should be permitted in all the territories of the empire, except Bohemia and the provinces belonging to the House of Austria; and that there should be a mutual restitution of all advantages gained since the invasion of Gustavus. The only Protestant states of importance who did not adhere to this treaty were Hesse-Cassel, Würtemberg, and Baden; the others embraced the opportunity of being reconciled with the emperor. The whole weight of the war consequently devolved upon Sweden. Called in originally to assist the German Protestants, the Swedes found themselves, after years of hard fighting, all at once deserted by the very men for whose liberties they had been shedding their blood, and regarded as foreigners and intruders, whom it was expedient to get rid of as speedily as possible. It was indeed proposed to offer them an indemnification, and the small sum of 2,500,000 florins was mentioned as sufficient for the purpose; but when Oxenstiern heard of it, he scouted the proposal. 'What!' said he, 'are the electors of Bavaria and Saxony to be paid for their services to the emperor with whole provinces; and are we Swedes, who have already sacrificed our king for Germany, to be dismissed with the paltry sum of 2,500,000 florins?'

'We have been called
 Over the Baltic; we have saved the empire
 From ruin; with our best blood have sealed
 The liberty of faith and gospel truth.
 But now already is the benefaction
 No longer felt; the load alone is felt:
 Ye look askance with evil eye upon us
 As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
 And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
 Of money, home again to our old forests.
 No, no, my lord duke. No; it never was
 For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
 That we did leave our king by the Great Stone.
 No; not for gold and silver have there bled
 So many of our Swedish nobles. Neither
 Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
 Hoist sail for our own country.'

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The reward which Sweden desired, and expected to be offered, was the duchy of Pomerania. In all likelihood, however, the Swedes would have been obliged to quit Germany, on the conclusion of the treaty of Prague, without any reward whatever, but for the interposition of a new ally in the affairs of the empire. This ally was France. Richelieu, whose eye had, during the whole struggle, been directed towards Germany, and who had cautiously interfered now and then whenever he perceived that he could do so favourably for the French interests, discerned in the present the fitting moment for a more open and decided course of action. He resolved to co-operate with the Swedes, and, as it were, purchase from them the good-will of the war; thus reaping, at small expense, all the advantages laboriously obtained during the past campaigns. Accordingly, for two years the war was carried on between the emperor and the vast majority of the states on the one hand, and the French, the Swedes, and one or two German states on the other. The entire character of the war, therefore, was altered. Originally a war of religion, a contest for liberty of conscience, it was now a confused medley of elements; German Catholics and German Protestants fighting side by side in the imperial armies against a strange confederacy of French Catholics, Swedish Protestants, and German Protestants, and all contending with different motives and different aims. Commenced with noble purposes and distinctly marked designs, it was now a mere blind *mêlée*, perpetuated by the obstinacy of men who did not know how to conclude an affair once begun, and directed by the cunning of other men who wished to fish in troubled waters.

Fortune again favoured the Swedes and their French allies; Baner, one of the Swedish generals, gaining a great victory at Wittstock, in October 1636. Not long afterwards, on the 15th of February 1637, the Emperor Ferdinand II. died, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand III., who, unable to bring the war to a conclusion, was obliged to continue it. His brother, Leopold William, was appointed to the command of the imperial armies. During the years 1639, 1640, and 1641, the Imperialists were, upon the whole, successful; the deaths of the Swedish generalissimos, Duke Bernard, and his successor Baner, proving a great discouragement to the allies. Baner's successor, Torstensohn, however, led the Swedes to new triumphs; and, in co-operation with Marshal Turenne—who, after the deaths of Richelieu and Louis XIII., in 1643, was sent into Germany to command the French forces, as a general of the young king, Louis XIV.—he pursued a career of almost continuous victory. The emperor, now reduced to extremities, was deserted by many of his allies; among others, the elector of Bavaria, who had hitherto remained faithful. On the 7th of May 1648, the Swedes gained a crowning victory at Susmarshausen, near Augsburg; and on the 31st of July, the Swedish general, Königsmark, surprised and took possession of part of the

city of Prague. This was the last blow struck in the Thirty Years' War, which, accordingly, was brought to a conclusion by the famous peace of Westphalia on the 24th of October 1648. To detail the history of the negotiations which led to this peace, would require as much space as the narrative of the war itself. Commenced in 1640, these negotiations were protracted from time to time, abandoned, resumed, and varied, according as events seemed to favour the emperor or the allies; till at length, as we have seen, the misfortunes of the emperor brought them to a termination. As it may be interesting to know the precise results, with respect to the parties concerned, of this war of thirty years, which had cost such an enormous price, hurried so many hundred thousands to their graves, and occupied the thoughts of all the statesmen of Europe, we subjoin a summary of the articles of which the treaty of Westphalia was composed.

In the first place, Sweden, as 'an indemnification for her expense in the war, and for ceding several of her conquests to their former possessors,' obtained the duchy of Pomerania, the town of Wismar in Mecklenburg, the archbishopric of Bremen, the bishopric of Verden, and five millions of thalers. By these territorial acquisitions Sweden became a member of the Germanic empire. France obtained as her share the full sovereignty of Upper and Lower Alsace, the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and a number of minor properties. The Netherlands and Switzerland, till now regarded by a legal fiction as parts of the empire, were recognised as independent states. With regard to internal arrangements, and the distribution of the territories of the empire among the various Germanic princes, we need only mention that Charles Louis, the son of the unfortunate Elector Palatine, Frederick V., who, it will be remembered, lost all his possessions at the commencement of the war, in consequence of his rash attempt to become king of Bohemia, was restored to his father's dominions, except that portion of them which had been granted to Bavaria. He was also created an eighth elector of the empire—his father's electorship having been alienated.

In the matter of religion, the provisions were, upon the whole, liberal. The treaty effected by the policy of Charles V., in 1555, granting equal civil rights to Catholics and Protestants, was confirmed, the Calvinists being admitted to the same status as the Lutherans. Attached to this grand provision, however, there were several minor clauses, which afterwards proved the origin of dispute and confusion.

The constitution of the empire was greatly modified. The potentates of the various states constituting the empire acquired the right of concluding separate alliances with foreign powers; and in the government of their own subjects they became almost independent. The authority of the emperor was thus very much abridged; and he became little more than the nominal head of a confederacy of a

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number of sovereign states. In short, the Germanic constitution was altered into the form which it substantially retained till the abolition of the empire by Napoleon in 1806.

In conclusion, let us glance at the Thirty Years' War as it now appears to us, calmly looking back upon it through an interval of two centuries. There are two aspects in which we may regard it—as a picture of the contemporaneous horrors of war, and as a great political epoch in German and European history. Viewed in the latter aspect, it is the general opinion of historians that, numerous as were the immediate benefits of the peace of Westphalia, it was a fatal blow to the strength of the Germanic empire. Broken up into numerous independent states, with separate views and interests, Germany ceased to have a great national existence, and its territories became a field where foreigners went to fight their battles.

As representing the war in the other aspect—namely, as a picture of the contemporaneous horrors of war—we may quote a passage from Mr Howitt's work on *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany*: 'What a picture,' says Mr Howitt, 'is that which the historians draw of the horrors which this so-called religious war inflicted on all Germany! Some of them reckon that the half, and others that two-thirds, of the whole population perished in it. In Saxony alone, within two years, 900,000 men were destroyed. In Bohemia, at the time of Ferdinand's death, before the last exterminating campaign of Torstensohn and Baner, the Swedish generals, the population was sunk to a fourth. Augsburg, which before had 80,000 inhabitants, had then only 18,000; and all Germany in proportion. In Berlin there were only 300 burghers left. The prosperity of the country was for a long period destroyed. Not only did hands fail, and the workshops lie in ashes, but the spirit and diligence of trade were transferred to other lands.

'After thirty years of battles, burnings, murders, and diseases, Germany no longer looked like itself. The proud nation was changed into a miserable mob of beggars and thieves. Famishing peasants, cowardly citizens, lewd soldiers, rancorous priests, and effeminate nobles, were the miserable remains of the great race which had perished. Could it be otherwise? The princes themselves gave the example of dastardly falsehood. Priests of all sorts raged with a pitiless hate; the generals sought to enrich themselves; and the soldiers, who in the end ruled, were unmanned and set loose from all moral restraints. All the devils of political treachery, of religious fanaticism, of the rapacity of aspiring adventurers, and of the brutality of the soldiery, were let loose on the people. Driven from hearth and home, in eternal terror of the soldiers, and without instruction, what could be expected from the growing generation but sordid cowardice, and the shameless immorality which they had learned from the army? Even the last remains of political freedom perished in the war, since all classes were plundered, and

their strength exhausted. The early civilisation of Germany had retrograded into barbarism.

'The atrocities which had been committed in this war were unexampled. In the storming of Magdeburg, the soldiers had amused themselves, as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors perpetrated on the adults, with practising tortures on children. One man boasted that he had tossed twenty babies on his spear; others they roasted alive in ovens; and others they pinned down in various modes of agony, and pleased themselves with their cries as they sat and ate. Writers of the time describe thousands dying of exhaustion; numbers as creeping naked into corners and cellars, in the madness of famine falling upon, tearing each other to pieces, and devouring each other; children being devoured by parents, and parents by children; many tearing up bodies from the graves, or seeking the pits where horse-killers threw their carcasses for the carrion, and even breaking the bones for the marrow, after they were full of worms! Thousands of villages lay in ashes; and after the war, a person might in many parts of Germany go fifty miles, in almost any direction, without meeting a single man, a head of cattle, or a sparrow; while in another, in some ruined hamlet, you might see a single old man and a child, or a couple of old women. "Ah, God!" says an old chronicler, "in what a miserable condition stand our cities! Where before were thousands of streets, there now were not hundreds. The burghers, by thousands, had been chased into the water, hunted to death in the woods, cut open, and their hearts torn out, their ears, noses, and tongues cut off, the soles of their feet opened, straps cut out of their backs; women, children, and men so shamefully and barbarously used, that it is not to be conceived. How miserable stand the little towns, the open hamlets! There they lie, burned, destroyed; so that neither roof, beam, door, nor window is to be seen. The churches?—they have been burned, the bells carried away, and the most holy places made stables, market-houses, and worse of; the very altars being purposely defiled, and heaped with filth of all kinds." Whole villages were filled with dead bodies of men, women, and children destroyed by plague and hunger, with quantities of cattle which had been preyed on by dogs, wolves, and vultures, because there had been no one to mourn or to bury them. Whole districts, which had been highly cultivated, were again grown over with wood; families who had fled, on returning after the war, found trees growing on their hearths; and even now, it is said, foundations of villages are in some places found in the forests, and the traces of ploughed lands. It is the fixed opinion that to this day Germany, in point of political freedom and the progress of public art and wealth, feels the disastrous consequences of this war.'

Of the present state of Bohemia, the country in which the Thirty Years' War first broke out, Mr Howitt speaks as follows: 'None of

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the dispensations of Providence are more mysterious than those exhibited in this country. In no nation were the people formerly more universally and firmly rooted in Protestantism : in none was it so resolutely defended : in none has it been so completely and permanently extirpated. From that day to this, the whole country of John Huss and Jerome of Prague has lain prostrate in the most profound ignorance and bigotry ; so much so, that when Joseph II. offered them freedom of political and religious opinion, they spurned it from them, and joined with the aristocracy in heaping on the too liberal emperor those anxieties and mortifications which sunk him to an early grave. When he received the news that the people, and especially the peasantry of Hungary and Bohemia, were so stupid as to be incensed against him because he offered to make them freer and happier, he exclaimed : "I must die ! I must be made of wood if I did not die !"—and his words were soon verified. Bohemia is a land of hereditary bondsmen, and it looks like one.'

To these details of the horrors of the Thirty Years' War we may add a few particulars from Harte's *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*. 'The famine,' says this writer, 'during the greater part of these wars kept pace with the pestilence. Wheat was sold, more times than once, for three pounds eighteen shillings a bushel. Guards were posted to protect the newly buried from being devoured. There were instances of children being led away, massacred, and eaten up. Two women fought for a slice of a dead horse, and one killed the other. A straggling beggar decoyed away a poor woman's child, and began to strangle it, in order to eat it ; but the vigilant mother surprised her in the act, and killed her. The face of the earth was ruined for want of agriculture ; and every animal eatable was so greedily searched after, that the beasts of prey missed their daily food. When Lord Arundel passed through the empire, in return from his embassy to Vienna, a fox crept out of a brake, and seized one of his attendants by the leg. The man took it up, for it was so weak it could not escape ; its eyes were haggard and sunk in its head, and it weighed next to nothing.' Truly—in the fine words of the great German poet, who, both in prose and verse, made the Thirty Years' War his principal theme :

'There exists

A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty !
Lo there ! the soldier, rapid architect,
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel ;
The motley market fills ; the roads, the streams

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Are crowded with new freights ; trade stirs and hurries !
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary and solitary as a churchyard,
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly !'

Hear also the same poet's description of the return of peace :

'O day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life ; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed : and hark !
Now the soft peace-march beats—home, brothers, home !
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves ;
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women—
With peaceful men and women—that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out a merry peal—
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man ! O fortunate ! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms, are open--
The faithful tender arms, with mute embracing !'

Pity that such sentiments had not influenced the rulers and people of Germany before commencing the unholy struggle which we have been narrating ! All that was gained, as has been shewn, by thirty years of bloodshed and devastation, was the treaty of pacification which had been originally established by Charles V. in 1555. Germany had spent a century in vain. In 1648 it was further back than it had been a hundred years before.





THE SISTER OF REMBRANDT.

A FLEMISH STORY.

EXTENDED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERTHOUD.

I.

THE FLOUR-MILL.

AT a short distance from Leyden, on the banks of the Rhine, between the towns of Leyendorp and Koukerk, there was, in 1616, a hamlet composed of eight or ten houses. Among them was one of a higher class than the others: four stone steps conducted to a door which was almost always open, on which were engraved rude sculptures. Small windows were placed at each side of the door: the first story, a rare luxury on the banks of the Rhine, extended out for two or three feet above the door-sill, so that it offered to the visitor a shelter from the rain or heat. Above was inscribed, among the Gothic ornaments, these words: 'Jacques Gerretz, Flour-Merchant.'

In the outer chamber of the house, seated before a counter of white wood, which was covered with scales and weights, might be seen a woman of about thirty-five years of age. When young, her features might not have been devoid of grace, but they now bore the withering traces of fatigue, sickness, and grief. Dark circles were marked on her faded cheeks; her eyes sparkled with a strange

light; her shoulders were bent and cramped over her chest; a dry painful cough shook her at frequent intervals. In spite of her state of suffering, she neglected not the cares of her business. She weighed and measured justly the flour which persons bought from her, and had a pleasant word and smile ready for each customer. Nevertheless, when the shop was empty, this feverish activity was succeeded by profound exhaustion. Madame Gerretz sank on her seat, her hands lay listlessly in her lap, and she remained pensive and immovable until a new customer appeared.

Evening arrived, and the customers all departed. Darkness and solitude increased the melancholy of the poor woman, and her thoughts took a direction so sad, that two large tears stole down her cheeks. She was conscious of her approaching death; and death is a mournful idea for the mother of four children. She arose quickly and fearfully, breathing as if for life; but the damp night air penetrating her lungs, produced a convulsive cough, which dyed her lips with blood. At this fatal sign she raised her eyes towards heaven.

‘My children; my poor children!’ she murmured.

At this moment the sound of childish voices was heard. Immediately Madame Gerretz dried her lips, adjusted her hair, and passed her hands over her forehead, as if to efface the wrinkles which despair and sorrow had imprinted there.

‘Good-evening, dears,’ said she to a little boy and two little girls, brought from school by their elder sister; ‘good-evening: have you all been good children?’

‘Yes, yes,’ answered the youngest, a chubby little black-eyed girl, who received from her mother, in exchange for this assurance, a kiss on her rosy cheeks.

‘That was well, my Thérèse; very well indeed. And thou, Françoise?’

The little creature stood silent, her eyes half bent to the ground, her lips partly opened with a discreet smile, and one of her hands concealed under her apron.

‘Thou answerest not, Françoise; hast thou done wrong, my child?’

Suddenly and triumphantly Françoise took something from under her apron and exhibited a splendid prize.

‘Look, mother; see what the master has given me as a reward, and because’——

Her mother gave her no time to finish, but overwhelmed her with kisses.

‘And Paul?’ asked the mother after this effusion of joy, while Françoise coquettishly adjusted her dress and collar, which were a little crumpled by her mother’s close embrace; ‘and Paul—will he not give me a similar pleasure?’

The little boy turned aside with a sad and discontented air. ‘Do

not be angry, mother,' said the eldest sister, 'for Paul is very sorry, and will be wiser in future.'

'What has he done to-day, Louise?'

Louise hesitated to reply.

'I have said that I will not learn Latin,' cried the boy impetuously; 'it wearies me, and I cannot understand it. I had rather sell flour like you, mother, than continue this wearisome learning. I was whipped yesterday, again to-day, and shall be again to-morrow,' added he resolutely, crossing his arms, and standing firmly in front of his mother; 'for I will learn Latin no longer.'

'You will then make me die of grief, Paul. You see not how ill I am, and how you increase my sufferings.'

The child threw himself on his mother's bosom, and wept abundantly. 'Forgive me, mother; but you see I cannot learn Latin. When I look at the book, I think of other things in spite of all my efforts; and when my turn comes to be questioned by the master, I know not how to answer. Mother, if you wish to be satisfied with your little Paul, let him enter the studio of Jacques Van Zwanenburg, and you will see how good I will be. I will become a painter like him; I will sell my pictures well, and with this money I will buy you pretty dresses, mother, and Louise, and Thérèse, and Françoise also; and you will soon love me as well as you love my sisters.'

'If I were sole mistress, Paul, I might do as you wish; but your father desires you to learn Latin. However, we will not talk of this to-day. Come, my children, that I may put you to bed.'

So saying, she tried to rise; but her strength failed, and she was nigh falling. The little ones ran to her assistance. Louise, her eyes filled with tears, came close to her mother, and said to her timidly: 'Mother, I think that I can undress my little brothers and sisters myself.'

A flush of delight passed over the countenance of Madame Gerretz. 'Try, my child,' said she; and Louise set about the work as if she had been accustomed to it all her life. After having undressed her two little sisters, washed their rosy faces with fresh water, and combed their hair, she took them by the hand to receive their mother's kiss. Paul undressed himself without help, and proud he was of it too. Madame Gerretz, after kissing them all, gave them to Louise, who put them in bed, and returned of her own accord to place the supper ready.

Madame Gerretz thanked Heaven in the depth of her soul, and regretted life with less bitterness, for now her children would not be motherless: filial devotion had changed the girl of fifteen into a woman.

Louise fulfilled all these domestic duties so noiselessly and carefully, that her mother was not roused from the light slumber into which she had fallen, until the arrival of a man of about forty-five

years of age. As soon as she heard him, the almost joyous activity of Louise ceased. The invalid started from her doze.

‘Good-evening, wife ; how is’t?’ and without waiting for a reply, he continued : ‘how hot it is to-day ! But that does not prevent hunger. Is supper ready, wife?’

Louise stood mute, listening to these words in deep sadness. Madame Gerretz folded her hands on her lap, as if arming herself with resignation.

‘If supper is not ready, make haste about it,’ said the man, pacing heavily up the room, not heeding that the creaking of his iron-nailed shoes affected painfully the aching head of his sick wife. Supper was served ; he ate long and greedily, only stopping to fill and empty a large antique glass, into which he poured the contents of an immense jug of strong beer. When he had finished, Madame Gerretz signed Louise to depart. The young girl obeyed.

‘Jacques,’ said she with a strong effort, but with a tone of resolution, ‘Jacques, this is the place and the time for an explanation of which the child should not be a witness. The hour is not far distant when your family will have none but you to guide and instruct them. Look at me, Jacques ; look at her who married you sixteen years since for love, when you were but a poor young man at the mill. Look at her who for sixteen years has suffered all sorts of grief for your sake and from you. Look at her, Jacques ; do you not see that she is dying?’

Jacques turned away his head, and took softly the hand of the sick woman.

‘I am about to die, Jacques, and what will become of the little fortune I brought you in marriage, and which I have increased by my care ? You have lost the habit of labour, Jacques : it is impossible for you to resume it. Active diligence has enriched us, though slowly ; the want of it will quickly ruin us.’

Jacques sighed deeply, but more with impatience than regret.

‘It is vain to promise me to reform your manner of life, Jacques ; you cannot do it, or will not ; and how can you dissipate your children’s fortune, and appear before God at the judgment-day with such a crime on your head ? Our mill and flour must be sold, and the money placed safely and advantageously. The godfather of Louise is a sensible man, whose counsels will assist you in this matter. As to Paul, the idea of making him a lawyer must be given up. He has taste for drawing, and I have heard that an artist’s profession is lucrative and honourable. You wished your son to follow the law, that one of the family might have a profession instead of a trade ; well, instead of a lawyer, let him be a painter, and your fatherly pride will lose nothing. Do not thwart Paul’s inclination ; I know him well ; to embitter him is to lose him. Will you promise me this ? Let me bear this consolation to the tomb with me. Say the word, and my last accents will pardon and bless

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you.' She extended her hand to her husband—he had sunk into sleep!

'O God of mercy!' cried she, raising her eyes to heaven, 'Thou triest me sore; but Thy will be done.'

Meanwhile, Louise hovered round her mother's chamber. Inquiet as to the result, she waited for the end of the conversation in a kind of terror. Too far off to hear what her mother was saying, and not choosing to approach contrary to her will, she listened with a beating heart to the slow and trembling tones, interrupted at times by a hoarse cough. All at once the voice ceased; there was one groan, and nothing more! Louise hesitated: she came to the door to knock, but dared not; withheld at once by her mother's prohibition and the fear of her father, who was always rude and unkind towards her. After some minutes, which seemed ages, she approached again, thinking she heard voices. But no; it was only the wind in the chimney. Then she was afraid. Her cheeks turned pale; her knees tottered; she leant against the wall. This first terror overcome, Louise, unable to remain longer in doubt, knocked softly at the door. There was no answer. Twice, thrice she knocked; still no answer. Then her terror was overwhelming. 'Mother, mother!' No sound. 'Father, father!' She rushed into the apartment: her father slept; her mother—yes, she was sleeping also—a quiet, immovable repose. She seemed to stir; but no—it was the fire-light gleaming on her face. Louise took her hand; it was quite cold. Her eyes and mouth were open. She was relieved from all her sorrows.

'Father, father, help!—look at my mother!'

He started up. 'Call for assistance, Louise. She is dead! Wretch that I am! what have I done? And to be sleeping too!'

Louise raised her mother's head, looked at her stony eyes, and remained there alone until the physician came. As soon as he saw Madame Gerretz—'My child,' said he, 'your place is not here; your presence will hinder me in my cares for your mother.'

Louise departed slowly and sorrowfully. The physician, an old friend of the family, covered the face of Madame Gerretz, knelt down, and recited a prayer on behalf of the afflicted family.

II.

THE ORPHANS.

Next morning an old woman of the neighbourhood, who had kept watch with the bereaved family in the chamber of death, arose from the large arm-chair where she had been sleeping, and went to open the window-curtains. The room was filled with daylight, and the red glare of the lamp grew pale and faded away. At this sight

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the sobs and passionate tears, which weariness had lulled for a time, again burst forth. The old neighbour herself, whose heart had grown hard with age and misery, felt vaguely softened by the mournful spectacle which surrounded her.

Here was the corpse of the departed, extended on a couch, and covered with drapery, which just indicated the form beneath. There M. Gerretz, his eyes swollen with weeping, leant on a table, seeking to stifle his remorse and grief with incessant drinking. Farther off were three little children weeping together. Beside them sat a young girl, pale, and bowed down with sorrow, who told them not to weep, yet wept herself.

Another person entered the room. It was the woman to enshroud the dead.

The four children threw themselves on the body of their mother.

'Mother! mother!' they cried, 'we will not let thee go; we will die with thee! Mother, listen to us—look at thy little children!'

'And I,' said M. Gerretz to himself—'I, who caused her grief even yesterday—who even yesterday heard her gentle reproaches—they will pursue me, and render my whole life unhappy; and justly so.'

'Mother! mother! do not abandon us!' cried the little ones anew with one voice.

Louise, who found strength in the necessity for consoling the rest, wished to take them away.

'No, no, sister; leave us!—we will not quit mamma! Leave us here!' And the poor orphans stamped with their feet, and sobbed bitterly.

'Who will be our mother now?' asked the little Françoise.

At this question Louise arose, and said with deep and solemn earnestness: '*I will!*'

There was something in her manner which struck the children with wonder. Their tears ceased immediately. It seemed as if an angel stood beside Louise, and said: 'Behold your mother!'

'Do you not wish me to be your mother?' she repeated.

The little ones ran into her embrace. She folded her arms round them, and all wept together.

When they were a little calmer, Paul took his sister's hand, and kissed it with respect. 'Little mother,' said he, 'tell me what thou wishest, and I will always obey thee.'

'And so will we too,' cried Françoise and Thérèse, attracted by the example of their brother.

Louise thanked them all with a look full of gentle sweetness; then, as she looked at them, she fell by degrees into a deep and mournful reverie. All at once she rose up, advanced towards the remains of her mother, and kneeling beside the bed, pronounced a short and fervent prayer, and bent over the beloved face, gazing on it for the last time. Then she drew the curtains, took her little

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sisters by the hand, signed to Paul to follow her, and said to the attendant in a firm tone, and without tears: 'Now, fulfil your duty.'

For the whole day this firmness never left her, and yet it was severely tried. She had first to remove her father, who was plunged in a state of deplorable intoxication. She did it with so much address and care, that no one perceived his condition, and M. Gerretz thus escaped the ignominy he deserved.

'Thank God!' she muttered in a low voice, when she had locked her father's door and taken the key—'thank God! no one will know of this.'

She descended to the house, repressed all the little disorders which had already arisen there, and gave her instructions to the servants with gentle dignity, which commanded instant obedience. Then collecting the scattered keys, she fastened them to her girdle, and gave out the necessary provisions for the funeral feast, at which, according to the usage of the country, relatives from a distance were expected to assist in the ceremony. She listened to the answers of all, adopted useful hints, shewed the uselessness of exaggerated demands, and arranged everything in the house for the reception and comfort of the expected guests. Many a time during these cares her heart was nigh failing her, but she courageously fought against this weakness.

'My mother is looking on me from heaven,' thought she.

Nevertheless, once her despairing grief returned with violence: it was when she heard the blows of the hammer resounding on the coffin. She sank down almost fainting, when her little sisters, who had themselves been terrified by the sound, began to weep and call out aloud: 'Louise!—little mother, Louise!'

Then, by a strong effort, to accomplish which aid from heaven was doubtless granted to the feeble girl, Louise, pale and trembling, fell on her knees beside the children, and signed to them to kneel likewise. She prayed long and devoutly; and she found strength. Happy are those who can thus pray!

III.

THE FUTURE.

Despair is at first like a burning fever, whose tortures exalt and produce a fictitious energy: in such a state the hardest sacrifices and exertions seem easy. But this first crisis past, lassitude follows courage, feebleness succeeds to energy. Then we shrink before our former resolutions; we bend under our heavy burden; we can neither endure the latter, nor execute the former; we doubt ourselves; we weep.

So wept Louise, when, poor child as she was, she felt herself alone

in that large house, which appeared so desolate without her mother. Her cares and responsibilities seemed numberless.

'I can never do all,' she cried, as, bitterly sobbing, she sank back in her mother's arm-chair. Then what would be the end? Her father was incapable of business; the house would be without rule or order; the customers would leave—then poverty and misery! No, no; one must foresee such trials, and prevent them. Courage, poor child, God will protect thee—God will never forsake thee, thy brother and sisters. 'But, my mother, why did she leave her child alone and abandoned? My mother, oh, my mother!'

Yet even this bitter thought vanished in a resigned and gentle sadness. Louise arose, dried her tears, called the servants belonging to the house and mill, and regulated everything. Then she went to the children's apartment, awakened them, kissed them as her mother was wont to do, dressed them carefully, and took them to school. Returning, she went to the shop, and began to serve the flour to customers. The neighbours saw her smiling on all with a kind and gentle answer, like her mother, and they returned softened and wondering, resolving never to forsake the orphan.

Towards mid-day, M. Gerretz sat down to dinner with his usual carelessness, neither sadder nor gayer than ordinary, as if death had not entered his house. He dined without speaking; but at the end of the meal he desired the maid to bring a bottle of Rhine wine. Now, during the lifetime of Madame Gerretz, this wine was only brought out on a holiday.

'Father,' said Louise firmly, but with a tremulous voice—'father, to-day is not a holiday.'

M. Gerretz gave her one of those dull stupid looks peculiar to intoxication; then seized the ale, and emptied the jug. He rose from table, and went towards the mill as usual, resigned to be guided by his daughter, as formerly by his wife.

When Louise had put all things by, as was her mother's custom, she called Paul, and taking the boy's two hands in hers, said: 'Listen to me, Paul, for thou art of an age to understand. I know thou hast a good heart, and art no ordinary child.'

'Speak, sister,' answered Paul, fixing his large dark eyes on the blue ones of Louise.

'Well,' said she, 'we will immediately ask our father to send you to Leyden to learn painting from Jacques Van Zwanenburg.'

'Oh, my sister, my good little sister,' cried Paul, throwing himself into her arms.

'You see, Paul, this is not a trifling matter that we are about to attempt. We are thwarting our father's plans, who will not fail to reproach me if we find not happy results. It will cost much money, and we are poor: above all, it will separate me from you, Paul, and so bitter a loss as ours should draw closer family ties.'

Paul kissed his sister's hand. 'Listen,' said he; 'a feeling within

me says : " Go, and thy sister will rejoice at it one day ! " Let me then depart ; and if ever I cause you sorrow, love me not, but condemn me, for I shall then be the most ungrateful wretch on earth.'

' If our father consents, Paul, we will go together to-morrow. I will take you myself to Van Zwanenburg, and then we shall have one more day to be together.' She wept as she said this. ' But it is for your good, Paul, so take courage. Let us go to meet our father, and gain his consent, then you shall set off to-morrow morning.'

Jacques Gerretz was walking up and down beside his mill, when he saw Louise and Paul approaching him. Jacques, it may be observed, was something of a sot and simpleton—a man easily misled by companions, and though heartless and selfish, not a positive villain. He was glad, in the first instance, to allow his wife to earn the family bread, and now had no objection that his daughter should perform the same useful piece of duty. He was desirous of educating Paul for a learned profession, so that he might derive a little glory from his son's exertions ; and on this project he had some time set his heart, without, however, taking any personal trouble to bring it about.

Louise approached him with modest firmness. ' Father,' said she, sitting down on a bench, and drawing the trembling Paul close to her—' father, we are come to ask a favour.'

' Indeed ! ' said M. Gerretz, with a sullen look. ' I understood that Mademoiselle Louise was accustomed to command, not to entreat.'

' Father,' replied the young girl, her eyes full of tears—' father, have I been so unfortunate as to have offended you ? '

' I never said so ; you are a very good girl,' replied M. Gerretz, moved by the trouble of Louise ; ' you must not take what I say seriously, and trouble yourself. It is I who am in the wrong, and who neither deserved the wife I have lost, nor the daughter I have remaining. What dost wish, child ? '

' Paul, father, wishes not to learn Latin any more.'

' And what does he want to do ? '

' To be pupil to an artist at Leyden.'

' He shall not go ! ' exclaimed the father in a voice of passion. The fury of his temper, which had been calmed in the house of death, and by the tender affection of his daughter, was suddenly aroused at this opposition to his wishes on the point on which, of all others, he had set his mind. Nevertheless, Louise ventured to take his hand, and looked at him through the tears which now half-blinded her, as they flowed down her cheeks in all the abandonment of grief. Paul stood silent—motionless : he did not weep ; but a look of anguish passed over his face, then a bright colour flashed to it, and finally, an expression of deep determination settled upon his countenance.

' I *will* be a painter,' said the boy sullenly.

'Hush !' murmured Louise. But the father had heard the word of defiance, and, half-intoxicated, aimed a blow at the child. He escaped from it, but it fell on Louise, and she sank to the earth. At this sight Paul became indifferent to his own danger, raised her up, and bathed her bruised temple from the running stream. It must be confessed that Jacques Gerretz was something shocked at the consequence of his own violence ; but, with that sort of low cunning which often belongs to minds like his, he thought he perceived now a method of mastering the unruly boy.

'Hark ye, young rascal !' he exclaimed : 'you mind not blows any more than my plain orders ; but your sister helps you out in all your disobedience, and if you offend me, I will punish her.'

It is to be supposed he was not quite such a ruffian as to mean what he said. Yet it had the desired effect, and for a time at least there was no more talk of Paul becoming an artist. He even tried to continue studying the much-hated Latin ; but with all Louise's management, affairs did not go on very well ; and the selfish father willingly curtailed expenses by putting a stop to his child's instruction, rather than debar himself of his dram. Released from school, Paul now assisted the work-people at the mill and his sister in the shop ; but though Jacques Gerretz still refused to make his son an artist, the latter found many an hour at his own disposal. The insatiable desire to draw and paint was constantly his, and with the rudest materials—a piece of charred wood for his pencil, and a flour sack for his canvas, or a lump of chalk and the back of the shop door—he would produce designs that might have proclaimed to any one competent to judge, that the soul of a heaven-gifted painter was struggling to declare its mission.

So time passed on for many months. At last Louise observed that her brother had seemed for three or four days more than commonly absent in mind, and more eager than ever to seize every opportunity of withdrawing to a sort of loft near the mill, of which he had been allowed to take possession. This was the boy-artist's first rude studio. One day the careful, thoughtful sister had missed him for a longer time than usual ; and, anxious to know if he was safe at his favourite occupation, yet fearful of disturbing him, she crept softly up the ladder, and before he was conscious of her presence, was looking over his shoulder. She perceived he was at work on a portrait which she instantly recognised as intended for her mother. Yes, there was the patient suffering face, the mild eyes, and gentle expression so familiar to her children. Louise flung her arms round her brother's neck, and kissed him affectionately, though with something of pride in his achievement, and gratitude for his success. The tears sprung to her eyes as she exclaimed : 'Paul, you are right ; you must indeed be a painter !'

It was the artist's first triumph—a triumph mingled, too, with all sweet recollections and affections. For a minute he enjoyed it to

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the full ; but then came up the old bitterness, and he cried : ‘ How can I be a painter, if my father will not allow me to study ? Ah, I should have run away from home, begged my way to Leyden, and then have thrown myself on the compassion of the great artist there. Surely, if he could see my distress, he would have pity on me—but my father’s threat of punishing you, good, kind Louise, has prevented me ! ’

‘ It is well,’ replied the gentle girl, ‘ that there has been a motive to keep you to your duty. Success and happiness would never have been the fruit of disobedience. But come, I have a thought, a hope. I have observed my father often sighs when we speak of our mother. I do believe he sometimes grieves over the sorrow he cost her, and regrets his unkindness. Let us contrive, when he comes home to-day, before he gets mad with that vile liquor, to shew him your picture. Who knows, when he sees what a great thing you have already done, but that he may consent to your going. I am sure, at any rate, the sight of that face will melt his anger, and we need not dread another scene of rage and violence.’

The event proved that Louise was right. The harsh and selfish father, the half-brutalised sot, was subdued by what seemed to him the apparition of the once-loved and much-wronged one. He insisted on keeping the picture, but dismissed his son with a blessing. Paul did not now regret that he had refrained from running away.

Louise was overjoyed, and busied herself in preparing her brother’s clothes and linen for his journey, carefully repairing everything ; and when there was not a button to be sewed on, nor a stocking to be darned, she locked them up in a trunk, and went to fetch her little sisters from school—a joyful surprise which their mother was wont to give them sometimes when she was living. The young children clapped their hands with delight when they heard that Paul was at last happy—that he was to be a painter.

IV.

JACQUES VAN ZWANENBURG.

Before continuing this history, we must say a word regarding the artist to whom Louise was about to consign her brother. Educated by his good and pious mother, who had been a widow for twenty years, Jacques Van Zwanenburg grew up to manhood without knowing any cares or sorrows. His mother, like a guardian angel, watched over him, and surrounded him with happiness. When just entering on his professional career, he had the great misfortune of becoming attached to a beautiful girl, whom he followed everywhere—for her he quitted even his mother. It was blind attachment : the object of it was a heartless flirt. After having encouraged the enthusiastic addresses of the young painter, she married another.

The blow fell heavily, but Jacques bore up under its infliction. 'I will return home,' said he, 'for there I shall suffer less in weeping on my mother's bosom; she will understand me, and comfort me. Thank God, I am not alone in the world! I have still my mother to love me; and a mother's love never deceives, they say.'

Returning home, he hastened on to the door; and as he joyfully pulled the bell, he seemed to have forgotten all he suffered: he rejoiced in the prospect of so soon seeing his mother. His mother was dead!

Jacques became, as it were, insane. For a year he shut himself up, and would see no one. An old servant placed food at his door-sill: sometimes it remained there three days without being touched.

One morning he went to pray on his mother's grave; afterwards he went into the town, bought colours and canvas, and then shut himself up as usual in his chamber. No one recognised in this pale, thin, white-haired austere man, the youth whose bold step, bright eye, and jet moustache had fascinated the girls of the neighbourhood.

Jacques now devoted himself to his art; but another passion had withered his youth and chilled his energies. Even the love of art was powerless to awaken him. He wanted perseverance and daring. Without these, art cannot flourish. Still, he became the head of the then Flemish schools of painting, and numerous pupils solicited as a favour admission into his studio. But this was not easy; for Van Zwanenburg was the oddest and most capricious artist that ever entered a studio. Consciousness of mediocrity, which yet he could not overcome, rendered him sarcastic and severe. A satirical expression contracted his features, and added, if possible, to the bitterness of the raillery with which he provoked those of his pupils whom a mistaken vocation brought to his studio. He left them no illusion; he shewed them their incapacity openly, without preamble or restraint. Fortunate were they if this ignominy was not in presence of the rest. On the other hand, he lavished constant care on the pupils in whom he discerned the fire of genius; but even this care was mingled with harshness. He crushed without pity their wild hopes and dreams. Did they seem to think of fame and honour, he told them of Homer the beggar, Tasso the madman, Ovid the exile, and of renowned painters who lived and died in misery.

But with all this, Van Zwanenburg had an invincible faculty of advancing his pupils in art. Woe to those, however, who obeyed him not in all things, or who wanted patience!—'For,' said the old painter to every pupil, 'without patience, success in art is impossible.'

Hard would it have been for poor Louise to have obtained from him the favour she wished, or even to have seen him personally, had not a happy incident rendered her interview with Van Zwanenburg easy and favourable. We shall see how that happened.

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V.

THE JOURNEY.

Some distance from Leyden, the little carriage in which were Louise and Paul passed by a man who lay extended insensible on the road. Louise jumped out, restored him to consciousness, and wished him to enter the conveyance. Van Zwanenburg, seated near the foot of a tree, watched this proceeding, and felt his eyes moisten with unwonted tears. He rose and addressed the young girl. Louise answered candidly, and by degrees he learned the motive of her journey. The countenance of Van Zwanenburg darkened: he looked severely at Paul, and spoke no more. Soon after, the travellers passed by a forge, which cast a red and splendid glare on the faces of the workmen, contrasting with the gloom of the cavern behind. The child stopped short, clasping his hands with ecstasy.

'Oh, Louise, look, look!' he cried.

'Canst thou sketch this scene?' incredulously asked their taciturn fellow-traveller.

Paul took a pencil, and in a few moments traced a sketch, imperfect no doubt, but one in which the principal effects of light and shade especially were accurately produced.

'Young girl,' said the painter, 'you need go no further. I am Van Zwanenburg, and I admit your brother from this minute to my studio. Go and tell this to your mother.'

'My mother!' repeated Louise mournfully—'my mother! she is in heaven.'

'Yes,' added Paul, 'she is dead. Louise is now our little mother.'

A few questions soon shewed to Van Zwanenburg the sorrows of Louise, her difficult position, and courageous self-devotion. He kissed her brow, and promised to treat her brother as if he were his own son. Then he parted from her, took Paul, and walked with a light step towards Leyden. He breathed easier, he felt better; his misanthropy was partly swept away. It was because Louise had restored to him the faith—without which there can be neither virtue nor joy—faith in the goodness of woman.

VI.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

To the convulsive grief of parting, succeeds generally a moral and physical prostration, which produces for the time a deep sadness. Such were the sensations of Louise on her journey from Leyden to

Leyendorp. A thousand painful ideas passed over her mind, as she half reclined at the bottom of the rude carriage on a heap of straw. Her mother lost for ever, Paul far away, her father continually intoxicated, her two little sisters, the care of the shop; all these thoughts haunted her—past, present, and future were strangely mingled. The night was dark, but now and then a glare from some window as they passed lighted up the young girl's face. The damp of evening penetrated her delicate frame, and all combined to throw her into a sort of waking slumber, which lasted until the conveyance arrived at her door. The driver knocked, but no one answered. He repeated his attempts several times with his stick. The melancholy howling of the house-dog was the only reply. Louise shuddered with terror.

'What can be the matter?' said the old servant who had accompanied Louise. 'Listen; there are noises.'

They now heard an indistinct murmur, and saw lights flashing at a distance. It was M. Gerretz and a group of neighbours, who, greatly agitated, were searching in the wood and the roads adjoining.

'We must give it up,' Louise heard them say.

'Give it up?' cried M. Gerretz, whose energy was now not taken away by intoxication. 'Give up the chance of finding my children lost in the wood?'

'Lost in the wood?' echoed Louise. 'O my God! have mercy on me!'

Then she seemed to acquire supernatural courage and calmness. She asked when they had disappeared. They had gone to gather heath and pick up acorns, and had not been seen since noon.

'For the sake of pity and charity, then,' said she, 'do as I tell you. You are twelve in all; divide, and each one enter the forest, calling aloud, and listen for any answer. At the least noise, go straight to where it proceeds from. My father and I will search this way. Go; and may God bless you for your charity!'

All began anew, encouraged by the energy of Louise. She took the hand of her weeping father, and they entered the wood. They walked more than an hour, and heard nothing. At last Louise fancied she distinguished a sound like a groan. They rushed to the place: it was but the cry of a bird, which fled away in terror at the light of the torches. Louise sank down fainting. Her father fixed the torch between two heavy stones, and tried to chafe the blue rigid hands of the poor child, who at last had lost courage, and wished even to die in her despair.

'And it is I who have caused all this,' sighed M. Gerretz. 'I have lost all my children by my evil ways.' Louise answered not. 'We cannot stay here. Come, Louise.' She tried to rise, but in vain; she fell back on her knees. 'She cannot walk,' said M. Gerretz; 'I must carry her.' And as he took her in his arms, he let fall the torch and extinguished it.

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Next morning M. Gerretz, pale, and scarcely able to support himself, returned home, carrying his daughter, insensible, in his arms. The neighbours had brought back his two children. One was a corpse, the other scarcely gave any signs of life, but afterwards recovered.

M. Gerretz felt that this calamity had arisen from his neglect and carelessness, and for a little while he benefited by the lesson, inasmuch as he somewhat refrained from the excesses in which he had used to indulge, and seemed to take more interest than before in his family. But it is only when right principle is aroused, and a strong will is possessed, and marshalled on the side of determined reformation, that the evil habits of years are overcome. Jacques Gerretz soon relapsed into the indulgence of his old vices.

It would be very difficult to describe the trials which beset Louise for the next few years. To be up early and late, to work hard, and to spend little, were things which she considered it her duty to do, and at which she did not repine. But it was a hard trial for her to see the fruits of her industry swept away by her father's improvidence: it was difficult for her to save, as she strove hard to do, a trifle of money with which occasionally to supply her darling brother; and not altogether easy to control, without parental authority, her younger sister. Thérèse was growing up a high-spirited and somewhat self-willed girl. Too young to have profited by her mother's lessons of forbearance and self-denial, she did not perceive the beauty of her sister's character, or understand the value of her precepts. She thought it hard to be curbed in the enjoyment of pleasure; and when Louise in a gentle voice expostulated with her, and pointed out the disgrace of debt, and the misery which always follows it, she was either totally inattentive, or pretended to laugh at what she called her careful sister's needless fears. Louise, for many reasons, was unwilling to complain of her sister to her father; first, because she disliked the office of fault-finder, and complaints would most likely tend only to sever her sister yet more from her; and, secondly, Gerretz, like all toppers, was afflicted with an evil and unreasonable temper, and, according as the mood might be, would either punish the little girl too severely, or fail to perceive her fault at all. But it was during the long illness which preceded his death that the trials of Louise were at the highest. It was her part to superintend the business, manage the family, and nurse the querulous old man.

One day, after having been for some hours occupied in the shop, she entered her father's chamber, and was struck by observing that he was in one of his morose humours—in fact, more ill-tempered than ever. Presently she noticed that he was clutching in his hand a little canvas bag, in which she was in the habit of keeping certain moneys which she put away for the purpose of paying the rent of the shop and the corn-merchant. She knew that he must have been

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searching in a little closet where, for security, she was in the habit of hiding the bag; for where honest people have the management of a family, of which there are extravagant members, it is very excusable for them to resort to an innocent artifice of that kind.

‘So, Mademoiselle Gerretz,’ said the sick man, addressing her with a formal coldness which pierced to her heart, ‘you have thought proper to deceive your old father, and plead a poverty which does not exist, to deprive him of the generous wine that might have spared him this illness, and have debarred your young sister of the pleasures so natural to her age; and all to indulge in the miserly habits which of all things I detest.’

The improvident, be it remembered, commonly detest prudence.

‘Father,’ exclaimed Louise, ‘the money you have found is not mine—scarcely yours. I put it away to pay our rent, and to satisfy the claims of our corn-merchant.’

‘The rent-day is yet two weeks off,’ replied Gerretz sulkily, ‘and you did not tell me that Giles Ransenan had sent in his account. He ought to wait the convenience of such good customers as we are.’

‘Father,’ said Louise, ‘it seems to me we ought not to wait for the rent-day to arrive, and the bill to be sent in, before preparing our accounts. Oh, do not use that money for any other purpose, I beseech you.’ And as she spoke, the poor girl took hold of his arm, as if to add force to her entreaty.

‘I will have a flask of wine,’ replied Jacques Gerretz: ‘here, take this gold piece and send for one.’

But when Louise beheld the sacred hoard thus broken on, her grief increased.

‘I will have the wine,’ continued the old man: ‘if you have other money, use it, and I will replace this.’

‘I have no other money—there is no other money in the house,’ and she wrung her hands in despair.

‘Then send for the wine, I command you. The world is come to a pretty pass if men are to be governed by girls.’

Next morning, Louise arose with calm resolution, and opening a box in which she was accustomed to keep the things she most valued, she took from it a gold cross, almost the only remaining relic of her beloved parent, and placed it, with the hoarded money, in the little bag—which she had recovered from her father when he had supplied his wants from its contents—determined, if need be, to give that up rather than prove a defaulter. In seeking it, she had come across the portrait painted by Paul, and she fancied her mother’s gentle face smiled approval of her conduct.

Such for a time were the hard trials of Louise.

VII.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Autumn—that season so majestic, and yet so melancholy on the banks of the Rhine—autumn had brought back Van Zwanenburg from the little farm where he was wont to pass the summer-time. Ten years had introduced many and salutary changes in the painter's household. The good angel who had caused this was Louise Gerretz, whom, on the death of her father, he had received into his house, and adopted as his own child, together with her brother Paul. The young girl was now changed into the active, brave-hearted woman of twenty-five; not beautiful—for the features of Louise wanted regularity—but there was a sweetness, an expression of goodness in her smile, that won all hearts. The artist and his pupils blessed the day when Louise came among them. She was always ready to watch over the sick, console those who were mortified with ill success in art, and encourage with kind words those who cast aside their pencils in despair.

The love and confidence of Van Zwanenburg knew no bounds; the influence of Louise softened his heart, and won him from his misanthropy. His dearest wish was, that she should be united in marriage to his nephew, Saturnin Vanderburck. The proposal came upon Louise unexpectedly. She had never thought seriously of the attentions of Saturnin, but when she learned the plans of her adopted father, and saw herself the object of attachment by the young man, she gave her whole heart to him, as the person to whom she was about to be united in the tenderest bonds for life. Saturnin, who was good and amiable, without any brilliant qualities, returned her affection with sincere attachment; and each day her feelings for him assumed more of character and energy, so that at last they merged into that strong devoted love which can only be felt by a young maiden, whose heart has been until then untouched.

The marriage-day approached, and Louise gave herself up to sweet dreams of love and happiness, when her young sister, Thérèse, returned from Brussels, where she had been taken by a rich aunt, who promised to leave all her fortune to the children of Jacques Gerretz. That aunt was dead, and Thérèse came to reside near her sister at Leyden. It was then that Saturnin saw Thérèse, and loved her. In vain he reproached himself with the meanness of his conduct, and wished to stifle his passion. One evening he took the hand of Thérèse, and she suffered it to remain. From that time she dared not meet the eyes of Saturnin; and it was a bitter punishment for the young man to be near his betrothed, to hear her talk of love, and happiness, and the future. No suspicion agitated the heart of

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Louise ; far from it : she delighted in the affection of her lover towards Thérèse, and the single-hearted girl went dreaming on, nor thought of the sad waking.

Louise went to the kitchen, heedless why she came ; and then, after having sought her own chamber to calm her mind, she descended to the garden to cool her blushing cheek. This ramble suited her present mood, at once happy and sad ; for, says the poet,

‘Happiness is oftentimes grave.’

She strolled leisurely through the long alleys, over which the pale moon cast fantastic lights and shadows. Louise, after some minutes, stayed her walk opposite an immense oak, which put her in mind of the trees which she had watched in childhood, from the house where her mother died. Sad recollections came over her ; she thought of this beloved mother. She thought of her own promise to be a mother to her little sisters ; it seemed as if this vow exacted some new sacrifice. A dark presentiment fell on the heart of the young Fleming ; it seemed that a pitiless hand was about to despoil her of her happiness. She re-entered the house precipitately. As she traversed the dark corridor, she heard two voices whispering. She stopped ; it was Saturnin and Thérèse. ‘I will do my duty,’ Saturnin was saying : ‘I will wed Louise. I will try to hide from her that I have loved another, even though I die through it. Adieu, Thérèse ; adieu.’ Thérèse wept bitterly.

Poor Louise ! It seemed that it was her destiny—surely for some great and wise purpose—that she should be called on again and again to sacrifice her own feelings, peace, and pleasures for the good of others. Not in vain did she live, if only to shadow forth the beauty of a generous, self-denying nature. And to the virtuous, the exercise of virtue is uniformly its own reward.

VIII.

LOUISE.

The art of painting was then, as now, divided into two schools—Ideality and Reality. Van Zwanenburg belonged to the latter—to the school of nature. His poetry consisted not in elegant forms, in skies resplendent with brilliancy, trees whose every leaf reflected the golden sunlight. No : his bruised heart sought after gloom. The sombre interior of a cabaret, the orgies of rude boors, or the gray sky of Flanders, its chilly rain and muddy roads—these were his favourite subjects.

‘Work !’ repeated he to Paul Rembrandt, who, following the custom of the artists of his time, had changed his name. ‘Work !’ he used to say, when, discouraged himself, he threw aside his pencils and

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quitted his easel, overwhelmed by his powerlessness to express in art what was in his soul and imagination—‘work, Paul, for in thee my genius and my glory now rest. I see no longer but with thee, and by thee I shall be consoled for my obscurity, if thou attainest to fame ; thou wilt be my work.’

And the silent Paul, hid in the darkest and most solitary corner of the studio, without answering his master or speaking to his comrades, or noticing their pictures, gave himself up with passionate energy to the labours of his art. Being constantly with the misanthrope Jacques, he had imbibed slowly, but in a way that could not be effaced, the bitter ideas of his adopted father. This deep melancholy and contempt of mankind suddenly increased ; and many were the tales told by the other students, who were frozen by the haughty, almost rancorous reserve of their comrade. The most probable version was, that despised love gave to Rembrandt such enmity to mankind ; but whatever the reason was, it was merely conjectured.

The grief which devoured Paul Rembrandt was a longing after fame. His obscurity weighed him down. Like a mute who despairs of expressing his idea, so Paul became enraged when his skill in art failed to express his genius. When he had finished a painting, he brought it to his master, who looked at the canvas long and earnestly. Then he would say to Paul : ‘ Child, you are stammering yet,’ and turn away without saying a word more. Paul resisted his master’s judgment, accused him of want of taste and justice ; sometimes he even hinted at jealousy, quitted the studio, remained days without seeing Van Zwanenburg, and entered on some wild excursion. Then he would return, and be seen to take his accustomed seat in the studio and begin again.

Paul Rembrandt had finished a picture during a country excursion. As usual, he came to shew it to his master. It was the interior of Paul’s own birthplace ; the old house, with its sombre courtyard and large gate, all represented with that splendid effect of light and shade which Rembrandt alone seems to have understood, for he employed it first, and none after him could reproduce it.

This time Van Zwanenburg’s gray eyes brightened up, his hand trembled with joy ; he was so moved, that he was obliged to lay the picture down to dry his eyes, which were dimmed with joyful tears. Then he took the painting again, and silently examined it anew. Meanwhile Paul, breathless and pale, watched his master, feeling indescribable pleasure at his heart. Van Zwanenburg laid the picture gently on the easel ; then he uncovered his bald, venerable head, and bent respectfully. ‘ Master,’ said he, ‘ it is no longer I who should rule here, but you.’

The pupils, surprised and moved by this solemn, touching scene, gathered round Paul’s picture, and congratulated him with an eager joy, which would have softened any other person. But Rembrandt, without answering or thanking them, always sad and gloomy, went

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away to hide in some solitary place his deep emotions, his triumph, and an indescribable feeling of mournful despair.

‘He has understood me,’ thought he; ‘but will others think like this old man? When shall I receive, in exchange for my genius, glory, honours, and riches? Oh, how agonising is this delay!’

Meanwhile Van Zwanenburg, having dismissed his pupils, called Louise, who was deep in the cooking of a magnificent goose, destined for the crowning dish of the morrow’s banquet. Louise entered the studio, and inquired of Jacques Van Zwanenburg why she was sent for. The old painter took her hand, and led her before the picture. At first she was deeply moved at the sight of the house where she was born; then—already a little initiated in the appreciation of art, thanks to the incessant conversations she heard on the subject—Louise shewed the admiration she felt for a work so perfect. ‘My worthy friend,’ said she, leaning on the old man’s arm, ‘this time you need not tell me that the cage restrains the eagle’s wings—it has soared boldly and high. This is your finest work; it leaves all the former ones far behind.’

Jacques regarded her mournfully, and sighed. ‘This picture is not mine, Louise, it is your brother’s.’

Tears of joy filled the young girl’s eyes, and stole down her cheeks in showers. Then she folded her hands, knelt down, and thanked God with a bursting fulness which penetrated the chilled heart of the painter.

‘I jealous of my son—of my pupil?’ said he to himself. ‘No; far from me be such a wicked thought!’

He put on his mantle, gave Paul’s picture to a servant, and departed immediately, without saying a word to any one of his intentions, not even to Louise, who was seeking her brother everywhere, to embrace and congratulate him. Paul did not return until near bedtime. He retired immediately, when he heard his door softly opened, and Louise entered, stepping carefully. ‘Sleepest thou, Paul?’ she said gently.

‘No; but why come at such an hour? What pressing affair brings you?’

She took both his hands in hers, and looked tenderly in his face. ‘And thy picture Paul; thou dost not, then, wish me to congratulate thee?’

This time the gloomy Paul was unable to resist the emotions which agitated him. ‘My sister, my good sister!’ he cried, drawing her towards him; ‘my sister, my *mother*!’

Half of the night passed by in sweet confidence and love; and when they separated, and Louise sought her own room, she said at the end of her prayer that night: ‘I thank thee, O my God, for having touched my brother’s heart, and taken pity on his sadness; more still, for having chosen me to comfort him.’

Alas! next morning Paul had relapsed into his melancholy.

IX.

THE PICTURE.

Van Zwanenburg had not said whither he was going to take the picture of Paul, for he wished secretly to give him a greater pleasure and success. There was at Leyden a rich picture-dealer, and Van Zwanenburg desired that he should be the one to purchase at a good price the picture of the young Rembrandt. Unfortunately, Eustache Massark, the broker, not knowing its value, refused to take the work. This disagreeable intelligence was brought to the old painter at the same moment when, thanks to the communicative influence of wine, he was revealing to Paul the mystery of his negotiation. 'They shall pay thee well,' he was saying; 'they shall pay thee a hundred florins, not one less; and they shall not have it at all if they are hard to please. There are dealers and connoisseurs at the Hague, and there will we go. But see, here is Master Bronsmiche, whom I desired to bring the answer of Master Eustache Massark. Well?'

'Well!' echoed Bronsmiche, hesitating.

'Speak, and speak loud! Why this mystery? Everybody knows from whence thou comest. Speak, and quickly too!'

'This Massark knows no more than my iron shoe,' answered Bronsmiche, pressed on all sides: 'he will not give a hundred florins for the picture.'

'And pray, what offers he?' asked Van Zwanenburg disdainfully. 'How much offers this Master Massark, the picture-broker?'

Bronsmiche bent down to the painter's ear.

'Speak aloud, you eternal mystery-monger, and give yourself less importance. Well, go on; this Massark offers'—

'Nothing! He will not have it at any price; he would not take it gratis. These are his own words.'

The face of Van Zwanenburg became scarlet. Paul Rembrandt, pale and agitated, forced himself to keep calm: some pupils smiled; all cast down their eyes.

'Go and tell Massark that he is an idiot, an ignoramus, an ass!'

'My father, my father, be calm,' stammered Paul; and he led away the old man, still loudly vociferating.

'This conceited Paul will fall sick with vexation,' muttered one of the pupils, while the two painters were leaving the studio.

'Sick! he will die of it, I am sure.'

'Oh, I hope this little lesson will make him modest and polished.'

All rejoiced at Paul's humiliation, for Paul had humiliated their self-love. Louise, absorbed in her own sorrows, only learned these events by their consequences—that is to say, the sudden illness of Van Zwanenburg. But when the old man had sunk into a comfort-

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able slumber, Louise re-entered her chamber, and there sounded the depths of her own heart, and its bitter wounds. Saturnin loved her not—he whom *she* loved with her whole soul. The words of love which he had uttered were all lies ; he was deceiving her ; and it was Thérèse, her sister, who joined with him in deluding a poor confiding, unsuspecting girl ! Well, if they had done so, they should suffer for their treason. She would marry Saturnin ; true, she would be wretched, but then he would be miserable also. She rose abruptly, walked about, heedless of everything, breathless, disordered ; her chest suffocated, her cheeks burning. All at once she stopped before the portrait of her mother. Then she felt her heart melted, and abundant tears solaced her.

When the first rays of morning penetrated her little chamber, they lit up the pale face of Louise, as she knelt with clasped hands still in prayer. Then, brave and resolute, she arose and sought Master Van Zwanenburg, who, though ill and sad, was walking up and down the garden.

‘Never, never !’ he cried passionately, in reply to the first words of Louise. ‘Nothing can persuade me to yield to your solicitations !’

Louise was obliged to retire, her petition ungranted. It was the first time in her life that such a thing had happened ; the first time that ever Van Zwanenburg had addressed Louise in this *brusque*, imperious tone. She had asked of him the hand of Thérèse for Saturnin !

When the pupils of Van Zwanenburg arrived at the usual hour, they could not understand the general confusion in the artist’s house. Every one appeared agitated ; the two servants came and went, uncertain what they were about ; Louise was not at her usual seat, from whence she was wont to bend her head in salutation, without giving up her sewing ; and Thérèse, above all—the pretty Thérèse, who was always found lingering in Saturnin’s way—Thérèse was not in the studio, though she, as well as her lover, used to invent five or six ingenious reasons for gliding in there. But what was most wonderful and unheard of, was, that deep silence reigned in the studio. The measured step of Van Zwanenburg no longer struck the fir planks of the floor, nor his dry cough and the harsh reproofs of his scolding voice command attention and diligence to those young scapegraces who, chattering in groups, forgot their easels and pencils. Paul Gerretz, or rather *Rembrandt*, as his fellow-pupils called him, alone occupied his accustomed place, and laboured with his usual taciturnity.

Van Zwanenburg forgot his studio and his pupils, because the love of Saturnin and Thérèse, which seemed ingratitude and treason, had brought back in all its energy his old hatred of mankind—hatred which had until now been calmed and lulled entirely by the consolations of Louise, and the ineffable charm shed around her. For seven years he had in vain continued his bitter and sarcastic

words; this hatred and bitterness grew daily more feeble in his heart. But the news of the guilty love of these young people had opened afresh the ancient wound of the painter; and the shock had caused a grief so lively, that even the almost maternal self-devotion of Louise was inefficacious to soften the violence of the blow. His thoughts filled entirely with indignation and projects of future punishment, embittered by the refusal of the broker Massark, which wounded him, both as a painter and a friend, it was with a sort of cruel joy that Van Zwanenburg saw his nephew traverse the corridor of the studio, seeking with his eyes for the absent Thérèse.

‘You are not seeking me, but I am seeking you,’ said the old artist in a severe tone, and he conducted to the bottom of the garden the poor young man, who was struck with a strange fear. ‘You are a shopkeeper—nothing but a vile shopkeeper! By a foolish condescension I have suffered you to enter my studio and my house at all hours; I have treated you as my own son; I have sought your happiness, and wish to confide to you what I have most precious, an angel, the model of affection and virtue. Answer me!—how have you repaid me for so many benefits, ungrateful wretch?’

Saturnin started.

‘Yes, ungrateful! I repeat it—a vile and miserable wretch, who deceives the adopted daughter of his friend and the sister of his betrothed; who would dishonour the one, and plunge the other in sorrow. Listen to me, Saturnin; between us two there is henceforth nothing in common. I chase you from my house; I forbid you ever entering it. Madman that I am, to have forgotten the cruel experience of my youth! Madman, to have believed in the probity of a man! Begone! and never more appear in my presence!’

Saturnin, thunderstruck, fell, feeble and suppliant, at the knees of Van Zwanenburg. ‘Do not say such words! I am guilty, but my fault is not irreparable. Louise knows not my fatal secret, and my whole life’——

‘Yes, you would deceive her!—you would tell her you love her! Wretch! thinkest thou she could be duped by thy cold-hearted lies?—that her loving heart and clear-sighted affection would not find out a disguise which could not last for ever? Thy fault is monstrous and irremediable. Thou mayest well repent and despair. It is too late! She knows all. Quit my presence for ever!’ And the old man retired, agitated by deep emotion, scarcely knowing what he did.

‘Master Van Zwanenburg, listen to me. What! where are you running to in that way? I bring you good news,’ cried old Bronsmiche, entering.

‘Leave me; I have no time to listen to you.’

‘But you will listen to me for a minute. Master Vanvoustoodt, the famous picture-broker at the Hague, is arrived at Leyden.’

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‘He is a fool, like Massark.’

‘No fool, truly; for he has offered me one hundred florins for Rembrandt’s picture.’

The figure of the old painter seemed to expand, and anger vanished from his heart: he forgot all in his joy at his pupil’s success. He took the purse from the hand of Bronsmiche, ran into the studio, and, without noticing that the room was deserted by the other students, he poured out the gold pieces at the feet of Paul. They rebounded and resounded on the floor with a wonderful melody.

The eyes of Paul Rembrandt gleamed with joy, and he stretched out his hands towards the gold; but, restraining this instinctive movement, he contented himself with gathering together the scattered pieces with his foot.

‘Thanks, master,’ he said coldly, and then turned again to his occupation. But it was vain: his hand trembled, his forehead burned, and his eyes turned furtively from the canvas to that gold whose jingling had produced such an inexplicable sensation on the young man’s nerves. It was not the pleasures, not the comforts which this gold would procure that agitated him so much. No; it was a kind of mournful joy, a sudden instinct revealed in him, like that of a young tiger nourished with milk, whose instinct is discovered all at once at the sight of living prey. But for the presence of Van Zwanenburg, Paul would have risen, have bathed his very hands, as it were, in the gold, have kissed it, and carried it secretly to stow it away under a treble lock, that he might possess it in safety, occupy himself with it without ceasing, and, in the fear of losing it, guard it as one would guard his honour, his life, his soul.

But there was a witness present, and Rembrandt did violence to himself, and restrained the impetuous movements which almost suffocated him. He remained apparently calm and passive.

‘My child, my child, how thou disdainest gold!’ cried Van Zwanenburg, putting the florins back into the purse. ‘I will go and see if Louise is as regardless of them.’ And with childish joy he ran into the apartment of Louise. Seeing her pale and exhausted, he remembered all, and stopped short. Louise tried to smile, but her tears burst forth, and she hid her face in the bosom of the old man.

‘Come,’ said she at last, drying her tears, ‘all this is weakness. Let us see what good news do you bring. A purse full of gold!—the price of Paul’s picture. I see that in your eyes. How content, how happy I am.’ A cold shudder passed over her; she smiled—but what a sad smile to see! She felt suffocating, and opened her little window to breathe more at ease.

‘My father,’ said she, when she was a little recovered, ‘you see I am strong and resigned now. Do not, instead of one, make *three*

persons unhappy. Consent to Saturnin's union with Thérèse—with Thérèse, whose mother I ought to be.'

'Do as you will, Louise. You are so noble, so saint-like, I cannot but reverence and admire you.'

'Well, then, while I go to prepare Thérèse, you, my father, go and seek Saturnin, and bring him hither.' Van Zwanenburg obeyed.

When Louise entered her sister's chamber, Thérèse was leaning on a table, her face covered with her hands, overwhelmed with the deepest sadness. Louise came softly, and sat down by her side.

'My child,' said she, 'why this sadness? why this trouble?'

Thérèse sobbed, and cast down her eyes.

'Have you no more confidence in me? Am I no longer your sister—your mother?'

'Have I given you reason to doubt my love and gratitude?' said Thérèse with harshness, for trouble embittered her.

Louise took her sister's hand. 'Thérèse, our adopted father wishes my marriage, as you know.'

'Yes, I know and I rejoice at this marriage.' What joy! Her white and convulsed lips could scarcely articulate the words.

'I have reflected much on this project,' said Louise, 'and I fear it will give neither me nor Saturnin happiness.'

Thérèse looked at her with an incredulous air.

'Master Van Zwanenburg is accustomed to my cares; Paul, our brother, with his artist-like apathy and severe disposition, claims them equally; for myself'—— She wished to say that this union would be joyless to her, but she could not utter such words; her voice failed her—'I have formed other plans, Thérèse.'

Thérèse listened earnestly.

'These plans concern thee a little, Thérèse.'

'Me, Louise?'

'Yes, thee, my child. If I do not marry Saturnin, why should thou not marry him?'

'My sister, my sister, do not tell me this; you will kill me,' cried Thérèse, falling on her knees before her sister.

'Be calm, my child, and listen to my words. Thou wilt be the wife of Saturnin.'

'No, no, that is impossible; I would not accept such a sacrifice. You love Saturnin. No—I cannot, my sister; I cannot do it.'

At this moment Van Zwanenburg appeared with Saturnin. Louise beckoned him to advance beside Thérèse; and whilst the two lovers, their hands clasped in each other's, looked in one another's eyes with tears and smiles, Louise said in deep emotion: 'May they be happy!'

The old artist regarded her with admiration, mingled with pity. 'My daughter, my child,' murmured he, stretching out his hand

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towards her. She gave him hers ; it was damp and cold : he pressed it long and affectionately.

‘O my God!’ thought he, ‘forgive me for having doubted the existence of virtue.’

X.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

We must now pass by twenty years—a space of time which appears an eternity in the future, a dream in the past. During this period two mournful events had troubled the heart of Louise, and brought anxiety to her calm and resigned life—the death of Van Zwanenburg, and the marriage of Paul Rembrandt. The death of the old painter happened six years after the marriage of Thérèse and Saturnin. He had been to visit them with Louise—Louise, who found in their happiness the reward of her courageous self-devotion, when time, the softener of all griefs, had changed her sadness into a gentle melancholy. After dinner, Van Zwanenburg took his accustomed sleep. When they came to awaken him he was dead. He passed thus peaceably from time to eternity without pain or suffering.

The marriage of Rembrandt happened soon after, and made the condition of Louise still more desolate. One fine morning Paul led into the house where Louise ruled a young and pretty peasant girl. ‘Sister,’ said he, ‘behold my wife.’ And Louise had soon a jealous and formidable rival in her household cares, and in the affection of her brother.

After three years of patience, Louise quitted, with sorrow, the house of Rembrandt, to live alone in a small house which she had purchased near the most solitary part of Leyden. Prayer, occupation of various kinds, and frequent visits to Saturnin and Thérèse, filled up her time, and she bore with resignation the lengthened void of her days. After this, Rembrandt suddenly quitted Leyden, without taking leave of Louise—without embracing her—and went to dwell in Amsterdam, where he remained seventeen years, without once writing to his sister. After this long term of forgetfulness and injustice, Louise one day received a letter, the writing of which made her heart throb.

‘Sister, my wife is dead—my son is travelling—I am alone.

PAUL REMBRANDT.’

Next morning Louise, having embraced her sister and brother-in-law, set off to Amsterdam. The carriage arrived there at nightfall. Having passed through the richest and most elegant quarters of the town, it turned towards dark wet streets, mostly inhabited by Jews.

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At the end of one of these stood a dark and gloomy-looking house, before which was a wall of ten or twelve feet, pierced by one little door, through which a man could not pass without stooping. This door led to a court, guarded by two enormous mastiffs, chained at the foot of a flight of stone steps. On the steps was an old man of an unpleasant figure, who might have been taken for a Jew merchant. It was Rembrandt.

His sister could scarcely recognise him; and Paul, cold and sombre as in youth, received the tender caresses of Louise, not with indifference, but with sadness. Then he took her by the hand, and conducted her silently through the house, whose poverty-stricken appearance could not but discourage her. This visit terminated, he led Louise towards an apartment not less repulsive, on the hearth of which peat was burning, without flame, but with a strong and unpleasant odour. Taking an arm-chair, he offered it to Louise, and sat down himself in front of her.

‘Sister,’ said he, ‘have you courage to inhabit this melancholy house? to live here alone with me? to receive no visits but from Jews and silver-merchants? Sister, do you feel that you have sufficient courage for this?’

‘My brother, if I can render you happy’—

‘Happy!—me?’ answered Rembrandt—‘happy! Do you think there is any happiness for the man who believed but in gold? for the man who has seen all his illusions vanish? I have loved glory, and have found but distaste beneath my fame; for I have never felt the joys of triumph, but all the bitterness of jealousy and hatred. Love!—I have loved once in my life. I said to myself she is poor, without education, without family; she will owe all to me, and through gratitude she will give me happiness—that old fool Van Zwanenburg suffered me to believe in gratitude. Once in my house, the humble peasant-girl became haughty: she commanded, overturned, disposed everything. She vexed me, opposed me, answered my orders with menaces, my threats with insults; in short, she made my life a hell. My son—my son made away with my heritage, contracted debts which he engaged to pay after my death, and made pretexts without end to obtain my permission for his travelling, that he might leave me. He was weary of his father! My wife is dead; he is departed. I wished to live alone, but solitude troubles me. In the midst of this desolation I have felt the need of a comforter; and I have seen with despair that in my heart, which I thought so dried up, there is still an intense desire for affection. Then I thought of you, Louise, whose whole life has been self-devotion. Yes, Louise, I am sure of it—you will bear the caprices of my strange humour, and when you see me absorbed in amassing gold, you will not despise the miser, but pity him.’

Louise took her brother’s hand, and looked in his altered face with speechless tenderness. He continued:

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'Pity me! Yes, Louise, for one pities the poor wretch who has no other resource to seek oblivion of his sufferings than the degradation of drunkenness. I, even I, have sought this relief; but my frame has suffered; yet the consciousness of misery has never left me even under such influence. It is gold alone—the love of gold—that can warm my heart, and produce a charm which can suspend my griefs for a time. Therefore I have sought for gold, and relinquished everything good and noble to gain it. I have compelled those who wished to purchase my pictures to cover them with gold; and I have wrought night and day to produce those pictures. The money which is borrowed from me I do not lend, but sell; so that I am rich—immensely rich. No one here knows it, or they would rob me. No!—but thou shalt know it, Louise, and thou shalt see my treasures. We will go together to the place where they are hid, and thou shalt count not one, but hundreds of tons of gold. They think me poor here, because I wear an old doublet, and work like the most mercenary of mankind. Think, Louise—gold in such quantities that you may bathe your hands in it even to the elbows; and move your feet in it, from whence roll waves of gold, whose music is so sweet, Louise, so sweet! And it is all mine! Men would kill body and soul to obtain such. I have wherewith to satisfy the caprices of a king, and yet I will not. No, Louise; I love better to keep my gold.'

Louise sighed.

'Thou considerest me a madman? Yes, I am mad; but is it my fault, Louise? I had not been thus but for that woman who has crushed my heart—who for twenty years has made me suffer all imaginable tortures—that woman whom I loved so passionately. Louise, if thou hadst always been beside me, I should have been good still; I should never have given myself up without restraint to so monstrous a passion. But I have suffered—I do suffer so much! If thou couldst know it, thou wouldst pity me.'

Louise wept.

'Thanks for your tears, sister; they do me good; they comfort me. It is so long since I have revealed my sufferings to a friendly eye.'

Rembrandt was silent, and spoke no more that night. Next day Louise once more took charge of her brother's household; and until the death of this renowned artist, she consecrated herself to his comfort, fulfilling with silent and devoted zeal the most painful domestic duties. Not a murmur arose in her mind. Never did she regret what she had undertaken, in spite of the severity and injustice of Rembrandt.

Thus eight years of self-devotion passed, during which neither her patience nor her tenderness for her brother failed for an instant. Louise had always a balm for her brother's griefs, consolation for his complainings. She was always ready at his side to render him

assistance, and departed not for a bitter word or a fit of passion. 'My poor brother,' she would say to herself; 'how he is to be pitied. What must be his sufferings, since he can speak to me thus!'

But in spite of this strange misanthropy, never had the talent of Rembrandt been more sublime and admirable. 'It seems,' said Descamps, speaking of the later works of this great Flemish artist—'it seems as though he had invented art, not found it. He loved sudden transitions from light to shadow, and carried this fancy to the greatest extent. To acquire it, his studio was so disposed that the principal light came upon its gloomy recesses from a solitary opening in the roof, a sort of trap-door, by which the artist cast the light at his will on the place he wished to illuminate.

Rembrandt sketched his portraits with precision, and a mixture of colours peculiar to himself; he then went over this preparation with vigorous touches, putting in intensely dark shadows. His heads were exactly after nature, even in defects. This style of portrait-painting was not much to the taste of many persons. Rembrandt cared little for that. He said one day to a person who approached too near to the painting on which he was engaged, that *a picture was not intended to be smelled at, and the odour of paint was very unhealthy*. He seized at once the character of each physiognomy, not embellishing nature, but imitating her so simply and truthfully, that the heads seem to start from the canvas.

Rembrandt's manner of painting was a species of magic. None ever knew better than he the effect of different colours. He put each tone in its place with so much justness and harmony, that he was not obliged to mingle them, and thereby lose the freshness of the tints. By an admirable knowledge of *chiaroscuro*, he produced the most astonishing effects.

Toward the end of his life, Rembrandt excelled not less as an engraver. His manner was entirely original: he devoted himself wholly to the general effects, without descending to particulars; and he attained his end. Rembrandt would never engrave in presence of any one: his secret was a treasure, and he never imparted it, so that to this day his manner of commencing and finishing his plates is entirely unknown.

Meanwhile the faculties of Rembrandt became more feeble; at last he did not quit his chamber; and soon took entirely to his bed. He shewed deep suffering at this, and redoubled his taciturnity during eight days. At the end of this time, one night when his sister was sleeping in an arm-chair beside him, he called her name in a gentler tone than ordinary. She rose instantly, and ran eagerly to him.

'Sister,' said he, 'I shall soon die; but I am about to ask a favour of thee: do not refuse me.'

'What is it, my brother?'

'Refuse me not, or thou wilt throw me into despair. Raise the trap-door beside my bed, that I may once more look at my treasure.'

Louise did as the sick man desired. When the trap-door was opened, and the lamp-light shone into the depth of the hollow place glittering on the gold pieces, the face of Rembrandt brightened, his eyes filled with tears, he extended his hands, he muttered unintelligible words. A mother about to quit her children could not use more touching and tender expressions.

‘Adieu,’ he murmured feebly; ‘adieu, my life, my soul!—adieu for ever! Must I quit you, lose you, never more possess you? Louise, I wish to be buried here. Thou wilt not tell any one that I am dead, nor that my treasures are here—not even my son. He is an ingrate, who forgets me; a prodigal, who would dissipate my wealth. Do as thy brother implores thee on his death-bed, Louise, and I will bless thee—bless thee from heaven!’

‘Reflect, my brother,’ said Louise; ‘may not your own harshness have estranged your son from you? May not your penuriousness towards him have helped as completely to keep him in real ignorance of the value of money, as an opposite extreme would have done? He knows you are rich; all the world knows you have gold; all tradesmen are willing to trust him, believing that you must pay: there is not much wonder that he plays the prodigal.’

‘He has no love for his old father,’ murmured the sick man, ‘or he would not pain me thus in the tenderest point. Oh, Louise, no one has loved me but you, and you shall have my gold; but keep it—bury it: promise to me—swear to me that he shall not have it.’

‘I will not take so wicked an oath,’ said Louise meekly, ‘but if you wish it, I will take charge of your gold—bestow a portion of it in deeds of charity, and transfer the remainder to your son from time to time, according as he may appear to know its uses.’

Rembrandt turned uneasily on his pillow. He wept, and sobbed, and wished to rise and go to his treasure. Never was grief more expressive, nor despair more fearful. A long fainting fit followed this strange scene. But when Rembrandt recovered his consciousness, an inexpressible change had taken place: his countenance shone with solemn majesty; death at this last hour had divested the artist’s soul of the mud of earth, and made it appear in its own sublime grandeur.

‘Louise,’ said he, ‘do as you will with my gold; my eyes are opened to a new and celestial light, of which I have dreamt in the mysterious thoughts of my heart, and towards which all my desires have tended. This knowledge fills up the perpetual void from which I have suffered so much, and inundates my heart with that fulness of joy for which I have thirsted in vain. Life and its miseries, human passions, all lie at my feet like the broken chains of a slave; for God and eternity are before me; angels call me, and cry: “Brother!” Oh let me go and rejoin them; and thou—I will pray to God that thou mayest follow me soon. Angels—my brethren! behold me—I am returning to heaven!’

THE SISTER OF REMBRANDT.

He fell back—Louise held the hand of the dead !

Two months after, when she had fulfilled her promise and restored to the son of Rembrandt, just returned from Italy, the greater part of his father's property, Louise, now very old, undertook a journey to Leyden to see Thérèse, who was sick, and required the care of a sister whom she had seen but twice during ten years. This time, however, her courage was above her strength. Louise died on the journey.

Twelve leagues from Amsterdam, on the road to Leyden; are the ruins of a church, partly destroyed by wars and revolutions, so that the turret and the walls of the cemetery alone remain standing. At one side of this wall is fixed a tablet of black marble, on which is the following inscription :

‘HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF

LOUISE GERRETZ,

WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF NINETY-THREE, IN THIS VILLAGE,
ON A JOURNEY.

MAY SHE REST IN PEACE.’

Few of the curious visit these ruins, and none of those whom chance has led hither suspect the devotion and tenderness of the woman whose remains lie here. And so it is often in the world. While the deeds of conquerors are chronicled, books filled with the account of their doings, countries called after them, and the most trivial actions connected with their lives are thought worth remembering, the heroism of private life remains for the most part unnoticed. And perhaps it is well so ; for the sensitive mind would often be distressed were the details of private sorrows and hidden faults dragged into light. The virtuous members of a family suffer keenly from the disgrace attendant on the faults of the vicious ; and every one must have noticed how very commonly it happens, as in the case of Rembrandt's sister, that the high qualities of the one are drawn out by the sufferings which fall on them in consequence of the errors of the other. There is a story of a nobleman being led to execution for some imputed political offence, when his servant, pitying his case, cried out : ‘Oh, that you should die innocent !’ ‘Would you have me die guilty ?’ replied his master. The application of this anecdote is evident. All the sufferings of the evil-doers are heightened by remorse ; but the brave and virtuous, whose path lies in undoing the harm the wicked have done, are upheld by the consciousness of right, and the sweet reflection that sorrow, when it comes, is not of their own bringing. A moment's thought must convince us how much more important is the cultivation of the domestic virtues, than the performance of what the world often erroneously calls great

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actions. It is a thought almost too vast for the mind, yet one it should try to grasp, that the world contains millions of families—small domestic circles, each strong in its hopes, fears, affections, interests. How few of these, either from talent or the accident of position, can ever expect to play what is called a great and distinguished part in the sight of their fellow-creatures!—a poor ambition, after all, and one too often corrupted by selfish motives; but there is none so obscure that he cannot practise the virtues of self-denial, benevolence, truth, justice, and discretion. In leading such a life as this, we must always find the great reward attendant on the performance of our duties. Even one such character in a household spreads peace and happiness around it. If we throw a stone into the water, we observe how the ripples spread wider and wider; and so in human life does the influence of good-conduct extend around us, teaching at the same time by example more forcibly than by precept; and it is an influence no human being is too humble to exert. To fulfil worthily the duties of our station, and the domestic relations of life, in the spirit of justice, love, and charity, is in reality the noblest destiny to which we can aspire. What matters it that the world does not often register such deeds, though it knows, by the sum of human happiness and virtue, that they must have been performed? Is it not written in the holy book: ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted?’





NEWTON

IN the whole range of human science, no subject is calculated to excite such sublime ideas as astronomy; and to its study, therefore, the greatest minds have been directed both in ancient and modern times. Ancient, however, as are the investigations into the relations of the heavenly bodies, a correct idea of the planetary system was scarcely known before the sixteenth century of the Christian era. The theory generally received on that subject by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient nations, and which continued predominant till a comparatively recent period, described the earth as the centre of all the bodies occupying

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space, while the Moon, Venus, Mercury, the Sun, the other planets, and the stars, revolved around it on a succession of solid spheres, at different distances, and at different rates of speed, so as to produce the appearances which are daily and nightly presented to our eyes in the heavens. Six centuries before the commencement of our era, Pythagoras and a few other Grecian philosophers had conceived the notion of a more correct system; but the doctrine that the sun is a fixed body, and the earth only one of a set of planets moving round it, was so opposed to all the appearances, and so shocking to the universal prejudice regarding the stability of the earth, that it seems never to have gained much ground in antiquity even among philosophers. When learning and the arts revived in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, some attention was paid in the universities to astronomy; but the system taught was no better than that which Aristotle, Ptolemy, and other ancient astronomers had sanctioned, and which represented the sun and planets as moving round the earth. The time at length arrived for the revival of the correct notions entertained by Pythagoras and Aristarchus.

COPERNICUS.

NICOLAS COPERNICUS, the modern to whom the honour of reviving that doctrine is due, was born, February 19, 1473, at Thorn, on the Vistula—a place now included in the dominions of the king of Prussia. The father of Copernicus was a native of Westphalia, a part of Germany: he had chanced to settle at Thorn, as a surgeon, about ten years before the birth of his son. Young Copernicus was educated for the profession of medicine at the university of Cracow; but his favourite studies were mathematics, perspective, astronomy, and painting. At an early age, inspired by an eager wish to distinguish himself in astronomy, he proceeded to Italy, and studied that science at the university of Bologna. It is supposed that a discovery of his teacher, Dominic Maria, respecting the changes of the axis of the earth, was what first awakened his mind to the errors of the planetary system then taught. From Bologna he proceeded to Rome, where for some time he taught mathematics with great success—pursuing all the while, as far as circumstances would permit, his astronomical observations.

When he afterwards returned to his native country, his maternal uncle, the Bishop of Ermeland, appointed him a canon in the cathedral of Frauenburg, and at the same time he was nominated by the inhabitants of his native town to be archdeacon in one of their churches. He then resolved to devote his life to three objects—the performance of his clerical duties, gratuitous medical attendance on the poor, and the pursuit of his favourite studies. His residence was

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established in one of the houses belonging to the canons of Frauenburg, on the brow of a height near the cathedral, where astronomical observations could be conducted under very favourable circumstances; and in its walls are still to be seen the openings which he made, in order to observe the passage of stars across the meridian. It is supposed to have been about the year 1507 that he first became convinced of the superiority of the planetary theory of Pythagoras. He determined, however, to be very cautious in adopting, and still more cautious in announcing, an opinion so much at variance with the ordinary ideas of mankind. Mathematical instruments were in that age very rude, and the telescope had not been invented. The only implements which Copernicus had for making observations were two, coarsely framed of fir-wood, with measures marked by lines of ink. Thus provided, he devoted himself for several years to the inquiries necessary for proving his theory; and at length, about the year 1530, he had completed a work in which the whole system was expounded—namely, the immobility of the sun in the centre of the planetary system; while its apparent motion, and the alternations of day and night, were to be attributed to the annual and diurnal movements of the earth.

The doctrines of Copernicus were already known to a considerable number of learned and comparatively enlightened persons, who received them with due respect; and it is creditable to the Roman Catholic Church that several of its dignitaries were among the number. But the bulk of mankind, including their religious teachers, were then comparatively ignorant, and accordingly prejudiced; and however firm the conviction of the astronomer as to the truth of his theory, he yet hesitated to make it public, dreading the opposition it would have to encounter—seeing that it opposed the inveterate prejudices of the learned, and the illusory testimony of the senses. In reasoning, they acted under the guidance of rules which made it scarcely possible for them to ascertain truth, or to acknowledge it when it was presented to them in the clearest light. If anything had been said in former times by a person whose memory they respected, they would not willingly listen to anything which contradicted, or seemed to contradict it. They walked, in short, by authority, and not by the dictates of reflection; and the consequence was, that every new truth which experience or the inquiries of the best minds brought forth, had to contend with the less worthy notions which had come down from earlier and darker ages. Amongst the opinions received by them was that which represented the earth as the immovable centre of the universe. It was sanctioned by the greatest men of ancient times; it had long been taught; it was conformable to the common appearances of things; and various passages in the Scriptures were believed to assert it, though in reality those passages only do not contradict (and this probably for wise purposes) the ordinary ideas of mankind respecting the stability of the earth.

Copernicus only acted, therefore, with necessary caution, when he hesitated to publish the work which had cost him the labour of so many years.

Rheticus, one of the friends to whom he had communicated his theory, at length, in 1540, ventured to give an outline of it to the world in a small pamphlet, which he published without his name. As this excited no disapprobation, the same person reprinted it next year with his name. In both publications the doctrines were ascribed openly to Nicolas Copernicus. About the same time, a learned man, Erasmus Reinhold, in a work which he published, spoke of the new doctrines with the greatest respect, and styled their author a second Ptolemy; for it often happens that the greatest compliment that can be paid to the discoverer of truth is to mention him in the same breath with some founder of error. Copernicus now allowed himself to be persuaded by his friends to publish his work; and it was accordingly put to press at Nuremberg, under the care of some learned persons of that city. But he was now an old man, and it was not his lot to live to see the book published. As soon as it was printed, a copy of it was sent to him by his friend Rheticus, but it only reached him, May 23, 1543, a few hours before he expired. He appeared to be scarcely conscious of the object to which so many years of his life had been devoted. But his mission was accomplished. Committed to the perpetuating operations of the infant printing-press, all danger was over of losing the germ of those great and fertile truths which in our days render astronomy the most perfect of sciences.

The theory of Copernicus was thus brought before the world; but, whether from the death of the philosopher, or because little disturbance of popular notions was anticipated from so learned a work, or from whatever other circumstances, it was visited with no marks of reprobation from any quarter at the time. In proportion, however, as it became known, so did its opponents increase. Those were the days when the fagot and stake made short work with those who presumed to strike out a course of thinking for themselves; and though the author of the system and its immediate adopters passed unmolested, yet during the century which ensued were its followers and supporters persecuted with all the zeal and cruelty that bigotry and ignorant prejudice could devise. Truth, however, is imperishable; and, though repressed and retarded for a season, is ever sure to take its right place among the established beliefs of mankind. And thus it has been with the Copernican theory. We must beware, however, of exaggerating the share of Copernicus in this matter, as is often done. The theory called by his name was really a growth, to which he was only one of many contributors. The merit of having first formed the general notion of the system was due, as we have seen, to Pythagoras; Copernicus has the credit of having, after the lapse of centuries, again drawn the attention of philosophers to it, and of

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having greatly increased the probability of its truth by his calculations and arguments; for the rest, the glory of having matured the idea belongs to Kepler, Galileo, and others, and to Newton, who, through the discovery of the law of gravitation, demonstrated its truth effectually. The most cogent argument that Copernicus could adduce in favour of his system was, the simple way in which it accounted for the chief apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. This, however, made it only probable; and the reasoning with which he sought to prove its truth is of the most illusory kind. He accepts without question the dogma that the sphere is the most perfect figure; and infers that the motions of all the heavenly bodies are circular from the axiom that a *simple* body must move circularly. If a body in falling to the earth moves in a straight line, that is because it is only given to wholes to move circularly, while it is of the nature of parts, separated from their wholes, to move in straight lines. The most useful part of Copernicus's work was that in which he explained, for the first time, the variations of the seasons, the precession of the equinoxes, and the stations and retrogradations of the planets. He could only, however, explain the mean motions; to account for irregularities, he was obliged to introduce a system of epicycles entirely resembling that of Ptolemy.

TYCHO BRAHÉ.

OF eminent astronomers, the next in point of time was Tycho Brahé, who, though adopting the Ptolemaic notion of the earth being the fixed and immovable centre of the universe, yet did good service to the progress of the science by his numerous observations and discoveries. Descended of an ancient and noble family, originally of Sweden, but settled in Denmark, Tycho was born December 14, 1546, at Knub Strup, in the bailiwick of Schönen, the jurisdiction of which was then held by his father. When seven years old, he commenced the study of the classics, his education, as well as that of his brothers, being intrusted to private tutors. His father dying, his uncle sent him, in 1559, to study philosophy and rhetoric at Copenhagen, where it was intended to train him for some civil employment. The great eclipse of the sun on the 21st August 1560 happening at the precise time the astronomers foretold, he began to look upon astronomy as something divine; and purchasing the tables of Stadius, gained some notion of the theory of the planets. His thoughts were now wholly engrossed with astronomy; and though sent by his uncle, in 1562, to study jurisprudence at Leipsic, mathematics, and not law, were the subject of his private labours. It is told of him, that, having procured a small celestial globe, he was wont to wait till his tutor had gone to bed, in order to examine the constellations and learn their names; and that, when the sky

was clear, he used to spend whole nights in viewing the stars. He abandoned the amusements and pleasures fitting for his age, and devoted his pocket-money to the purchase of mathematical and astronomical books, the perusal of which he persisted in, in spite of the remonstrances and rebukes of his preceptor. About this time he also began to apply himself to chemistry, less perhaps for the cause of the science, than with a view to discover the Philosopher's Stone and the grand Elixir of Life—a digression from his astronomical career, prompted no doubt by the natural superstition and enthusiasm of his constitution.

In 1571 he returned to Denmark, and was favoured by his mother's brother, Steno Belle, a lover of learning, with a convenient place at the castle of Herritzvad, near Knub Strup, for conducting his observations and building a laboratory; but marrying a peasant-girl beneath his rank, such a violent quarrel ensued between him and his relations, that Frederick II., king of Denmark, was obliged to interpose to reconcile them. In 1575 he began his travels through Germany, and proceeded as far as Venice, meeting with the kindest attention from various philosophers and crowned heads. This attention, conjoined with certain offers made him by the Landgrave of Hesse, and the greater facility of procuring better apparatus, induced him to think of removing his family to Basel; but Frederick of Denmark, being informed of his design, and unwilling to lose such an ornament to his country, promised (to enable him to pursue his studies) to bestow upon him for life the island of Hveen in the Sound, to erect an observatory and laboratory there, and to defray all the expenses necessary for carrying on his designs. Tycho Brahé readily embraced this proposal; and, accordingly, the first stone of the observatory was laid in August 1576. The king also bestowed on him a pension of two thousand crowns, a fief in Norway, and a canonry, which brought him one thousand more. In this retreat he was visited by various princes; among others, by James VI. of Scotland, when proceeding to Denmark to marry the Princess Anne. This monarch, of literary memory, made the astronomer several presents, and with his own hand wrote some verses in his praise. In Uranienborg, for such he had styled his new erection, he framed a system of the universe which is yet known by his name, and which is a kind of compound of the old Ptolemaic system and that of Copernicus. But though he erred in this conception, we are indebted to him for a more correct catalogue of the fixed stars; for several important discoveries respecting the motions of the moon and the comets, and the refraction of the rays of light; and for valuable improvements in astronomical instruments. Tycho was likewise a skilful chemist, and found in poetry his recreation from severer studies. His Latin poems are said to exhibit considerable merit; but his chemical manipulations partook too much of the alchemy of his day to be of use to future inquirers.

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Happy might our philosopher have been in the castle of Uranienborg, had not his impetuous character, and his fondness for satire, made him many enemies, who prejudiced Christian IV., the successor of Frederick II., against him. On the death of his patron, he was deprived of his pension, fief, and canonry; and finding himself incapable of bearing the expenses of his observatory, he went to Copenhagen, whither he brought some of his instruments, and continued his observations in the city, till Valkendorf, chamberlain to Christian, commanded him, by the king's orders, to discontinue them. He then removed his family to Rostock, and afterwards to Holstein, to solicit Henry Ranzon to introduce him to the Emperor Rodolphus or Rudolf, who was a great friend to astronomy and astrology. Succeeding in his wishes, he was received by the emperor with the greatest civility and respect; provided with a magnificent house, till he could procure one more fit for astronomical observations; allotted a pension of three hundred crowns; and promised, upon the first opportunity, a fief for himself and his descendants. Unluckily, he did not long enjoy this happy situation; for, being suddenly taken ill with a fatal disease, he was cut off on the 24th of October 1601, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was interred with great pomp and ceremony in the principal church of Prague, where a noble monument was erected to his memory; thus, like many other men of eminence, receiving in a strange land the honours that had been denied him in his own.

Tycho was, notwithstanding his faults and weaknesses, a remarkable man for the age in which he lived; his errors and misjudgments being to a great extent those of his era. His skill in astronomy is universally admitted; and though failing to establish his system over that of Copernicus, yet no one can deny him the merit of advancing by his labours the progress of the science. That he was addicted to astrology, presages, and the occult sciences, is true; but these were features of the age more than of individuals: that he was impetuous, sarcastic, and unamiable, is to be regretted; but it must also be admitted that the grossest injustice was done him and the cause of science by the successor of his patron. Most of his works, which were numerous, and written in Latin, are still extant. The Emperor Rodolphus purchased his expensive astronomical and other instruments; but they were mostly destroyed after the battle of the Weisseberg, near Prague, in 1620. A large sextant alone remains in Prague. The famous brass celestial globe, which was six feet in diameter, and cost about a thousand pounds, returned to Copenhagen after various adventures, but perished in the great fire of 1728. The castle of Uranienborg, where he nightly watched and pondered, has long been in ruins, leaving scarcely a trace of its structure and character. All, however, has not perished, nor been fruitless. 'It was the friendship of Tycho,' says an eminent authority, 'which formed Kepler, and directed him in the career of

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astronomy. Without this friendship, and without the numerous observations of Tycho, of which Kepler found himself the depository after the death of his master, he would never have been able to discover those great laws of the system of the world which have been called "Kepler's Laws," and which, combined with the theory of central forces, discovered by Huyghens, conducted Newton to the grandest discovery which has ever been made in the sciences—that of universal gravitation.'

GALILEO.

THE Copernican theory, which Tycho had laboured in vain to supersede, was next received and supported by an Italian philosopher, whose name and history are inseparably interwoven with the progress of astronomy. That illustrious individual, Galileo Galilei, usually known by his Christian name, was born at Pisa in 1564. His father, a Tuscan nobleman of small fortune, caused him to be educated for the profession of medicine at the university of his native city. While studying there, he became deeply sensible of the absurdities of the philosophy of Aristotle, as it had then come to be taught, and he became its declared enemy. That spirit of observation for which he was so distinguished was early developed. When only nineteen years old, the swinging of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral in Pisa, led him to investigate the laws of the oscillation of the pendulum. He left it incomplete, however, and it was brought to perfection by his son, Vincenzo, and particularly by Huyghens, the latter of whom must be regarded as the true inventor of the pendulum as a measurer of time. About this period, Galileo devoted himself exclusively to mathematics and natural science. In 1589, his distinction in the exact sciences gained for him the chair of Mathematics in his native university, where, immediately on his installation, he began to assert the laws of nature against a perverted philosophy. In the presence of numerous spectators, he performed a series of experiments in the tower of the cathedral, to shew that weight has no influence on the velocity of falling bodies. By this means he excited the opposition of the adherents of Aristotle to such a degree, that, after two years, he was forced to resign his professorship. Driven from Pisa, he retired into private life; but his genius being appreciated in another part of Italy, he was, in 1592, appointed Professor of Mathematics at Padua. He lectured here with unparalleled success. Scholars from the most distant regions of Europe crowded round him. He delivered his lectures in the Italian language instead of Latin, which was considered a daring innovation.

During eighteen years which he spent at Padua, he made many discoveries in natural philosophy, which he introduced into his

lectures, without regard to their inconsistency with the doctrines previously taught. Among these may be mentioned his discovery of the rate of descent in falling bodies; certain improvements on the thermometer; some interesting observations on the magnet; and a number of experiments relative to the floating and sinking of solid bodies in water. In 1609, hearing that one Jansen, a Dutchman, had made an instrument by which distant objects were made to appear near, Galileo, whose mind was prepared for the discovery, instantly conceived on what principle it was constructed, and, without losing a day, he fashioned a similar instrument, with many improvements: such was the origin of the telescope, the most interesting of all instruments connected with science.

Turning his optical tube towards the heavens, Galileo perceived the moon to be a body of uneven surface, the elevations of which he computed by their shadows; and the sun to be occasionally spotted; and from the regular advance from east to west of these spots, he inferred the rotation of the sun, and the inclination of its axis to the plane of the ecliptic. From a particular nebula, which his rude instrument enabled him to resolve into individual stars, he even conjectured, what Lord Rosse's telescope has but recently proved, that the whole Milky-way was but a vast assemblage of stars. He discovered that the planet Venus waxed and waned like the moon, that Saturn had something like wings by its sides (afterwards found to be a ring), and that Jupiter was surrounded by four satellites. It is now altogether impossible to imagine the wonder and delight with which these discoveries must have filled the mind of a philosopher like Galileo, who had perhaps long surmised that all was not as it seemed in the heavens, but despaired of ever being able to penetrate the mystery. In the year 1611, while entering upon his investigations, he was induced, by the invitation of his prince, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to return to Pisa, and resume the chair of Mathematics there, with a large salary. It was consequently at that city that he first gave his discoveries to the world. That persecution which had only been suspended by accident in the case of Copernicus, now fell with full weight on the head of the Italian philosopher. Having openly declared, in a work which he published, that his discoveries proved the truth of the Copernican theory, he was denounced by the clergy as a heretic, and obliged, in 1615, to proceed to Rome to justify his conduct. He succeeded in silencing his enemies for a time; but he, rather weakly perhaps, came under a promise to the pope (Paul V.) not to teach the Copernican doctrine.

For several years he observed the silence enjoined upon him, but continued to pursue the study of the true theory of the heavens. Panting to make known to the world a complete account of the system of Copernicus, yet dreading the prejudices of his enemies, he fell upon the expedient of writing a work, in which, without giving his own opinion, he introduces three persons in a Dialogue, of whom

the first defends the Copernican system, the second the Ptolemaic (or that of Aristotle), and the third weighs the reasons of both in such a way, that the subject seems problematical, though it is impossible to mistake the preponderance of arguments in favour of Copernicus. With this great work, which is still held in reverence, Galileo went to Rome in 1630, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and, by an extraordinary stretch of favour, received permission to print it. Scarcely had it appeared at Rome and Florence, when it was attacked by the disciples of Aristotle, and most violently of all by the teacher of philosophy at Pisa. A congregation of cardinals, monks, and mathematicians was appointed to examine his work, which they unhesitatingly condemned as highly dangerous, and summoned him before the tribunal of the Inquisition. In the winter of 1633, Galileo, now an old man of seventy, went once more to Rome to undergo his trial. After some months, during which he had all the protection that the Grand Duke could afford him, being kept in the Tuscan ambassador's house, he received his sentence, which was as follows: 'We decree that the book of the *Dialogues* of Galileo Galilei be prohibited by edict; we condemn you to the prison of this office during pleasure; we order you for the next three weeks to recite once a week the seven penitential psalms;' &c., &c. But in order to be treated so mildly, Galileo had to abjure on the gospels his belief in the Copernican doctrines as errors and heresies. It has usually been said, that on rising from his knees, he whispered to a friend: '*E pur si muove*' ('It moves, for all that'); but a late biographer discredits this as a myth, as well as the story that Galileo was subjected to the torture. Although Galileo was in this manner sentenced to confinement, it appeared to those who judged him that he would not be able, from his age, to endure such a severe punishment, and they mercifully banished him to a particular spot near Florence.

Here Galileo lived for several years, employing his time in the study of mechanics and other branches of natural philosophy. The results are found in two important works on the Laws of Motion, the foundation of the present system of physics and astronomy. At the same time he tried to make use of Jupiter's satellites for the calculation of longitudes; and though he brought nothing to perfection in this branch, he was the first who reflected systematically on such a method of finding geographical longitudes. He was at this time afflicted with a disease in his eyes, one of which was wholly blind, and the other almost useless, when, in 1637, he discovered the libration of the moon. Blindness, deafness, want of sleep, and pain in his limbs, united to imbitter his declining years; still his mind was active. 'In my darkness,' he writes in the year 1638, 'I muse now upon this object of nature, and now upon that, and find it impossible to soothe my restless head, however much I wish it. This perpetual action of mind deprives me almost wholly of sleep.' In this

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condition, and affected by a slowly consuming fever, he expired in January 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His relics were deposited in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where posterity did justice to his memory by erecting a splendid monument in 1737.

Galileo is represented by his biographers as of diminutive stature, but strong and healthy, of agreeable countenance, and lively conversation and manner. He preferred living in the country, where his relaxations consisted in the cultivation of his garden, and in the company and conversation of his friends. He loved music, drawing, and poetry; and is said to have been so fond of Ariosto, that he knew the whole of the *Orlando* by heart. He had few books. 'The best book,' he said, 'is nature.' The great deficiencies in his character were a want of tact to keep out of difficulties, and a want of moral courage to defend himself when involved in them. His biting satirical turn, more than his physical discoveries, was the cause of his misfortunes. The dignitaries of the church who persecuted Galileo, warned him beforehand in the friendliest way to be 'more prudent.' A complete edition of his works, in thirteen volumes, appeared at Milan in 1803, the style of which is natural and fluent, so elegant and pure, that it has been held up by competent judges as a model of classical Italian. 'Altogether,' says Professor Playfair, 'Galileo is one of those to whom human knowledge is under the greatest obligation. His discoveries in the theory of motion, in the laws of the descent of heavy bodies, and in the motion of projectiles, laid the foundation of all the great improvements which have since been made by the application of mathematics to natural philosophy. If to these we add the invention of the telescope, the discoveries made by that instrument, the confirmation of the Copernican system which these discoveries afforded, and lastly, the wit and argument with which he combated and exposed the prejudice and presumption of the schools, we must admit that the history of human knowledge contains few greater names than that of Galileo.'

KEPLER.

CONTEMPORARY with Tycho Brahé and Galileo, and to some extent the associate and successor of the former, was John Kepler, one of the most eminent astronomers who have appeared in any age, and to whom the science is indebted for much of its present perfection. He was born on the 27th December 1571, at Wîel in Wûrtemberg, and was descended of a noble but reduced family. His father, originally an officer of distinction in the army of Wûrtemberg, was, at the time of young Kepler's birth, in the humble capacity of a small innkeeper; and thus, as is too often the case with genius, our philosopher had to struggle into fame through poverty and the

vicissitudes of his father's fortune. Poor, unbefriended, of a weakly constitution, and one of the most diminutive of children, Kepler received the rudiments of knowledge at the monastic school of Maulbrunn, where he gave early indications of talent, and of that irrepressible spirit which, amid the severest obstructions, was never diverted from the main object of its pursuit. After his father's death, which took place in his eighteenth year, he left Maulbrunn, and succeeded in entering the college of Tübingen. Here he completed the course of study then prescribed—first philosophy and mathematics, and then theology; taking the degree of Bachelor in the year 1588, and that of Master of Philosophy in 1591. Of apt inquiring powers as a divine, and of more than average eloquence as a preacher, Kepler could now have readily succeeded in the church; but mathematics and the exact sciences were his favourite themes; and it may be fairly questioned if ever he turned a single thought to the clerical profession, beyond what the curriculum of the university compelled. In 1593-4, his reputation as a geometrician had so increased, that he was invited to fill the mathematical chair in the university of Grätz, in Styria. Here he pursued his astronomical studies with the most commendable zeal, devoting himself especially to the investigation of the physical causes of the motion of the celestial bodies.

Shortly after his instalment, he married a lady descended from a noble family, and was beginning to enjoy that domestic happiness and studious quiet so congenial to his wishes, when persecution on account of his religion compelled him to leave Grätz, to which, however, he was afterwards recalled by the States of Styria. Meanwhile, Tycho Brahé, who had come to Germany, and was comfortably settled under the munificent patronage of Rodolphus, fixed upon Kepler as a fitting assistant, and soon induced him, by urgent letters and flattering promises, to accept of the situation. Compelled in a great measure by the unsettled state of affairs in Austria, Kepler speedily repaired to Prague, and applied himself, in conjunction with Tycho, to the completion of the astronomical calculations known as the Rodolphine Tables, which were first published at Ulm in 1626. At Tycho's recommendation, he was established at that place; but as his office and science did not afford him a subsistence, he studied medicine, in order to gain a livelihood by its practice. The emperor had assigned him a salary, but in the period of trouble which preceded the Thirty Years' War, it was not paid. Even when he was appointed imperial mathematician by Matthias, Rodolphus's successor, his hopes of recovering his arrears were disappointed. Fresh controversies with the clergy, and the disturbed state of the country, made his situation very uncomfortable: he therefore left Linz, repaired to Ratisbon (otherwise Regensburg), declined an invitation to England, was confirmed by the succeeding emperor, Ferdinand, in the office of imperial mathematician, and

afterwards went to Ulm, to superintend the printing of the Rodolphine Tables. In 1627 he returned to Prague, and received from the emperor six thousand guilders. He finally became a professor at Rostock, on the recommendation of Albert, Duke of Wallenstein, but did not receive the promised compensation. In 1630, he went, by permission of the emperor, to Ratisbon, to claim payment of the arrears of his pension; but he was there seized with a violent fever, supposed to have been brought upon him by too hard riding; and to this he fell a victim in the month of November, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. In 1808, a monument, consisting of a Doric temple enshrining his bust, was erected to his memory in Ratisbon by Charles Theodore Von Dalberg.

Kepler is represented by his biographers as a man of small stature, thin, of a weak constitution, and defective sight; but of somewhat gay and sportive manners. He was attached to his science with the most fervent enthusiasm: he sought after truth with eagerness, but forgot, in the search, the maxims of worldly prudence. To him were allotted but a scanty share of what are commonly esteemed the pleasures of life; but he endured all calamities with firmness, being consoled by the higher enjoyments which science never fails to impart to her true and cordial votaries. 'As an astronomer,' says Lalande, 'he is as famous for the sagacious application which he made of Tycho's numerous observations (for he was not himself an observer), as the Danish philosopher for the collection of such vast materials.' To him, says another authority, the world is indebted for the discovery of the true figure of the planetary orbits, and the proportions of the motions of the solar system. Like the disciples of Pythagoras and Plato, Kepler was seized with a peculiar passion for finding analogies and harmonies in nature; and though this led him to the adoption of strange and ridiculous conceits, we shall readily be disposed to overlook these, when we reflect that they were the means of leading him to the most important discoveries. He was the first who discovered that astronomers had been mistaken in ascribing circular orbits and uniform motions to the planets. In opposition to the doctrine of circular orbits, he established the truth, that *the planets move in ellipses with the sun in one of the foci*. This is the first of the three grand truths known as *Kepler's Laws*. In regard to the uniformity of the motions, after innumerable calculations, Kepler became convinced that it could not be maintained; for it was clear that a planet moved faster when near the sun than when at a greater distance; but he discovered that there is a uniformity, although not in the linear velocity of the planet; and it is in this, that *the radius-vector* (that is, the line drawn from the sun to the planet) *sweeps over equal areas in equal times*. This formed his second law. His third great discovery was, that *the squares of the periodic times of planets are proportional to the cubes of the mean distances from the sun*. The sagacity of this wonderful man, and

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his incessant application to the study of the planetary motions, pointed out to him some of the genuine principles from which these motions originate. He considered gravity as a power that is mutual between bodies ; that the earth and moon tend toward each other, and would meet in a point so many times nearer to the earth than to the moon as the earth is greater than the moon, if their motions did not prevent it. His opinion of the tides was, that they arise from the gravitation of the waters towards the moon ; but his notions of the laws of motion not being accurate, he could not turn his conceptions to the best advantage. The prediction he uttered at the end of his epitome of astronomy, has been long since verified by the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton ; namely, that the determination of the true laws of gravity was reserved for the succeeding age, when the Author of Nature would be pleased to reveal these mysteries.

NEWTON.

THE year in which Galileo died was that in which Isaac Newton was born. This eminent man, who was destined to establish the truth of the discoveries of his illustrious predecessors, Copernicus and Galileo, was born on the 25th of December 1642, at Coltersworth, in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated his own moderate paternal property. After receiving the rudiments of education under the superintendence of his mother, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the grammar-school at Grantham, where the bias of his early genius was shewn by a skill in mechanical contrivances which excited no small admiration. Whilst other boys were at play, his leisure hours were employed in forming working models of mills and machinery ; he constructed a water-clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial-plate to indicate the hours.

On his removal from school, it was intended that he should follow the profession of a farmer, but his utter unfitness for the laborious toils of such a life was soon manifested. He was frequently found reading under a tree when he should have been inspecting cattle, or superintending labourers ; and when he was sent to dispose of farming produce at Grantham market, he was occupied in solving mathematical problems in a garret or hay-loft, whilst the business was transacted by an old servant who had accompanied him to town. These strong indications of the bias of his disposition were not neglected by his anxious mother ; she sent him again for a few months to school, and on the 5th of June 1660, he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The combination of industry and talents, with an amiable disposition and unassuming manners, naturally attracted the notice of his tutors, and the friendship of his admiring companions ; amongst

these was Isaac Barrow, afterwards justly celebrated as a preacher and a mathematician. Saunderson's *Logic*, Kepler's *Optics*, and the *Arithmetic of Infinites* by Wallis, were the books first studied by Newton at Cambridge. He read the *Geometry* of Descartes diligently, and looked into the subject of judicial astrology, which then engaged some attention. He read little of Euclid, and is said to have regretted, in a subsequent part of his life, that he had not studied the old mathematicians more deeply.

The attention of Newton, while he was pursuing his studies at Cambridge, was attracted to a branch of natural philosophy hitherto little understood—namely, light. Taking a piece of glass with angular sides, called a prism, he caused the sun to shine upon it through a small hole in the shutter of a darkened apartment. By this experiment he found that the light, in passing through the glass, was so refracted or bent as to exhibit on the wall a lengthened image, composed of different colours. He thus established the fact, that white light consists of a number of rays, differing from one another in colour and in refrangibility. This discovery was the foundation of an important branch of optics.

In 1665, the students of the university of Cambridge were suddenly dispersed by the breaking out of a pestilential disorder in the place. Newton retired for safety to his paternal estate; and though he lost for a time the advantages of public libraries and literary conversation, he rendered the years of his retreat a memorable era in his own existence, and in the history of science, by another of his great discoveries—that of the theory of gravitation. One day, it is said, while sitting in his garden, he happened to see an apple fall from a tree, and immediately began to consider the general laws which must regulate all falling bodies. Resuming the subject afterwards, he found that the same cause which made the apple fall to the ground, retained the moon and planets in their orbits, and regulated, with a simplicity and power truly wonderful, the motions of all the heavenly bodies. In this manner was discovered the principle of gravitation, by a knowledge of which the science of astronomy is rendered comparatively perfect.

On his return to Cambridge in 1667, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College; and two years afterwards, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the place of his friend Dr Barrow, who resigned. His great discoveries in the science of optics formed for some time the principal subject of his lectures, and his new theory of light and colours was explained, with a clearness arising from perfect knowledge, to the satisfaction of a crowded and admiring audience. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, and is reputed to have been compelled to apply for a dispensation from the usual payment of one shilling weekly, which is contributed by each member towards the expenses. He had at this period of his life no income except what he derived from his college and his

professorship, the produce of his estate being absorbed in supporting his mother and her family. His personal wishes were so moderate, that he never could regret the want of money, except in as much as it limited his purchases of books and scientific instruments, and restricted his power of relieving the distresses of others. About the year 1683, he composed his great work, *The Principia*, or *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, although it was not published till 1687. In 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution, he was chosen to represent the university in parliament, and the honour thus conferred on him was repeated in 1703. His great merit at last attracted the notice of those who had it in their power to bestow substantial rewards, and he was appointed Warden of the Mint, an office for which his patient and accurate investigations singularly fitted him, and which he held with general approbation till his death. Honours and emoluments at last flowed upon him. In 1705 he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne.

Newton's benevolence of disposition led him to perform all the minor duties of social life with great exactness; he paid and received frequent visits; he assumed no superiority in his conversation; he was candid, cheerful, and affable; his society was therefore much sought, and he submitted to intrusions on his valuable time without a murmur; but by early rising, and by a methodical distribution of his hours, he found leisure to study and compose, and every moment which he could command, he passed with a pen in his hand and a book before him. He was generous and charitable—one of his maxims being, *that those who gave nothing before death, never, in fact, gave at all*. As if to prove that no human character can be altogether exempt from infirmity, there are some things in his conduct towards Leibnitz in the controversy regarding the invention of the differential calculus, and towards Flamsteed, whose observations had enabled him to perfect his astronomical theories, which seem to be exceptions to his usual rectitude and benevolence, and which it is painful to believe, and yet difficult to explain away. Newton's wonderful faculties were very little impaired, even in extreme old age; and his cheerful disposition, combined with temperance and a constitution naturally sound, preserved him from the usual infirmities of life. He was of middle size, with a figure inclining to plumpness; his eyes were animated, piercing, and intelligent; the general expression of his countenance was full of life and kindness; his sight was preserved to the last; and his hair in the decline of his days was white as snow. The severe trial of bodily suffering was reserved for the last stage of his existence, and he supported it with characteristic resignation. On the 20th of March 1727, he expired, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The character of Newton cannot be delineated and discussed like that of ordinary men; it is so beautiful, that the biographer dwells upon it with delight, and the inquiry, by what means he attained

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an undisputed superiority over his fellow-creatures, must be both interesting and useful. Newton was endowed with talents of the highest order; but those who are less eminently gifted, may study his life with advantage, and derive instruction from every part of his career. With a power of intellect almost beyond human, he demonstrated the motions of the planets, the orbits of the comets, and the cause of the tides of the ocean; he investigated, with success, the properties of light and colours, which no man before had even suspected; he was the diligent, sagacious, faithful interpreter of nature; while his researches all tended to illustrate the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. Notwithstanding, also, his reach of understanding and knowledge, his modesty was such, that he thought nothing of his own acquirements; and he left behind him the celebrated saying, 'that he appeared to himself as only a child picking up pebbles from the shore, while the great ocean of Truth lay unexplored before him.'

HUYGHENS.

WHILE Newton, in England, was thus enlarging the boundaries of astronomy, and conferring upon it a degree of accuracy and system hitherto unknown, a number of continental philosophers were contributing materials, which, though of a subordinate character, were not the less necessary to the future progress of the science. First among these was Christian Huyghens, Lord of Zeelhem, born at the Hague, on the 14th of April 1629, and descended of a rich and respected family. His father, secretary and counsellor to the Princes of Orange, and distinguished as a scholar and poet, was not slow in observing the genius of his son, and, full of paternal solicitude for his improvement, became his first instructor. He early taught him music, arithmetic, and geography, and initiated him, when about thirteen, in the knowledge of mechanics, for which the boy had evinced a surprising aptitude. At fifteen he received the assistance of a master in mathematics, under whose tuition he made great progress; and at sixteen, was sent to Leyden, to study law under the eminent jurisconsult Vinnius. He did not, however, permit jurisprudence to divert him from his mathematical studies, which he now prosecuted with success, as well as afterwards at Breda, at the university of which he resided from 1646 to 1648. In these two cities he had respectively as masters two very able geometers, Francis Schooten and John Pell; and his first essays were so successful, that they attracted the notice of Descartes, to whom the author, in his admiration of that great philosopher, had communicated them. Descartes predicted his future greatness, but did not live to appreciate his discoveries.

On quitting the university, Huyghens, as was then the custom,

made the tour of Europe; and after his travels, settled in his native country, where he commenced that series of inventions which have rendered his name so justly celebrated. Between the years 1650-60, his pursuits were chiefly mathematical, resulting in several publications of acknowledged merit. In 1655 he travelled into France, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Angers; and in 1658 made known his invention of the pendulum clock. In the following year he published his discoveries relative to the planet Saturn; discoveries which inseparably associate his name with the science of astronomy. Galileo had endeavoured to explain some of the appearances exhibited by that planet. He had at first observed two attendant stars, but some time afterwards was surprised to find that they had disappeared. Huyghens, desirous to account for these changes, laboured with his brother Constantine to improve the construction of telescopes; and having at length made an instrument of this kind, possessing greater power than any which had yet been contrived, he proceeded to observe the phases of Saturn, and to record all the different aspects of that planet. The results were of equal interest and importance to the science of astronomy. He discovered a satellite of that planet which had hitherto escaped the notice of astronomers; and after a long course of observation, he shewed that the planet is surrounded by a solid and permanent ring, which never changes its situation. In 1660 he took a second journey into France; and the year following he visited England, where he communicated the art of polishing glasses for telescopes, and was admitted a member of the Royal Society. The air-pump, then recently invented, he materially improved; and about the same time he also discovered the laws of the collision of elastic bodies, as did afterwards our own countrymen, Wallis and Wren, who disputed with him the honour of the discovery. After a stay of some months in England, Huyghens returned to France, where, in 1633, his merit became so conspicuous, that Colbert resolved to bestow on him such a pension as might induce him to establish himself at Paris. This resolution was not carried into effect until 1665, when letters in the king's name were written to the Hague, where the philosopher then resided, inviting him to repair to Paris, and offering him a considerable pension, with other advantages. Huyghens accepted the proposal; and from 1666 to 1681, settled at Paris, where he was admitted a member of the Royal Academy.

During this period he was chiefly engaged in mathematical pursuits: he wrote and published several works, which were favourably received; and he invented and improved some useful instruments and machines. By continued application, his health began to be impaired, and he at length found it necessary to return to his native country—a step somewhat accelerated by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which rendered him liable to molestations, although assured of the fullest privilege to follow his own religious opinions.

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He accordingly left the French metropolis in 1681; passed the remainder of his days in his own country, and in the pursuit of his favourite subjects; and died at the Hague on the 8th of June 1693, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. 'This illustrious man,' says a biographer, 'gave his whole time to science; he loved a quiet studious life, and found sufficient enjoyment in pursuing curious and useful researches. He was modest, amiable, cheerful, and in all respects as estimable in private life as he was eminent in science. It is not a little singular that the discovery of the real nature, or at least of the true figure, of the luminous ring which encompasses the planet Saturn, should have been made by the same individual who invented the pendulum clock and the micrometer.' His inventions, however, were more of a mathematical and mechanical than of an astronomical character; and it is probable, that had Huyghens lived in the present day, he would have risen to superlative fame as a mechanician and engineer.

H A L L E Y.

DR EDMUND HALLEY, a name well known in the annals of astronomy, was the only son of a soap-boiler in London, and was born in 1656. He received the rudiments of his education at St Paul's School in his native city; and in his seventeenth year became a commoner in Queen's College, Oxford. At first he applied himself to the study of the languages and sciences, but at length gave himself wholly up to that of astronomy; and before he had attained his nineteenth year, published a method of finding the aphelia and eccentricity of planets, which supplied a defect in the Keplerian theory of planetary motions. By some observations on a spot on the sun's disc in the summer of 1676, he established the certainty of the motion of that body round its own axis; and in the same year fixed the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, by his observation of the occultation of Mars by the moon. Immediately after, he went to St Helena, where he staid till 1678, completing a catalogue of the fixed stars of the southern hemisphere, which was published in the following year, and gained for its author the appellation of the 'Southern Tycho.' In 1679 he was called upon to settle a dispute between the English philosopher Hooke and the celebrated Hevelius, respecting the use of optical instruments in astronomy, and for this purpose went to Danzig, where, with honourable impartiality, he decided against his own countryman. In 1680 he made the tour of Europe, making the acquaintance of Cassini at Paris, and completing his observations from the Royal Observatory of France on the comet which now bears his name. After spending the greater part of 1681 in Italy, he returned to England, and settled at Islington, where he fitted up an observatory for his astronomical researches.

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In 1683 he published his *Theory of the Variation of the Magnetical Compass*, in which he endeavoured to account for the phenomenon by the supposition of the whole globe being one great magnet, having four circulating magnetical poles or points of attraction. His theory, though unsatisfactory, is ingenious. The doctrines of Kepler relative to the motions of the planets next engaged his attention; and finding himself disappointed in his endeavours to obtain information on the subject from Hooke and Sir Christopher Wren, he went to Cambridge, where Newton, then mathematical professor, satisfied all his inquiries. In 1691 he was candidate for the Savilian Professorship of Astronomy at Oxford—a chair which he would have obtained, had he not refused to profess his thorough belief in all the doctrines of the Christian religion as taught by the Church of England. For the purpose of making further observations relative to the variation of the compass, he set sail on a voyage in 1699 (having obtained the command of a vessel from King William, who was anxious to promote the cause of geographical and astronomical science); and after traversing both hemispheres, and making important observations at numerous stations, he returned to England in September 1700. As the result of his researches, he published a general chart, shewing at one view the variation of the compass in all those seas where the English navigators were acquainted; and thus laid the foundation of that department of science which has since received the attention of the greatest philosophers. His next employment, under the patronage of the king, was to observe the tides in the English Channel, with the latitudes and longitudes of the principal headlands; observations which were shortly after published in a large map of the Channel. In 1703 he was engaged by the Emperor of Germany to survey the coast of Dalmatia; and returning in November of that year to England, he was elected Savilian Professor of Geometry on the death of Dr Wallis, and was also honoured with the diploma of LL.D.—a title somewhat more in consonance with his pursuits than that of ‘Captain,’ by which he had been styled from the time of his appointment to the command of the surveying vessel furnished him by King William. Dr Halley now gave his mind more entirely to mathematics, translating into Latin from the Arabic and Greek several treatises, which he afterwards published with supplementary matter, such as those of Apollonius and Serenus.

In 1719 he received the appointment of Astronomer-royal at Greenwich, where he afterwards chiefly resided, devoting his time to completing the theory of the motion of the moon, which, notwithstanding his age, he pursued with enthusiastic ardour. In 1721 he began his observations, and for the space of eighteen years, scarcely ever missed taking a meridian view of the moon when the weather was favourable. He died at Greenwich in 1742, at the advanced age of eighty-six, having spent one of the most active and useful

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lives on record. His honours and titles were numerous, but not more than his multifarious occupations and achievements entitled him to. In all, he exhibited the same promptness of resolve and incessant assiduity, willing to assist or be assisted; and never deeming it beneath him to confess when ignorant, or to receive information from any quarter, however humble. Whether as Captain Halley, as Secretary to the Royal Society, Consulting Engineer to the Emperor of Germany, or Astronomer-royal, he was the same ardent, prompt, and indefatigable labourer. His publications and papers were numerous; he gave important assistance to Dr D. Gregory in the preparation of the *Conic Sections* of Apollonius; and to Halley are we also indebted for the publication of several of the works of Sir Isaac Newton, who had a particular friendship for him, and to whom he frequently communicated his discoveries.

F E R G U S O N.

WE pass by several authors and observers who contributed, during the time of Huyghens and Halley, to the advancement of astronomy, to notice the life of an individual whose career, while beneficial to the science under review, furnishes an ever-memorable instance of the acquirement of knowledge under the most pressing difficulties and obstructions. The most of those to whom we have adverted were men in independent circumstances, or at least so situated as to obtain at once a liberal education and the patronage and support of the great and wealthy. James Ferguson, the ingenious experimental philosopher, mechanist, and astronomer, to whom we allude, had no such advantages. He was born in 1710, a few miles from Keith, a village in Banffshire, in the north of Scotland. His parents were of the poorest order, but honest and religious, and, by toilsome labour in the cultivation of a few rented acres, contrived to rear to manhood a large family of children. Of the manner in which James acquired the rudiments of education, and how he struggled to rise from obscurity to distinction, we have a most interesting account in a Memoir by himself, which we cannot do better than quote in an abridged form.

After mentioning how he learned to read with very scanty aid from an old woman and his father, and that little more than three months' tuition at the grammar-school of Keith was all the education he ever received, he thus proceeds: 'My taste for mechanics was soon developed; but as my father could not afford to maintain me while I was in pursuit only of these matters, and as I was rather too young and weak for hard labour, he put me out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years; and in that time I began to study the stars in the night. In the daytime, I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and

such other things as I happened to see. I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood, whose name was James Glashan. I found him very kind and indulgent; but he soon observed that in the evenings, when my work was over, I went into a field with a blanket about me, lay down on my back, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it, at arm's-length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then, laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and, that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man.

'I soon after was introduced by a schoolmaster whom I knew to a Mr Cantley, an ingenious man, who acted as butler to Thomas Grant, Esq. of Achoynaney, and from whom I received some instruction, particularly in decimal arithmetic, algebra, and the first elements of geometry. He also made me a present of Gordon's *Geographical Grammar*, which at that time was to me a great treasure. There is no figure of a globe in it, although it contains a tolerable description of the globes, and their use. From this description I made a globe in three weeks at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood, which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it, made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and I was happy to find that by my globe, which was the first I ever saw, I could solve the problems. But this was not likely to afford me bread; and I could not think of staying with my father, who, I knew full well, could not maintain me in that way, as it could be of no service to him; and he had, without my assistance, hands sufficient for all his work.'

Thinking it would be a very easy matter to attend a mill, and that he would have plenty of leisure for study, poor Ferguson next engaged himself to a miller; but the fellow turned out to be a harsh, ignorant drunkard, who required every moment of the boy's time, starving and ill-using him besides, so that at the end of a year he had to betake himself to the roof of his father. He next hired himself to a farmer; but here, again, he was worked beyond the strength of his naturally delicate constitution: illness ensued, and he had again to seek the paternal refuge. 'In order to amuse myself in this low state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood; and it kept time pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle. Having then no idea how any timekeeper could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions, and

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was sorry that I had never thought of asking Mr Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, which was close by a public road, I asked him what o'clock it then was ; he looked at his watch, and told me. As he did that with so much good-nature, I begged of him to shew me the inside of his watch ; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring-box with part of the chain round it, and asked him what it was that made the box turn round ; he told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having then never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it. He answered that the spring was long and thin, that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box ; that the axis was fixed, and the box was loose upon it. I told him I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. "Well, my lad," says he, "take a long thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger, it will then endeavour to unwind itself ; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop." I thanked the gentleman, and told him I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone ; but found that I could not make the watch go when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheels were rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance, although the wheels would run fast enough when the balance was taken off. I enclosed the whole in a wooden case very little bigger than a breakfast teacup ; but a clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces ; which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much, that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use.'

He now turned his attention to the repairing and cleaning of clocks, and in this way managed for some time to make a livelihood. While travelling the country for this purpose, he happened to attract the notice of Sir James Dunbar of Durn, who bestowed on him the warmest patronage, and requested him to make his mansion his home. While there, geometry, mechanics, and astronomy alternately engaged him. 'Two large globular stones stood on the top of his gate ; on one of them I painted with oil colours a map of the terrestrial globe, and on the other a map of the celestial, from a planisphere of the stars which I copied on paper from a celestial globe belonging to a neighbouring gentleman. The poles

of the painted globe stood towards the poles of the heavens ; on each the twenty-four hours were placed around the equinoctial, so as to shew the time of the day when the sun shone out, by the boundary where the half of the globe at any time enlightened by the sun was parted from the other half in the shade ; the enlightened parts of the terrestrial globe answering to the like enlightened parts of the earth at all times ; so that, whenever the sun shone on the globe, one might see to what places the sun was then rising, to what places it was setting, and all the places where it was then day or night throughout the earth.'

While enjoying the hospitality of Durn, he was introduced to Lady Dipple, Sir James's sister, who also extended to him the warmest patronage. This lady, seeing his taste for design, employed him in drawing patterns for needlework on gowns, aprons, &c., recommended his work to her acquaintances, and in a short while created, as it were, a flourishing domestic trade for the young philosopher. On removing to Edinburgh, she advised Ferguson to accompany her household, in which he would have the benefit of another year's hospitality, assured that, in the more extensive field of the metropolis, he would have a much better opportunity of rising into notice. Thither he accordingly went ; was introduced into new families of distinction ; drew and designed for fancy needlework ; and latterly turned his attention to miniature-painting, in which he so far excelled, that for six-and-twenty years after, it was the business to which he trusted for a maintenance. But while engaged in painting, and enjoying the estimation of those who had been his patrons, 'I somehow or other took a violent inclination to study anatomy, surgery, and physic, all from reading of books and conversing with gentlemen on these subjects, which for that time put all thoughts of astronomy out of my mind ; and I had no inclination to become acquainted with any one there who taught either mathematics or astronomy, for nothing would serve me but to be a doctor.

'At the end of the second year, I left Edinburgh, and went to see my father, thinking myself tolerably well qualified to be a physician in that part of the country, and I carried a good deal of medicines, plasters, &c., thither ; but, to my mortification, I soon found that all my medical theories and study were of little use in practice. And then, finding that very few paid me for the medicines they had, and that I was far from being so successful as I could wish, I quite left off that business, and began to think of taking to the more sure one of drawing pictures again. For this purpose, I went to Inverness, where I had eight months' business. When I was there, I began to think of astronomy again, and was heartily sorry for having quite neglected it at Edinburgh, where I might have improved my knowledge by conversing with those who were very able to assist me.'

Having spent some time in astronomical pursuits at Inverness,

Ferguson returned to Edinburgh, where he made himself known to Mr Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics, by whom he was kindly patronised, and instructed on points wherein he was deficient. Being greatly delighted with the orrery of the professor, he set about constructing one after a somewhat different principle, and succeeded so well in the undertaking, that his patron not only commended it to the young men attending his class, but desired the constructor to read them a lecture on it. This so far encouraged the young philosopher, that he instantly set about the construction of another more complex, and of higher finish. This was purchased by Sir Dudley Rider when Ferguson first went to London; and he mentions in his Memoir, that altogether eight orreries were constructed chiefly by his own hand, and that in no two of them was the wheelwork alike. We now follow him to London, whither he went in May 1743.

‘I had a letter of recommendation from Mr Baron Eldin at Edinburgh to the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz, Esq., at St James’s, who had been preceptor to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, and was well known to be possessed of all the good qualities that can adorn a human mind. To me his goodness was really beyond my power of expression; and I had not been a month in London, till he informed me that he had written to an eminent professor of mathematics to take me into his house, and give me board and lodging, with all proper instructions to qualify me for teaching a mathematical school he (Mr Poyntz) had in view for me, and would get me settled in it. This I should have liked very well, especially as I began to be tired of drawing pictures; in which, I confess, I never strove to excel, because my mind was still pursuing things more agreeable. He soon after told me he had just received an answer from the mathematical master, desiring I might be sent immediately to him. On hearing this, I told Mr Poyntz that I did not know how to maintain my wife during the time I must be under the master’s tuition. “What!” says he, “are you a married man?” I told him I had been so ever since May, in the year 1739. He said he was sorry for it, because it quite defeated his scheme, as the master of the school he had in view for me must be a bachelor.

‘He then asked me what business I intended to follow. I answered that I knew of none besides that of drawing pictures. On this he desired me to draw the pictures of his lady and children, that he might shew them, in order to recommend me to others; and told me that when I was out of business, I should come to him, and he would find me as much as he could—and I soon found as much as I could execute; but he died in a few years after, to my inexpressible grief.

‘Soon afterwards it appeared to me, that although the moon goes round the earth, and that the sun is far on the outside of the moon’s orbit, yet the moon’s motion must be in a line—that is, always concave towards the sun; and upon making a delineation representing

her absolute path in the heavens, I found it to be really so. I then made a simple machine for delineating both her path and the earth's on a long paper laid on the floor. I carried the machine and delineation to the late Martin Felkes, Esq., President of the Royal Society, on a Thursday afternoon. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing it, as it was a new discovery; and took me that evening with him to the Royal Society, where I shewed the delineation and the method of doing it.

'In the year 1747, I published a dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon, with the description of a new orrery, in which there are only four wheels. But having never had grammatical education, nor time to study the rules of just composition, I acknowledge that I was afraid to put it to the press; and for the same cause I ought to have the same fears still. But having the pleasure to find that this my first work was not ill received, I was emboldened to go on in publishing my *Astronomy, Mechanical Lectures, Tables and Tracts relative to several Arts and Sciences, The Young Gentleman and Lady's Astronomy*, a small treatise on *Electricity*, and *Select Mechanical Exercises*.

'In the year 1748, I ventured to read lectures on the eclipse of the sun that fell on the 14th of July in that year. Afterwards I began to read astronomical lectures on an orrery which I made, and of which the figures of all the wheelwork are contained in the sixth and seventh plates of *Mechanical Exercises*. I next began to make an apparatus for lectures on mechanics, and gradually increased the apparatus for other parts of experimental philosophy, buying from others what I could not make for myself. I then entirely left off drawing pictures, and employed myself in the much pleasanter business of reading lectures on mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, electricity, and astronomy; in all which my encouragement has been greater than I could have expected.'

To this narrative we shall add the few particulars which are necessary to complete the view of Ferguson's life and character. It was through the zeal of George III. in behalf of science that Ferguson was honoured with the royal bounty of £50 a year. His majesty had attended some of the lectures of the ingenious astronomer, and often, after his accession, sent for him to converse upon scientific topics. He had the extraordinary honour of being elected a member of the Royal Society without paying either the initiatory or the annual fees, which were dispensed with in his case from a supposition of his being too poor to pay them without inconvenience. To the astonishment of all who knew him, it was discovered, after his death, that he was possessed of considerable wealth—about £6000. 'Ferguson,' says Charles Hutton in his *Mathematical Dictionary*, 'must be allowed to have been a very uncommon genius, especially in mechanical contrivances and inventions, for he constructed many machines himself in a very neat manner. He had also a good taste

in astronomy, as well as in natural and experimental philosophy, and was possessed of a happy manner of explaining himself in a clear, easy, and familiar way. His general mathematical knowledge, however, was little or nothing. Of algebra he understood little more than the notation; and he has often told me that he could never demonstrate one proposition in Euclid's *Elements*; his constant method being to satisfy himself as to the truth of any problem with a measurement by scale and compasses.' He was a man of very clear judgment in everything that he professed, and of unwearied application to study: benevolent, meek, and innocent in his manners as a child: humble, courteous, and communicative: instead of pedantry, philosophy seemed to produce in him only diffidence and urbanity. After a long and useful life, worn out with study, age, and infirmities, he died November 16, 1776.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

THE science of astronomy, which, from the time of Copernicus, had been gradually improving, through the laborious exertions of Tycho Brahé, Galileo, Kepler, Huyghens, Newton, Halley, Delisle, Lalande, and other eminent observers of the starry firmament, was considerably advanced by the discoveries of Herschel, whose biography now comes under our notice.

William Herschel was born at Hanover on the 15th of November 1738. He was the second of four sons, all of whom were brought up to their father's profession, which was that of a musician. Having at an early age shewn a peculiar taste for intellectual pursuits, his father provided him with a tutor, who instructed him in the rudiments of logic, ethics, and metaphysics, in which abstract studies he made considerable progress. Owing, however, to the circumscribed means of his parents, and certain untoward circumstances, these intellectual pursuits were soon interrupted, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of Guards, a detachment of which he accompanied to England about the year 1757 or 1759. His father came with him to England; but after the lapse of a few months, he returned home, leaving his son, in conformity with his own wish, to try his fortune in Great Britain—the adopted home of many an ingenious foreigner. How or when he left the regimental band in which he had been engaged, we are not informed. After struggling with innumerable difficulties, and no doubt embarrassed by his comparative ignorance of the English tongue, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of the Earl of Darlington, who engaged him to superintend and instruct a military band at the time forming for the Durham militia. After fulfilling this engagement, he passed several years in Yorkshire, in the capacity of teacher of music. He gave lessons to pupils in the

principal towns, and officiated as leader in oratorios or concerts of sacred music—a kind of employment in which the Germans are eminently skilled, from their love of musical performances. Herschel, however, while thus engaged in earning an honourable livelihood, did not allow his professional pursuits to engross all his thoughts. He sedulously devoted his leisure hours in improving his knowledge of the English and Italian languages, and in instructing himself in Latin, as well as a little Greek. At this period he probably looked to these attainments principally with a view to the advantage he might derive from them in the prosecution of his professional studies; and it was no doubt with this view also that he afterwards applied himself to the perusal of Dr Robert Smith's *Treatise on Harmonics*—one of the most profound works on the science of music which then existed in the English language. But the acquaintance he formed with this work was destined ere long to change altogether the character of his pursuits. He soon found that it was necessary to make himself a mathematician before he could make much progress in following Dr Smith's demonstrations. He now, therefore, turned with his characteristic alacrity and resolution to the new study to which his attention was thus directed; and it was not long before he became so attached to it, that almost all the other pursuits of his leisure hours were laid aside for its sake.

Through the interest and good offices of a Mr Bates, to whom the merits of Herschel had become known, he was, about the close of 1765, appointed to the situation of church-organist at Halifax. Next year, having gone with his elder brother to fulfil a short engagement at Bath, he gave so much satisfaction by his performances, that he was appointed organist in the Octagon Chapel of that city, upon which he went to reside there. The place which he now held was one of some value; and from the opportunities which he enjoyed, besides, of adding to its emoluments by engagements at the rooms, the theatre, and private concerts, as well as by taking pupils, he had the certain prospect of deriving a good income from his profession, if he had made that his only or his chief object. This accession of employment did not by any means abate his propensity to study for mental improvement. Frequently, after the fatigue of twelve or fourteen hours occupied in musical performances, he sought relaxation, as he considered it, in extending his knowledge of pure and mixed mathematics. In this manner he attained a competent knowledge of geometry, and found himself in a condition to proceed to the study of the different branches of physical science which depend upon mathematics. Among the first of these latter that attracted his attention were the kindred departments of astronomy and optics. Some discoveries about this time made in astronomy awakened his curiosity, and to this science he now directed his investigations at his intervals of leisure. Being anxious to observe some of those wonders in the planetary system of which he had read, he borrowed

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from a neighbour a two-feet Gregorian telescope, which delighted him so much, that he forthwith commissioned one of larger dimensions from London. The price of such an instrument, he was vexed to find, exceeded both his calculations and his means; but though chagrined, he was not discouraged: he immediately resolved to attempt with his own hand the construction of a telescope equally powerful with that which he was unable to purchase; and in this, after repeated disappointments, which served only to stimulate his exertions, he finally succeeded.

Herschel was now on the path in which his genius was calculated to shine. In the year 1774, he had the inexpressible pleasure of beholding the planet Saturn through a five-feet Newtonian reflector made by his own hands. This was the beginning of a long and brilliant course of triumphs in the same walk of art, and also in that of astronomical discovery. Herschel now became so much attached to his philosophical pursuits, that, regardless of the sacrifice of emolument he was making, he began gradually to limit his professional engagements and the number of his pupils. Meanwhile, he continued to employ his leisure in the fabrication of still more powerful instruments than the one he had first constructed; and in no long time he produced telescopes of seven, ten, and even twenty feet focal distance. In fashioning the mirrors for these instruments, his perseverance was indefatigable. For his seven-feet reflector, it is asserted that he actually finished and made trial of no fewer than two hundred mirrors before he found one that satisfied him. When he sat down to prepare a mirror, his practice was to work at it for twelve or fourteen hours, without quitting his occupation for a moment. He would not even take his hand from what he was about to help himself to food; and the little that he ate on such occasions was put into his mouth by his sister. He gave the mirror its proper shape more by a certain natural tact than by rule; and when his hand was once in, as the phrase is, he was afraid that the perfection of the finish might be impaired by the least intermission of his labours.

It was on the 13th of March 1781 that Herschel made the discovery to which he owes, perhaps, most of his popular reputation. He had been engaged for nearly a year and a half in making a regular survey of the heavens, when, on the evening of the day that has been mentioned, having turned his telescope—an excellent seven-feet reflector, of his own constructing—to a particular part of the sky, he observed among the other stars one which seemed to shine with a more steady radiance than those around it; and, on account of that, and some other peculiarities in its appearance, which excited his suspicions, he determined to observe it more narrowly. On reverting to it after some hours, he was a good deal surprised to find that it had perceptibly changed its place—a fact which, the next day, became still more indisputable. At first he

was somewhat in doubt whether or not it was the same star which he had seen on these different occasions; but after continuing his observations for a few days longer, all uncertainty upon that head vanished. He now communicated what he had observed to the Astronomer-royal, Dr Maskelyne, who concluded that the luminary could be nothing else than a new comet. Continued observation of it, however, for a few months dissipated this error; and it became evident that it was in reality a hitherto undiscovered planet. This new world, so unexpectedly found to form a part of the system to which our own belongs, received from Herschel the name of *Georgium Sidus*, or *Georgian Star*, in honour of the king of England; but by continental astronomers it has been more generally called either *Herschel*, after its discoverer, or *Uranus*. He afterwards discovered successively no fewer than six satellites or moons belonging to his new planet.

The announcement of the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus* at once made Herschel's name universally known. In the course of a few months the king bestowed upon him a pension of £400 a year, that he might be enabled entirely to relinquish his engagements at Bath; and upon this he came to reside at Slough, near Windsor. He now devoted himself entirely to science; and the constructing of telescopes and observations of the heavens continued to form the occupations of the remainder of his life. Astronomy is indebted to him for many other most interesting discoveries besides the celebrated one of which we have just given an account, as well as for a variety of speculations of the most ingenious, original, and profound character. But of these we cannot here attempt any detail. He also introduced some important improvements into the construction of the reflecting telescope, besides continuing to fabricate that instrument of dimensions greatly exceeding any that had been formerly attempted, with powers surpassing, in nearly a corresponding degree, what had ever been before obtained. The largest telescope which he ever made was his famous one of forty feet long, which he erected at Slough, for the king. It was begun about the end of the year 1785, and on the 28th of August 1789, the enormous tube was poised on the complicated but ingeniously contrived mechanism by which its movements were to be regulated, and ready for use. On the same day a new satellite of Saturn was detected by it, being the sixth which had been observed attendant upon that planet. A seventh was afterwards discovered by means of the same instrument. This telescope has since been taken down, and replaced by another of only one-half the length, constructed by the distinguished son of the subject of our present sketch.

So extraordinary was the ardour of this great astronomer in the study of his favourite science, that for many years, it has been asserted, he never was in bed at any hour during which the stars were visible; and he made almost all his observations, whatever

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was the season of the year, not under cover, but in his garden and in the open air. By these investigations Herschel became acquainted with the character of the more distant stars, upon which he wrote a variety of papers. In 1802, he presented to the Royal Society a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars; thus opening up a boundless field of research, and making the world aware of the sublime truth of there being an infinitude of heavenly bodies far beyond the reach of ordinary vision, and performing in their appointed places the offices of suns to unseen systems of planets.

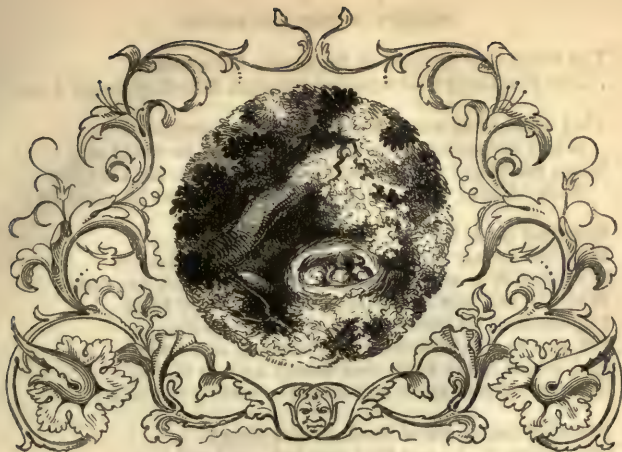
These discoveries established Herschel's claims to rank amongst the most eminent astronomers of the age, and amply merited the distinctions conferred upon him by learned bodies and the reigning prince. In 1816, George IV., then Prince-regent, invested him with the Hanoverian and Guelphic order of knighthood. He was now, from being originally a poor lad in a regimental band, rewarded for his long course of honourable exertion in the cause of a science upon which so much of our national welfare depends. Herschel (now Sir William) did not relinquish his astronomical observations until within a few years of his death, which took place on the 23d of August 1822, when he had attained the age of eighty-three. He died full of years and honours, bequeathing a large fortune, and leaving a son who has inherited his genius.

Besides the eminent men of whose lives we have thus presented an outline, there are others who, since the time of Copernicus, have contributed materially to the advancement of astronomical science, but to whose labours our space will admit only of the briefest allusion. Foremost among these, both in point of time and merit, may be mentioned the Cassinis, father and son, who flourished in the seventeenth century; Delisle, a French savant (1688-1768), alike distinguished in natural science, geography, and astronomy; our revered countryman Bradley, who died in 1762; Lalande (1732-1807), another Frenchman of well-known fame; the celebrated La Place; and, of more recent reputation, our countrymen Sir John Herschel, Professor Airy, Sir J. South, and Lord Rosse; and the continental philosophers, Bode, Encke, Bessel, Biot, Arago, and others, by whom important contributions have been made. To these may be added the names of such men as Dr Thomas Dick, Professor Nichol, Sir J. Herschel, G. F. Chambers, and others, who, by their general treatises, have brought the sublimest truths of the science to the level of the popular capacity; thereby not only extending its range, but eliciting, it may be, new observers and discoverers

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from among those to whom astronomy and all its glorious revelations would have otherwise remained uncared for and unknown. Within the last few years, an instrument of wonderful power has been added to the apparatus of astronomers in the spectroscope, which, in the hands of such observers as Kirchhoff and Janssen on the continent, and Messrs Lockyer and Huggins in England, is revealing to us the physical and chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies. To each and all of these men is astronomy less or more indebted for its present perfection and universal esteem as a science. Governed by laws now known, every planet and system holds on its course through space with undeviating regularity ; their distances, dimensions, times of revolution, appearance and disappearance, are things ascertained with as much certainty as the commonest fact in terrestrial measurement ; the most extraordinary phenomena of the heavens are things now familiar to the eye of science and reason, evincing in all their phases the most perfect beauty and harmony ; and appearances under which ignorance formerly cowered in superstitious fear, are now regarded as additional themes of human adoration for the wisdom, power, and goodness of a common Creator.





SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

BIRDS.

BIRDS—birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving
wings;
Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark :
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottagers' eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves ;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake :
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.
Beautiful birds! ye come thickly around,
When the bud's on the branch, and the snow's on the
ground ;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

Beautiful birds! how the school-boy remembers
The warblers that chorused his holiday tune ;

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

The robin that chirped in the frosty Decembers,
The blackbird that whistled through flower-crownèd June.

That school-boy remembers his holiday ramble,
When he pulled every blossom of palm he could see,
When his finger was raised as he stopped in the bramble
With 'Hark! there's the cuckoo; how close he must be!'

Beautiful birds! we've encircled thy names
With the fairest of fruits and the fiercest of flames.
We paint War with his eagle, and Peace with her dove;
With the red bolt of Death, and the olive of Love;
The fountain of friendship is never complete,
Till ye coo o'er its waters so sparkling and sweet;
And where is the hand that would dare to divide
Even Wisdom's grave self from the owl by her side?

Beautiful creatures of freedom and light!
Oh! where is the eye that groweth not bright
As it watches you trimming your soft glossy coats,
Swelling your bosoms, and ruffling your throats?
Oh! I would not ask, as the old ditties sing,
To be 'happy as sand-boy' or 'happy as king';
For the joy is more blissful that bids me declare,
'I'm as happy as all the wild birds in the air.'
I will tell them to find me a grave when I die,
Where no marble will shut out the glorious sky;
Let them give me a tomb where the daisy will bloom,
Where the moon will shine down, and the leveret pass by;
But be sure there's a tree stretching out high and wide,
Where the linnet, the thrush, and the woodlark may hide;
For the truest and purest of requiems heard
Is the eloquent hymn of the beautiful bird.

—ELIZA COOK.

WERE I A LITTLE BIRD.

A ROVER, e'en at Beauty's shrine
I'd pay a traveller's call, no more:
I would the little wings were mine
On which thou, pretty bird, dost soar!
Thou see'st full many a country bright;
Thy sports all Nature's works invite;
The sky is pure, the air is free.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, quick as light,
Were I a little bird like thee!

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

I'd learn of tuneful Philomel,
With gentle sounds to charm the glade;
Then hover near the pastourelle,
And join in song the rustic maid.
I'd cheer one hermit's dwelling low—
No relics selleth he, I know,
But the poor bless his charity.
I'd fly quick, quick! ay, there I'd go,
Were I a little bird like thee!

I'd hie me to the turrets dread,
Where sadly pine the captives lone;
With hidden wing and drooping head,
I'd chant a song of plaintive tone.
One at my sight would faintly smile;
Another muse—dreaming the while
Of fields he loved in youth to see.
I'd fly quick, quick! were't many a mile,
And I a little bird like thee!

To a king's court I'd next away—
Some pleasure-wearied, joyless elf—
Filling his halls with carols gay,
On olive-tree I'd perch myself.
Then to the hiding-place, where lie
Some poor proscribed family,
I'd bear a slip of that same tree!
I'd fly quick, quick! blow low, blow high,
Were I a little bird like thee!

But day and night, with might and main,
I'd flee from Beauty's dangerous eyes,
Lest powerful Love should once again
My heart in captive bonds surprise!
If on fair bosom—likely case—
That hunter wise his net should place,
Too well I know how it would be;
I'd fly there, quick, with headlong pace,
Were I a little bird like thee!

W. ANDERSON.

—From BÉRANGER.

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD, on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
'Spring is coming!—Spring is here?'
Say'st thou so, my birdling dear?

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

What is that in misty shroud
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest blithe and clear,
' Spring is coming!—Spring is here!'

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain,
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky,
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling—tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou woo'd some wingèd love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her in greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower—
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Prithee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover—tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song—
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber shew
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

—L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE ROBIN.

A THOUSAND birds, in joyous tone,
Proclaimed the birth of Spring;
But, Robin, thou art left alone
The Autumn's dirge to sing.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

We hear the merry linnet's voice
When waving woods look green,
And thrush and nightingale rejoice
When hawthorn buds are seen.

But when they wither on the ground,
Then, Robin, thou art heard
To mourn their fall, in plaintive sound,
For thou art Pity's bird.

Where fading leaves their shadows fling,
I love to see thee nigh ;
A listener, when I touch the string,
And warbling in reply.

—MISS STRICKLAND.

THE WREN.

WHY is the cuckoo's melody preferred,
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised
In poets' rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy, that oft hath raised
One's heart to ecstasy and mirth so well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught ;
With mine are other birds that bear the bell,
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought ;
Such the wood-robin, singing in the dell,
And little wren, that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I may dwell,
In early spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tending my sheep : and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

—J. CLARE.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I 'd fly with thee !
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

—MICHAEL BRUCE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SOUL of living music ! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along ;
Love-sick warbler ! come, and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.
How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering tries—
On a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies !
Or, when rising shrill and shriller,
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day !
Till—all sunk in silence round thee—
Not a whisper, not a word,
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
Breathless all—thou only heard.
Tell me, thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of Spring !
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Is there in your woodland history
Any Homer whom ye read?
Has your music aught of mystery?
Has it measure, clef, and creed?
Have ye teachers, who instruct ye,
Checking each ambitious strain?
Learned parrots to conduct ye,
When ye wander, back again?
Smiling at my dreams, I see thee—
Nature, in her chainless will,
Did not fetter thee, but free thee—
Pour thy hymns of rapture still!
Plumed in pomp and pride prodigious,
Lo! the gaudy peacock nears;
But his grating voice, so hideous,
Shocks the soul, and grates the ears.
Finches may be trained to follow
Notes which dexterous arts combine;
But those notes sound vain and hollow,
When compared, sweet bird, with thine.
Classic themes no longer courting,
Ancient tongues I'll cast away,
And with nightingales disporting,
Sing the wild and woodland lay.

—*From the Dutch of LOOTS.*

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHEN Twilight's gray and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar :

When gathering shades the landscapes veil,
And peasants seek their village dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies :

When Evening's primrose opes to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp to cheer the traveller's sight :

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale,
And from a hermitage of shade,
Fills with her voice the forest glade.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

And sweeter far than melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice ;
And still shall bard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

—MRS HEMANS.

‘WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?’

‘WHAT is that, mother?’

‘The lark, my child—

The morn has just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the day on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker’s ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn’s first lays
Tuned, like the lark’s, to thy Maker’s praise.’

‘What is that, mother?’

‘The dove, my son—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow’s moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one’s quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.’

‘What is that, mother?’

‘The eagle, boy—

Proudly careering his course of joy.
Firm on his mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying ;
His wing on the wind, his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy! may the eagle’s flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line !’

‘What is that, mother?’

‘The swan, my love—

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh ;
He is floating down by himself to die ;
Death darkens his eyes, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like, and sweet, it may waft thee home.’

—G. W. DOANE, *an American poet.*

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

THE REDBREAST.

How simply unassuming is that strain !
It is the redbreast's song, the friend of man.
High is his perch, but humble is his home,
And well concealed. Sometimes within the sound
Of heartsome mill-clack, where the spacious door,
White-dusted, tells him plenty reigns around—
Close at the root of brier-bush, that o'erhangs
The narrow stream, with sheilings bedded white,
He fixes his abode, and lives at will ;
Oft near some single cottage he prefers
To rear his little home ; there, pert and spruce,
He shares the refuse of the good wife's churn,
Which kindly on the wall for him she leaves :
Below her lintel oft he lights, then in
He boldly flits, and fluttering loads his bill,
And to his young the yellow treasure bears.

—GRAHAME.

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down !—up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home—
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep !—o'er the deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and sword-fish sleep.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard !
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still :
Yet *he* ne'er falters : so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

—B. W. PROCTER.

THE SPARROW AND THE CAGED BIRD.

I DOTE on every little bird
That twitters in the sun—
I love them all, from having heard
The simple tale of one !

In cage that 'neath the eaves was hung
When Morn put forth her smiles,
A little yellow warbler sung
A song of distant isles !

One morn, when loud his melody,
There came on idle wing
A sparrow, and from sympathy
Thus seemed to say or sing :

'Fair captive ! why this joyous lay,
When sad should be thy heart ?
Art thinking of a happier day,
Forgetful what thou art ?

'Perchance, while high thy music floats,
Where ne'er thy wings may flee,
Thy spirit rises with thy notes—
For they at least are free !

'Thy song goes forth among the trees,
And up to heaven's high dome,
And haply bears thee o'er the seas
To thy own island home !

'Poor bird ! couldst thou come forth with me,
I'd lead thee to the grove,
Where all that's known of slavery
Is servitude to love !

'How sweet to join our airy chase,
Or cower within thy nest,

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Yet only bound to that one place
Because thou loved'st it best !

'Alas, alas ! the wish is vain,
Thy prison-bars are strong ;
But I will come to thee again—
Adieu, sweet bird of song !'

Away it flew, but day by day
Returned with gathered food ;
And through long months, the watchers say,
Went on this work of good.

I felt my holiest thoughts ascend,
Such Heaven-taught love to trace,
And deemed, perchance, this captive's friend
The Howard of its race !

—J. HEDDERWICK.

THE SWALLOW'S RETURN.

WELCOME, welcome, feathered stranger !

Now the sun bids Nature smile ;
Safe arrived, and free from danger,
Welcome to our blooming isle !
Still twitter on my lowly roof,
And hail me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time that ever fleets away !

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear ;
E'en transient storms thy joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year ;
What makes thee seek a milder clime ?
What bids thee shun the wintry gale ?
How knowest thou thy departing time ?
Hail ! wondrous bird !—hail, swallow, hail !

Sure something more to thee is given
Than myriads of the feathered race ;
Some gift divine, some spark from Heaven,
That guides thy flight from place to place.
Still freely come, still freely go,
And blessings crown thy vigorous wing ;
May thy rude flight meet no rude foe,
Delightful messenger of Spring !

—W. FRANKLIN.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noontide heat ;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest ;
Here rove and sing the livelong day,
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade ;
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs ;
Secure the linnet sings ;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad nightingale ! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon gentle woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chant
Thy sweetly plaintive song !

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one who loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve ;
Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe !
Come, feed without reserve.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong ;
Sweet is the fruit that you have picked,
But sweeter far your song.

Then let this league betwixt us made
Our mutual interests guard ;
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.

—RICHARD GRAVES.

THE SONGSTERS.

WHEN Phœbus lifts his head out of the Winter's wave,
No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant Spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvans sing :
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
These quiristers are perched, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnished gate the goodly glittering East
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous Night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the Morning's sight ;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle with shrill sharps, as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun ; or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill ;
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As Nature him had marked of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be :
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May ;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And but that Nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear the charmer of the night
(The more to use their ears), their voices sure would spare.
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer ;
And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting Sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle Shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

—DRAYTON (1563—1631).

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the heavens ! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turns away ;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests speak.
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king ! with thee compare ?
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne ?

Bird of the cliffs ! thy noble form
Might well be thought almost divine ;
Born for the thunder and the storm,
The mountain and the rock are thine ;
And there, where never foot has been,
Thy eyry is sublimely hung,
Where lowering skies their wrath begin,
And loudest lullabies are sung
By the fierce Spirit of the blast,
When, his snow-mantle o'er him cast,
He sweeps across the mountain-top,
With a dark fury nought can stop,
And wings his wild unearthly way
Far through the clouded realms of day.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Bird of the sun ! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne ;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way ;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
Even what he is—the king of day !
Before the regent of the skies
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes ;
But thou, in regal majesty,
Hast kingly rank as well as he ;
And with a steady, dauntless gaze,
Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze.

Bird of Colombia ! well art thou
An emblem of our native land ;
With unblenched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand ;
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods ;
Like her own rivers, wandering free ;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
The joyous shout of liberty !
Like thee, majestic bird ! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

—C. W. THOMPSON.

THE LINNET.

THE songs of Nature, holiest, best are they !
The sad winds sighing through the leafy trees—
The lone lake's murmurs to the mountain breeze—
The streams' soft whispers, as they fondly stray
Through dingles wild and over flowery leas,
Are sweetly holy ; but the purest hymn—
A melody like some old prophet-lay—
Is thine, poured forth from hedge, and thicket dim—
Linnet—wild linnet !

The poor, the scorned and lowly, forth may go
Into the woods and dells, where leaves are green ;
And 'mong the breathing forest flowers may lean,
And hear thy music wandering to and fro,

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Like sunshine glancing o'er the summer scene.
Thou poor man's songster!—neither wealth nor power
Can match the sweetness thou around dost throw!
Oh, bless thee for the joy of many an hour—
Linnet—wild linnet!

In sombre forest, gray and melancholy,
 Yet sweet withal, and full of love and peace,
 And 'mid the furze wrapped in a golden fleece
 Of blossoms, and in hedgerows green and lowly ;
 On thymy banks, where wild bees never cease
 Their murmur-song, thou hast thy home of love !
 Like some lone hermit, far from sin and folly,
 'Tis thine through forest fragrances to rove—
 Linnet—wild linnet !

Some humble heart is sore and sick with grief,
And straight thou comest with thy gentle song
To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,
By bringing Nature's love to his relief.
Thou churmest by the sick child's window long,
Till racking pain itself be wooed to sleep ;
And when away have vanished flower and leaf,
Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—
Linnet—wild linnet !

God saw how much of woe, and grief, and care,
Man's faults and follies on the earth would make,
And thee, sweet singer, for His creatures' sake,
He sent to warble wildly everywhere,
And by thy voice our souls to love to wake.
O blessed wandering spirit ! unto thee
Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,
And good, and beautiful of earth to be—
Linnet—wild linnet !

—R. NICOLL.

TO THE FRINGILLA MELODIA.

JOY fills the vale,
With joy ecstatic quivers every wing,
As floats thy note upon the genial gale,
Sweet bird of Spring !

The violet
Awakens at thy song, and peers from out
Its fragrant nook, as if the season yet
Remained in doubt—

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

While from the rock
The columbine its crimson bell suspends,
That careless vibrates, as its slender stalk
The zephyr bends.

Say ! when the blast
Of winter swept our whitened plains—what clime,
What sunnier realm thou charmedst, and how was past
Thy joyous time ?

Did the green isles
Detain thee long ? or, 'mid the palmy groves
Of the bright south, where Liberty now smiles,
Didst sing thy loves ?

Oh, well I know
Why thou art here thus soon, and why the bowers
So near the sun have lesser charms than now
Our land of flowers :

Thou art returned
On a glad errand—to rebuild thy nest,
And fan anew the gentle fire that burned
Within thy breast !

And thy wild strain,
Poured on the gale, is Love's transporting voice—
That, calling on the plummy choir again,
Bids them rejoice :

Nor calls alone
To enjoy, but bids improve the fleeting hour—
Bids all that ever heard Love's witching tone,
Or felt his power.

The poet too
It soft invokes to touch the trembling wire ;
Yet ah ! how few its sounds shall list, how few
His song admire !

But thy sweet lay,
Thou darling of the Spring ! no ear disdains ;
Thy sage instructress, Nature, says, ' Be gay !'
And prompts thy strains.

Oh, if I knew
Like thee to sing—like thee the heart to fire—
Youth should enchanted throng, and Beauty sue
To hear my lyre !

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Oft as the year
In gloom is wrapped, thy exile I shall mourn—
Oft as the Spring returns, shall hail sincere
Thy glad return.

—H. PICKERING.

THE EAGLE.

THERE'S a fierce gray bird with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shriek,
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
On the precipice-top, in perpetual snow—
Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow ;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the splintered point of a shivered peak,
Where the weeds lie close, and the grass sings sharp,
To a comfortless tune, like a wintry harp.
Bald-headed and stripped, like a vulture torn
In wind and strife, with her feathers worn,
And ruffled, and stained ; while scattering bright,
Round her serpent-neck, that is writhing, bare,
Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair !
Like the crest of a warrior thinned in the fight,
And shorn, and bristling, see her ! where
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air,
With wing half-poised, and talons bleeding,
And kindling eye, as if her prey
Had suddenly been snatched away
While she was tearing it, and feeding !

A bird that is first to worship the sun
When he gallops in flame, till the cloud-tides run
In billows of fire, as his course is done :
Above where the fountain is gushing in light ;
Above where the torrent is forth in its might,
Like an imprisoned blaze that is bursting from night !
Above where the silvery flashing is seen—
The striping of waters, that skip o'er the green,
And soft, spongy moss, where the fairies have been,
Bending lovely and bright in the young Morning's eye,
Like ribbons of flame, or the bow of the sky :
Above that dark torrent, above the bright stream—
The gay ruddy fount with the changeable gleam,
Where the lustre of heaven eternally plays—
The voice may be heard of the Thunderer's bird,
Calling out to her god in a clear wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam ;

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze,
And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

Proud bird of the cliff where the barren yew springs,
Where the sunshine stays, and the wind-harp sings,
Where the heralds of battle sit pluming their wings!
A scream!—she's awake!—over hill-top and flood
A crimson light runs, like the gushing of blood:
Over valley and rock, over mountain and wood,
That bird is abroad in the van of her brood!

—J. NEAL.

TO THE LARK.

MOUNT, child of Morning! mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms:
Bathed in the fountains of the dew,
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new;
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far showered around, the hill, the plain,
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While warm with hope and rapturous joy,
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes, and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will:
'Tis sunshine all, and ease.
Like thy own plumes along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No track behind them, as they fly,
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspired,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fired,
I vainly thought to soar:
To snatch from Fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes.
Alas! the unbidden sigh will rise.
Those days shall dawn no more!

How glorious rose Life's morning star!
In bright procession round her car,
How danced the heavenly train!

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Truth beckoned from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love looked smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond illusion past ;
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze.
And narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While Pride forbade, the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though changed and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed ;
One ray not yet withdrawn ;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on—sing on ! What heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathise ?
As from some cherub of the sky
I hail thy morning melody.
Oh ! could I mount with thee on high,
And share thy ecstasies !

—MRS BARBAULD.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL ON LOCH TURIT.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace—
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below;
In his breast no pity dwells;
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays;
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

—BURNS.

THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gaily in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

To which we all do pass—gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers;
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer! thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,
Close at the corn-field edge.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

And seest the shining fishes as they glide ;
And poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-coloured birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

—J. M'LELLAN, *an American poet.*

SPRING BIRDS.

HARK to the merry gossip of the Spring—
The sweet mysterious voice which peoples place
With an Italian beauty, and does bring
As 'twere Elysium from the wilds of space
Where'er her wing inhabits ! Give it chase,
In other bowers the fairy shouts again ;
Where'er we run, it mocks our rapid race—
Still the same loose note, in a golden chain,
Rings through the vocal woods, and fills with joy the plain.

Hail to thee, shouting cuckoo ! In my youth
Thou wert long time the Ariel of my hope,
The marvel of a summer ! It did soothe
To listen to thee on some sunny slope,
Where the high oaks forbade an ampler scope
Than of the blue skies upward—and to sit,
Canopied, in the gladdening horoscope
Which thou my planet flung—a pleasant fit,
Long time my hours endeared, my kindling fancy smit.

And thus I love thee still—thy monotone
The self-same transport flashes through my frame ;
And when thy voice, sweet sibyl, all is flown,
My eager ear, I cannot choose but blame.
Oh, may the world these feelings never tame !

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

If Age o'er me her silver tresses spread,
It still would call thee by a lover's name,
And deem the spirit of delight unfled,
Nor bear, though gray without, a heart to nature dead !

—J. H. WIFFEN.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

EAGLE ! this is not thy sphere !
Warrior-bird, what seek'st thou here ?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink ?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Layest thou thus thy drooping head ?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn !

Eagle ! wilt thou not arise ?
Look upon thine own bright skies !
Lift thy glance !—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath filled the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high ?—
Oh, it can be but to die !

Eagle, eagle ! thou hast bowed
From thine empire o'er the cloud !
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stooped too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of death have bound thee !
Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race ?

Wert thou weary of thy throne ?
Was the sky's dominion lone ?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free !
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
Woe for gifted souls and high !
Is not such *their* destiny ?

—MRS HEMANS.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

THE PEACOCK.

'It is a Hindu prejudice, that the track over which a peacock has been observed to fly and alight, is that of a vein of gold.'

THE peacock, with its plumage rare,
Is a holy bird, and wise ;
For he knoweth that gold is an evil thing,
From which foul thoughts and fancies spring,
To blind our mental eyes ;
He knoweth it is the seed of sin,
Whose fruit may ripen the soul within :
For (if legends tell true) he will not tread
On the earth of the track that covers its bed !

Yea, the peacock is a wise, wise bird,
To fly o'er the spot where the ore of gold
Is hid 'midst the mould.
But man, with tool, and toil, and word,
And wanton spell, seeks out the mine ;
And digs for himself a chain that shall bind
Each blessed impulse of the mind,
Till all shall peak and pine
'Neath the festering fetters—the craving sin
That dwarfs the soul within !

Copy the peacock, then, which flies
Over the path where temptation lies ;
Tread not the track that glisters with gold,
Or thy fingers will bend the ore to hold,
Whilst instant round thy heart shall freeze
The milk of human charities !

—MAJOR C. CAMPBELL.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD.

BIRDS of fair form lurk 'mid the verdant brakes,
Whose rival warbling love's soft wishes shews.
Each grove and stream the murmuring wind makes
Eloquent ; with varying force it blows
When the birds sing, scarce the still leaves it shakes ;
But when they cease, its response louder grows :
So, be it chance or art, alternate please
The song of birds, and music of the breeze.

With purple beak, and rainbow colours flung
At random o'er his plumes, among the rest

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

Was one pre-eminent ; his supple tongue
A gift like human eloquence possessed,
And with such art and copious numbers sung,
That all who heard, a prodigy confessed ;
The birds grew mute, and, charmed by his sweet lay,
The rustling breezes ceased through heaven to play.
'Ah, see,' he sang, 'how bursts the budding rose,
When, coyly opening on its virgin stem,
Each blushing tint with double lustre glows,
Veiled by green leaves, which half-conceal the gem !
Lo ! now in full-blown pride, each charm it shews
Unrobed. Lo ! now it fades, a wreck which all condemn.
And seems not such—seems not the haughty flower
By lovers envied for their lady's bower.
'Thus vanish, in one evanescent day,
The flower and greenness of Life's vernal morn ;
Nor shall returning April's genial ray
Its withered beauty with fresh bloom adorn :
Then pluck the rose, while matin hours delay,
Of their serenity so quickly shorn ;
Then pluck the rose of love, while yet we may—
While love may yet the love we give repay.'
He ceased ; and the approving birds express,
With a fresh burst of song, their glad consent :
The gentle doves more tenderly caress,
And every creature seeks in love content ;
Even the chaste laurel and hard oak confess
Its melting power ; and from the groves are sent,
And from the earth, and from the crystal streams,
An amorous murmur like a sigh that seems.

—*From TASSO.*

TO THE DOVE.

HAIL, emblem of the dearest tie
That human hearts can bind,
Love's all-devoted constancy,
When kindred souls are joined !
Than thee no purer image fills
A niche in Nature's shrine,
Type of ecstatic transport's thrills,
And feeling's glow divine.
The eagle and the vulture share
Dominion of the sky ;
I mark the imperial lords of air
With regal pomp sweep by.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

But ah ! their flight, far sunward spread,
No soft emotion brings ;
Foreboding sounds of woe pervade
The rushing of their wings.

But thou, what melting sweetness glows
In thy long mellow note,
Heard where the random wild-flower blows
In forest glooms remote !
Oh, more than language can express,
Of love and truth is there ;
The depth of woman's tenderness,
The purity of prayer !

More mellowing pathos stamps that strain
Than Music's self affords,
To bid the bosom thrill again
From its profoundest chords.
And such its power to give release
From passion's earthly spell,
That, listening, I could bid, in peace,
The realms of time farewell.

Spontaneous worship hallows deep
The scene where none intrudes,
When earth and heaven, communing, keep
The Sabbath of the woods ;
While sunset sanctifies the calm
Devout of earth and skies ;
And low, like prayer from fields of balm,
The breath of Evening sighs.

Yet, spotless dove, religion lends
My theme a glory too—
A charm, harmoniously that blends
With Nature's simple due.
Oh, marvellous was the sign of love
Through thee to mortals given,
When stooped by brooding wings above
The Majesty of heaven !

Bird of the consecrated plume,
Whom earth's Creator chose
(Whilst yet above its watery tomb
One lonely mountain rose)
To waft the pledge of peace to men,
The olive's welcome bough :
I hail thee, Mercy's herald then,
Her sacred symbol now.

—J. F. SMITH.

SELECT POEMS ON BIRDS.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—C. BRYANT.





WILLIAM PENN, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, was born in London on the 14th of October 1644. He was the only son of Sir William Penn, a naval commander of distinction, first during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and afterwards in the service of Charles II., from whom he received the honour of knighthood. His health having suffered from his active duties, Admiral Penn retired from service in 1666, although then only in the forty-fifth year of his age. His wife, the mother of William Penn, was the daughter of a merchant in Rotterdam.

Penn received his preliminary education at Chigwell, in Essex, near his father's country residence. From Chigwell School he was removed, at twelve years of age, to a private academy in London; and having made great progress in all the usual branches of education, he was entered, at the age of fifteen years, as a gentleman

commoner at Christ-church, Oxford. At college he is said to have been remarkable not more for his sedateness and attention to study, than for his extreme fondness for all athletic sports. His first bias, too, towards the opinions of that religious sect of which he became afterwards so distinguished an ornament, the Society of Friends, was produced at this period of his life. It was the effect of the preaching of one Thomas Loe, once a member of the university of Oxford, but who had embraced the doctrines of the Quakers, and was now a zealous propagator of the same.

Serious and thoughtful from his childhood, young Penn was strongly impressed by the views of religious truth which Loe inculcated; and the consequence was, that he and a few of his fellow-students who had been similarly affected began to absent themselves from the established worship of the university, and to hold private meetings among themselves for devotional purposes. For this breach of the college rules a fine was imposed upon them by the authorities of the university. Neither Penn nor his associates were cured of their disposition to nonconformity by this act of severity; they still continued to hold their private meetings, and naturally became more zealous in their views as they saw these views prohibited and discountenanced. Their zeal soon manifested itself in an act of riot. An order having been sent down to Oxford by Charles II. that the surplice should be worn by the students, as was customary in ancient times, Penn and his companions were so roused by what they conceived a return to popish observances, that, not content with disobeying the order themselves, they attacked those students who appeared in the obnoxious surplices, and tore them off their backs. So flagrant an outrage on college discipline could not be allowed to pass without severe punishment, and accordingly Penn and several of his companions were expelled. As may be conceived, Admiral Penn was by no means pleased when his son returned home with the stigma attached to him of having been expelled from college; nor was he more satisfied when he learned the cause. Himself untroubled with any such religious scruples as those which his son professed, he could not make any allowance for them, but, on the contrary, insisted that he should give them up, and live as any young gentleman of good family and loyal principles might be expected to do. The young man meeting his father's remonstrances with arguments in self-defence, the hasty old admiral turned him out of doors.

Through his mother's intercession, a reconciliation soon took place; and the admiral determined, as the best means of finishing his son's education, and possibly of curing him of what he considered his over-religiousness, to send him to spend a year or two in France. Penn accordingly left England in 1662, and was absent on the continent till 1664. On his return to England, his father was much pleased to find him so polished in demeanour and manners, and did

not doubt but his intention in sending him abroad had been in a great measure fulfilled. By his advice, Penn became a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he continued till 1666, when his father sent him over to Ireland, to manage his pretty extensive estates in the county of Cork. In this commission he conducted himself entirely to his father's satisfaction, residing sometimes on the estates themselves, sometimes in Dublin, where he had the advantage of mixing in the society attending the court of the Duke of Ormond, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and his father's friend. While attending to his business in Ireland, however, a circumstance befell him, which might have induced his father to have acted differently, could he have foreseen it. Being accidentally one day in Cork, he heard that Thomas Loe, the person whose preaching had so deeply affected him at Oxford, was to address a meeting of Quakers in that city. Penn could not think of losing the opportunity of again seeing and hearing his old friend, and accordingly he entered the place where Loe was to preach. He took his seat, and had waited for a few minutes, when the preacher rose, and commenced his sermon with the following striking words: 'There is a faith which overcometh the world; and there is a faith which is overcome by the world.' The words, and the sermon which they introduced, seemed adapted to his own case. Had not his faith been one which had been overcome by the world? and was it not, therefore, a weak, poor, and useless thing? Such was the force of this reflection, strengthened as it was by intercourse with Loe, that he resolved from that day to devote himself to the service of religion, and to adhere to the sect whose principles he respected most. In short, from that time Penn became a professed Quaker.

Nonconformity in religious observances was at that time somewhat dangerous. In Scotland, a religious persecution was fiercely raging; and although in other parts of the kingdom the spirit of bigotry on the part of the government did not manifest itself to the same extent, yet everywhere throughout Great Britain and Ireland dissenters were subject to grievous annoyances; and it was in the power of any meddlesome or narrow-minded person to point to numerous persecuting laws existing in the statute-book, and to demand that they should be put in force against them. Accordingly, William Penn soon paid the price of his conscientiousness. Making it a point, ever after his meeting with Loe, to attend the religious assemblies of the Quakers in preference to those of the Established Church, he was apprehended, along with eighteen others, on the 3d of September 1667, and carried before the mayor of Cork, charged with transgressing the act against tumultuous assemblies passed seven years before. The mayor, perceiving Penn to be a gentleman, offered him his liberty on condition that he would give security for his good behaviour in future; but Penn refused to comply with this condition, and was therefore committed to prison with the others.

From prison he addressed a letter to the Earl of Orrery, then Lord President of Munster, and a friend probably of Admiral Penn, requesting his interference to procure the release of himself and his companions. The earl immediately ordered the release of Penn; the others, it would appear, however, were permitted to remain in prison.

Meanwhile some friend of the family, resident in Ireland, had conveyed to the admiral the unwelcome intelligence that his son had joined the Quakers. Without any delay the old man summoned his son home; and their first interview was a stormy one. The admiral at length, finding that his son had become a confirmed Quaker, and losing hope of moving him further, only stipulated that the youth should consent to depart so far from the customs of his sect as to take off his hat in presence of the king, the Duke of York, and himself! After a violent struggle between filial affection and religious convictions, William announced that he could not agree even to this limited amount of hat-worship, and was again turned out of doors.

Thus driven out into the world, and disqualified by his previous education for earning his livelihood by any ordinary profession, Penn would have fared badly, had not his mother, without the admiral's knowledge, kept up a communication with him, and supplied him with money out of her own purse. Not long afterwards, being now in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he began to preach at meetings of those who, like himself, had embraced the tenets of the Quakers. About the same time, too, he commenced his career as a polemical pamphleteer—a character which he kept up till his dying day, having in the course of his life published an immense number of controversial pamphlets in defence of his sect and of religious liberty in general. The title of his first work, published in 1668, was as follows: *Truth Exalted, in a short but sure Testimony against all those Religions, Faiths, and Worshipps that have been formed and followed in the Darkness of Apostacy; and for that Glorious Light which is now risen, and shines forth in the Life and Doctrine of the despised Quakers, as the alone good old Way of Life and Salvation.* To account for the somewhat bombastic appearance of this title, as well as for much in the conduct of William Penn and other early Quakers which might otherwise seem difficult to explain, it must be mentioned that the early Quakers differed considerably from the modern Society of Friends with respect to the ideas which they entertained regarding the importance of their own sect. George Fox, William Penn, and the early Quakers in general, regarded Quakerism as a 'glorious light'—a new dispensation, destined to abrogate existing forms of faith, and restore Christianity to its primitive purity. Hence their sanguine mode of speaking concerning their own mode of faith; hence their extraordinary exertions to make proselytes; and hence that activity, and even restlessness

in society, which distinguished the early Quakers from their modern successors.

William Penn was a great accession to the sect whose views he had adopted. Both by the publication of pamphlets and by public debates, he endeavoured to make an impression in favour of the Quakers. One of his publications, a pamphlet called *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, gave so much offence to some of the established clergy, and especially to the Bishop of London, that Penn was apprehended, and sent as a prisoner to the Tower. During his imprisonment here, which lasted seven months, he wrote his *No Cross, no Crown*, one of the most popular of all his works; the leading idea of it being, 'that unless men are willing to lead a life of self-denial, and to undergo privations and hardships in the course of their Christian warfare—that is, unless they are willing to bear the cross, they cannot become capable of wearing the crown—the crown, namely, of eternal glory.' At length Penn was discharged by an order from the king, who was probably moved to this act of leniency by his brother, the Duke of York, Admiral Penn's friend.

The admiral by this time was disposed to be reconciled to his son, whose constancy to his opinions he could not help admiring, notwithstanding that he had no predilection for the opinions themselves. Partly to keep him out of harm's way, he sent him a second time on a mission of business to Ireland. While dutifully fulfilling the business on which he had been sent, Penn employed a great part of his time in Ireland in preaching and writing tracts in favour of Quakerism. He likewise visited many poor persons of his sect who were suffering imprisonment for their fidelity to their convictions; and, by means of his representations and his influence, he was able to procure from the lord-lieutenant the discharge of several of them. On his return to England, he was kindly received by his father, and took up his abode once more in the paternal mansion.

The spirit of intolerance had in the meantime become more rampant in the government; and in 1670, parliament passed the famous act against conventicles, by which it was attempted to crush nonconformity in England. The Quakers of course were visited with the full severity of the act; and William Penn was one of the first of its victims. Proceeding one day to the place of meeting which he attended in Gracechurch Street, he found the door guarded by a party of soldiers, who prevented him from entering. Others of the congregation coming up, gathered round the door, forming, with the chance loiterers, who were attracted by curiosity, a considerable crowd. Penn began to address them; but had hardly begun his discourse, when he and another Quaker, named William Mead, who was standing near him, were seized by the constables, who were already provided with warrants for the purpose, signed by the lord mayor, and conveyed to Newgate, whence they were brought to trial at the Old Bailey sessions on the 3d of September 1670. As

this trial was really very important, we shall detail the proceedings at some length. The justices present on the bench on this occasion were Sir Samuel Starling, lord mayor of London; John Howel, recorder; five aldermen; and three sheriffs. The jury consisted, as usual, of twelve persons, whose names deserve to be held in honour for the noble manner in which they performed their duty. When the prisoners Penn and Mead entered the court, they had their hats on, according to the custom of their sect. One of the officers of the court instantly pulled them off. On this the lord mayor became furious, and ordered the man to replace the hats on the heads of the prisoners; which was no sooner done, than the recorder fined them forty marks each for contempt of court in wearing their hats in presence of the bench. The trial then proceeded. Witnesses were called to prove that, on the 15th of August last, the prisoners had addressed a meeting of between three and four hundred persons in Gracechurch Street. Penn admitted that he and his friend were present on the occasion referred to, but contended that they had met to worship God according to their own conscience, and that they had a right to do so. One of the sheriffs here observed that they were there not for worshipping God, but for breaking the law.

‘What law?’ asked Penn.

‘The common law,’ replied the recorder. Penn insisted on knowing what law that was; but was checked by the bench, who called him ‘a saucy fellow.’

‘The question is,’ said the recorder at length, ‘whether you are guilty of this indictment.’

‘The question,’ replied Penn, ‘is *not* whether I am guilty of this indictment, but whether this indictment be legal. It is too general and imperfect an answer to say it is the common law, unless we know where and what it is; for where there is no law, there is no transgression; and that law which is not in being, is so far from being common, that it is no law at all.’

Upon which the recorder retorted: ‘You are an impertinent fellow, sir. Will you teach the court what law is? It is *lex non scripta*; that which many have studied thirty or forty years to know, and would you have me tell you in a moment?’

Penn immediately answered: ‘Certainly, if the common law be so hard to be understood, it is far from being very common; but if Lord Coke in his Institutes be of any consideration, he tells us that common law is common right, and that common right is the Great Charter Privileges confirmed.’

‘Sir,’ interrupted the recorder, ‘you are a troublesome fellow; and it is not to the honour of the court to suffer you to go on.’

‘I have asked but one question,’ said Penn, ‘and you have not answered me, though the rights and privileges of every Englishman are concerned in it.’

'If,' said the recorder, 'I should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you would be never the wiser.'

'That,' replied the imperturbable Penn, '*is according as the answers are.*'

After some further conversation, or rather altercation, the mayor and recorder became enraged. 'Take him away, take him away,' they cried to the officers of the court; 'turn him into the bale-dock.' This order was obeyed, Penn protesting, as he was removed, that it was contrary to all law for the judge to deliver the charge to the jury in the absence of the prisoners. But now a second contest commenced—a contest between the bench and the jury. The latter, after being sent out of court to agree upon their verdict, unanimously returned the following one: 'Guilty of *speaking* in Gracechurch Street.' The bench refused to receive this verdict; and after reproaching the jury, sent them back for half an hour to reconsider it. At the end of the half-hour the court again met; and the prisoners having been brought in, the jury delivered precisely the same verdict as before, only this time they gave it in writing, with all their names attached. The court upon this became furious; and the recorder, addressing the jury, said: 'Gentlemen, you shall not be dismissed till we have such a verdict as the court will accept; and you shall be locked up without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the court; we will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it!' On this Penn stood up and said: 'My jury, who are my judges, ought not to be thus menaced; their verdict should be free, and not compelled; the bench ought to wait upon them, and not to forestall them. I do desire that justice may be done me, and that the arbitrary resolves of the bench may not be made the measure of my jury's verdict.' The court then adjourned, the jury, including one who complained of ill-health, being locked up without food, fire, or drink. Next morning, on being brought in, they still returned the same verdict. They were violently reproached and threatened; and the recorder even forgot himself so far as to say that 'he had never till now understood the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the Inquisition among them; and that certainly it would never be well in England till something like the Spanish Inquisition were established there.' The jury were again locked up without food, drink, tobacco, or fire, for twenty-four hours. On the third day, the natural and glorious effect of this brutality on the minds of Englishmen was produced. In place of the indirect acquittal contained in their former verdict, they now, with one voice, pronounced the prisoners 'Not guilty!' Upon some paltry legal pretence, they were all fined for their contumacy, and sent to prison till the fine should be paid. Penn himself was shut up till he should pay the mulct for contempt of court. This he would not do; but his father, it is thought, laid down the money for him, and he was liberated.

Penn's father dying immediately after his liberation, left him a clear estate of £1500 a year—a considerable property in those days. The old man had by this time been brought to regard his son's conduct in a more favourable light than he had done at first; and one of his dying advices to him was, to 'suffer nothing in this world to tempt him to wrong his conscience.'

For twelve months after his father's death, Penn proceeded as before, preaching habitually at meetings of persons of his own persuasion, writing tracts and treatises in defence of Quakerism, and on other theological and political topics, among which was an account of the recent trial of himself and Mead, and engaging also in oral controversy with several dissenting preachers who had inveighed against the Quakers from their pulpits. His activity soon brought him into fresh trouble. Towards the end of the year 1671, he was again apprehended on the charge of preaching to an illegal assembly, and brought before Sir John Robinson, lieutenant of the Tower, who was one of his judges on the former trial. Sir Samuel Starling was also present. Unable to convict the prisoner on the Conventicle Act, Sir John, who was resolved not to let him escape, adopted another plan, and required him to take the oath of allegiance to the king, well knowing that, as it was contrary to the principles of the Quakers to take an oath at all, he would refuse, and thereby subject himself to imprisonment.

'I vow, Mr Penn,' said Sir John Robinson, on his refusal, 'I am sorry for you. You are an ingenious gentleman; all the world must allow you, and do allow you that; and you have a plentiful estate; why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people?'

'I confess,' said Penn in reply, 'I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those that are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those that are more honestly simple.'

'I wish you wiser!' said Sir John.

'And I wish thee better!' replied Penn.

'You have been as bad as other folks,' observed the judge.

'When and where?' cried Penn, his blood rising at this accusation of hypocrisy. 'I charge thee to tell the company to my face.'

'Abroad and at home too,' said Sir John.

Penn, indignant at this ungenerous taunt, exclaimed: 'I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with having seen me drunk, heard me swear, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it a practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions.' Then turning to his calumniator, and forgetting for a moment his wonted meekness, 'Thy words,' said he, 'shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet!'

The result of the trial was, that Penn was committed to Newgate

for six months. In prison he composed and published several new works, all connected with the subject of religious toleration, especially as it concerned his own sect. On his release he made a tour through Holland and Germany, apparently for the purpose of disseminating the doctrines of Quakerism; but few particulars are known respecting this tour. On his return to England in 1672, being now in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he contracted a marriage with Gulielma Maria, daughter of Sir William Springett of Darling, in Sussex, and a lady of great beauty and accomplishments. After their marriage, they took up their residence at Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, where his wealth would have enabled Penn, had he so chosen, to lead the life of an influential country-gentleman. Nothing, however, could cool the enthusiasm of Penn in behalf of what he esteemed a great and glorious cause; and for three or four years after his marriage, he was incessantly occupied in the composition of controversial pamphlets, defending the Quakers against the attacks and misrepresentations of other sects, and in travelling from place to place for the purpose either of preaching, or of conducting a debate with an antagonist. Early in 1677, he removed his residence from Rickmansworth, in Herts, to Worminghurst, in Sussex. In the same year, in company with the celebrated George Fox and Robert Barclay, he made a second religious tour through Holland and Germany, visiting, among others, the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, daughter of the king of Bohemia, and grand-daughter of James I. of England, who had shewn considerable interest in the doctrines of the Quakers, and who received him very graciously. On his return to England, we find him engaged in a remonstrance to parliament in behalf of the Quakers, which deserves some notice. At that time, as the readers of history well know, a strong feeling prevailed throughout the nation against the Roman Catholics, who were suspected of innumerable plots and conspiracies against the church and state, which for the most part had no existence except in the fancies of the most bigoted portion of the Protestants. The feeling against the Catholics became so high, that all the existing laws against them were rigorously put in force, and much persecution was the consequence—twenty pounds a month being the penalty of absence from the established worship of the country. In order, however, to distinguish between the Roman Catholics and other dissenters, so that the former alone might suffer, it was proposed in parliament that a test should be offered, whereby, on taking a particular oath, a suspected party might escape. This of course was quite a sufficient method for dissenters in general, who had no objection to take the required oath; but for Quakers, who objected to oaths altogether, the plan was of no advantage. On refusing to take the oath, they would be liable to be treated as Jesuits or Roman Catholics in disguise. On this point, William Penn presented a petition to the House of Commons, in which he prayed that, with

regard to the clause for discriminating between Roman Catholics and others, the mere word of a Quaker should be deemed equivalent to an oath; with this addition, however, that if any Quaker could be found uttering a falsehood on the occasion, he should be subject to exactly the same punishment as if he had sworn falsely. Being admitted to a hearing before a committee of the House of Commons, he spoke in support of his petition, insisting that it was hard that the Quakers 'must bear the stripes of another interest, and be their proxy in punishment.' 'But mark,' he continued, in words which did him and his sect much honour, when contrasted with the general intolerance of those times, 'I would not be mistaken. I am far from thinking it fit, because I exclaim against the injustice of whipping Quakers for Papists, that Papists should be whipped for their consciences. No: for though the hand pretended to be lifted up against them hath lighted heavily upon us, yet we do not mean that any should take a fresh aim at them, or that they should come in our room; for we must give the liberty we ask, and cannot be false to our principles, though it were to relieve ourselves; for we have goodwill to all men, and would have none suffer for a truly sober and conscientious dissent on any hand. And I humbly take leave to add, that those methods against persons so qualified do not seem to me to be convincing, or indeed adequate, to the reason of mankind; but this I submit to your consideration.' The effect of Penn's representations was such, that a clause for the relief of Quakers was actually introduced into the bill then before the House: the prorogation of parliament, however, put a stop to the progress of the bill.

Passing over Penn's further exertions, both by speech and writing, in the cause of Quakerism and of religious toleration in England, as an account of these would not possess much interest now, we come to the most important event in his life—namely, the foundation of the North American colony of Pennsylvania.

PENN LED TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES —OBTAINS A GRANT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

After various unsuccessful attempts, two English colonies had been planted on the eastern coast of North America in the early part of the seventeenth century. The more southern of the two was called Virginia, and was colonised principally by mercantile adventurers; the more northern was called New England, and was colonised principally by Puritans, who, driven by persecution from the mother-country, had crossed the Atlantic in order to enjoy liberty of conscience in a new country of their own founding. From the year 1620, a constant stream of emigrants from Great Britain had been pouring into these colonies; so that, towards the latter part of the century, the coast on both sides of the Potomac river was overspread

by a British population—those on the north side of the river calling themselves New Englanders, and those on the south side Virginians. The manner in which the colonisation was carried on was as follows : The king granted to some nobleman, or to some mercantile company, a certain territory roughly marked out ; this nobleman or company again either sold the property in lots to intending emigrants, or themselves organised an emigration on a large scale, and superintended the foundation of a colony on the territory in question. It is evident, therefore, that the purchase and sale of lands in America had become, in the reign of Charles II., a favourite branch of speculation ; some parties buying portions of land with an actual view to settle in the New World, or at least to possess property in it, others buying with the mere intention of selling again. Now, it so happened that, in the year 1664, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., who had obtained from his brother, Charles II., a grant of a great part of the New England coast, conveyed over a portion of it, under the name of New Jersey, to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret. Lord Berkley again disposed of his half-share to two members of the Society of Friends—John Fenwick and Edward Byllinge. It appears that some dispute arose between these two individuals respecting their shares in the land which they had purchased ; for, in the year 1675, we find William Penn, who seems to have been a friend of both, acting as arbitrator between them, and endeavouring to persuade Fenwick to yield, and, for the credit of the body to which he belonged, not to carry the dispute to a court of law. His remonstrances were effectual ; the difference between Fenwick and Byllinge was adjusted ; and the former emigrated to New Jersey, apparently in the mere capacity of superintendent for Byllinge, while Byllinge himself remained at home.

This was Penn's first connection with the American colonies—a connection, it will be observed, quite casual, but which was followed by important consequences. Byllinge becoming involved in pecuniary difficulties, conveyed over his property in New Jersey to his creditors, prevailing upon William Penn to act as trustee, along with two of the creditors, for the judicious application of the property to the purpose of discharging his debts. Penn entered on the business with much alacrity ; and after concluding an arrangement with Sir George Carteret, by which the boundaries of his and Byllinge's shares of New Jersey were defined—the former under the name of East New Jersey, and the latter under that of West New Jersey—he prepared to turn his position, as Byllinge's trustee for West New Jersey, to the best account. The property having been divided into a hundred lots, Fenwick, Byllinge's agent, was paid off with ten of these, and the remaining ninety were to be applied for the behoof of the creditors. All that was necessary now was to invite promising emigrants to settle in these lands ; and with this view Penn drew up a constitution, consisting of a number of articles of mutual agreement,

which the purchasers of the lands were to sign, and which were characterised by his own spirit of liberality and toleration. At the same time, in order that no one might embark in the undertaking without a full knowledge of the condition of the country he was going to, and the difficulties which he must encounter, he and his colleagues published *A Description of West New Jersey*, embracing all the information they had it in their power to give. In consequence of these representations, about eight hundred respectable settlers, most of them Quakers, embarked for New Jersey in the beginning of 1678.

Once led to take an interest in the American colonies, nothing was more natural for William Penn, situated as he was, a member of a persecuted sect, who had all his life been struggling ineffectually for the attainment for himself and his fellows of some measure of religious liberty, than to conceive the project of heading an emigration on a large scale, to consist of Quakers and other dissenters. Might he not be the instrument of founding a new state, which, constructed upon better and sounder principles than those which regulated the old states of Europe, would one day become great, and flourish? Or, even supposing that so noble a prospect were never to be realised, would it not in itself be a good and philanthropic action to remove some hundreds of families from a land where they were suffering continual wrong for conscience' sake, and plant them in a land where, supporting themselves by the sweat of their brow, they might still eat their bread in peace, and bless God the giver? Such were the thoughts that recurred again and again to the mind of William Penn, as instance after instance of persecution presented itself to his view. Intelligence which he received of the prosperity of the colonists, whom, in his capacity as trustee for Byllinge, he had been instrumental in sending out to New Jersey, confirmed him in the notion which he was indulging; and at length he formed the decided resolution to head an extensive scheme of emigration on his own account.

Fortunately the execution of this project was facilitated by a claim which Penn had upon government. His father, Admiral Penn, had at different times advanced sums of money to the needy and dissolute government of Charles II., which, together with arrears of pay, amounted to L.16,000; and, as his father's heir, Penn was of course entitled to the payment of this debt. In lieu of the money, Penn proposed that government should make him a grant of a tract of country in New England yet uncolonised—the tract, namely, lying to the north of Maryland, bounded on the east by the Delaware river, extending as far to the west as Maryland, and as far to the north as was plantable. He had no doubt been led to fix on this territory by favourable accounts which he had received of its resources. When the application was made to government, considerable opposition was offered to Penn's proposal, on the ground that he was a Quaker.

At length, however, on the 4th of March 1681, a royal charter was granted, constituting Penn full and absolute proprietor, under the British crown, of all the land which he had petitioned for. The rights with which this charter invested him were most ample. 'The use,' says his biographer, Mr Clarkson, 'of all ports, bays, rivers, and waters in the specified territory, of their produce, and of all islands, mountains, soils, and mines there, was wholly granted to him. He was to hold the territory in free and common socage by fealty only, paying two beaver-skins annually, and a fifth of all the gold and silver discovered, to the king. He had the power of making laws, with the advice, assent, and approbation of the free men of the territory assembled for the raising of money for public uses; of appointing judges and other officers; and of pardoning and reprieving, except in cases of wilful murder and high treason. He had the power of dividing the province into towns, hundreds, and counties; of erecting and incorporating towns into burghs, and burghs into cities; of selling or alienating any part or parts of the said province, in which case the purchasers were to hold by his grant; of constituting fairs and markets; and of making ports, harbours, and quays. He had the power of assessing, reasonably, and with the advice of the free men assembled, customs on goods laden and unladen, and of enjoying the same, saving only to the king such impositions as were and should be appointed by act of parliament. In case of incursion by neighbouring barbarous nations, or by pirates or robbers, he had power to levy, muster, and train to arms all men in the said province, and to act as their captain-general, and to make war upon and pursue the same.' To these general provisions were added many regulations in detail, the whole charter amounting to one of the most full and absolute ever granted to a subject. With regard to the name of the new territory, Penn proposed at first that it should be called New Wales, by way of companionship, it may be supposed, to New England. Objections, however, being taken to this name, he proposed Sylvania, as one which the woody nature of the country rendered suitable; and ultimately this name was adopted, with the prefix of the word Penn, in honour of William Penn's father, for whom both the king and the Duke of York had a great regard. Penn was anxious to have this prefix struck out, as apparently too assuming; and he actually made application for that purpose: the king, however, insisted that the name Pennsylvania should remain, as accordingly it did.

Penn immediately took steps for the colonisation of his newly acquired territory. He first published a paper giving *Some Account of the Province of Pennsylvania in America, lately granted under the Great Seal of England to William Penn*; and to this paper he annexed a statement of the terms on which he intended to sell his land to emigrants. According to this statement, he was to sell a hundred acres for forty shillings, reserving, for legal reasons, a

perpetual quit-rent of one shilling for every hundred acres. He next published a list of those conditions as to the future management of the colony on which he was willing to part with his land to purchasers. The most prominent of these conditions related to the manner in which he wished the native Indians to be treated by those who settled in the new territory. With a degree of humanity rare in that age, though quite in consonance with his own noble character, he forewarned all his adherents that he was determined to put the native Indians on a level with the colonists as regarded civic rights, and that all differences between the two parties should be settled by an equal number of referees from both sides.

As it was deemed necessary, moreover, that intending settlers should have some previous idea of the form of government to be adopted in the new colony, Penn drew up a rough outline of such a constitution as he wished to see established, and as he had no doubt would meet the approbation of all likely to be interested. This constitution embraced twenty-four articles, of which the first, named by Penn the *Great Fundamental*, was as follows: 'In reverence to God, the Father of light and spirits, the Author as well as object of all divine knowledge, faith, and worship, I do, for me and mine, declare and establish for the first fundamental of the government of my province, that every person that doth and shall reside therein shall have and enjoy the free profession of his or her faith and exercise of worship toward God, in such way and manner as every such person shall in conscience believe is most acceptable to God.'

All the necessary preparations having been made, three ships full of emigrants set sail for Pennsylvania in the end of 1681. The superintendence of this first detachment was intrusted by Penn to his relative, Colonel Markham, assisted by commissioners. These were instructed to open up a communication with the natives, and to make all possible arrangements for the establishment of a peaceful relation between them and the future colony. With this view they carried a letter, written in Penn's own hand, and addressed to the Indians; of which remarkable document the following is a copy: 'There is a great God and Power which hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you and I, and all people, owe their being and well-being, and to whom you and I must one day give an account for all that we have done in the world. This great God hath written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. Now, this great God hath been pleased to make me concerned in your part of the world; and the king of the country where I live hath given me a great province therein. But I desire to enjoy it with your love and consent, that we may always live together as neighbours and friends; else what would the great God do to us, who hath made us, not to devour and destroy one another, but to live soberly and kindly together in the world? Now, I would

have you well observe that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised toward you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought to make themselves great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This, I hear, hath been matter of trouble to you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood, which hath made the great God angry. But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard toward you, and desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in anything any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them. I shall shortly come to see you myself, at which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters. In the meantime, I have sent my commissioners to treat with you about land and a firm league of peace. Let me desire you to be kind to them and to the people; and receive the presents and tokens which I have sent you as a testimony of my good-will to you, and of my resolution to live justly, peaceably, and friendly with you. I am your loving friend,

WILLIAM PENN.'

Penn was busy making preparations to follow the settlers, whom he had already despatched, when he was afflicted by the death of his mother, for whom he had ever manifested the greatest affection. Shortly after this melancholy event, he published in full the constitution to which we have already alluded, under the title, 'The Frame of Government of the Province of Pennsylvania, in America, together with certain Laws agreed upon in England by the Governor and divers Freemen of the aforesaid Province, to be further explained and confirmed there by the first Provincial Council that shall be held.' After stating in the preface that he 'does not find a model of government in the world that time, place, and some singular emergencies have not necessarily altered, and that it is not easy to frame a civil government that shall serve all places alike,' he proceeds to detail the arrangements which, after due deliberation and consultation, he concluded to be advisable in the meantime. The following is the summary of these arrangements, given by Penn's biographer, Mr Clarkson: 'The government,' he says, 'was placed in the governor and freemen of the province, out of whom were to be formed two bodies; namely, a Provincial Council and a General Assembly. These were to be chosen by the freemen; and, though the governor or his deputy was to be perpetual president, he was to have but a treble vote. The provincial council was to consist of seventy-two members. One-third part—that is, twenty-four of them—were to serve for three years; one-third for two; and the other third for

only one year. It was the office of this council to prepare and propose bills; to see that the laws were executed; to take care of the peace and safety of the province; to settle the situation of ports, cities, market-towns, roads, and other public places; to inspect the public treasury; to erect courts of justice, institute schools, and reward the authors of useful discoveries. Not less than two-thirds of these were necessary to make a quorum; and the consent of not less than two-thirds of such a quorum was required in all matters of moment. The general assembly was to consist, the first year, of all the freemen; and the next of two hundred. These were to be increased afterwards according to the increase of the population of the province. They were to have no deliberative power; but when bills were brought to them from the governor and provincial council, they were to pass or reject them by a plain "Yes" or "No." They were to present sheriffs and justices of the peace to the governor; of the number presented by them, he was to select half. They were to be elected annually. All elections of members, whether to the provincial council or to the general assembly, were to be by ballot. This charter, or frame of government, was not to be altered, changed, or diminished in any part or clause of it, without the consent of the governor, or his heirs or assigns, and six parts out of seven of the freemen both in the provincial council and general assembly.'

Another precaution which Penn took before departing for America deserves to be noticed. To prevent any future dispute between himself or his heirs, and the Duke of York and his heirs, with regard to the proprietorship of Pennsylvania, he procured from his Royal Highness a written surrender of all his claims, real or supposed, to the lands in question. Not only so; but being aware, also, that, adjoining the district which had been granted him by royal charter, there was a tract of land called 'the Territories,' already inhabited by Swedes and Dutch, and belonging to the Duke of York, the possession of which would, he conceived, be advantageous to the infant colony of Pennsylvania, he made application to the duke with a view to obtain it. The duke willingly agreed; and by a deed of feoffment, dated August 24, 1682, the Territories were formally made over to William Penn and his successors.

Nothing remained now but to take leave of his wife and children before embarking on an undertaking then more hazardous than, with our present notions of America and its distance from England, we can well conceive. This he did in a letter of counsel addressed jointly to his wife and children, some passages of which are so impressive and honourable to the writer, that we cannot refrain from giving a brief specimen: 'MY DEAR WIFE—Remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the most beloved as well as most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say

it was a match of Providence's making ; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.' He next addresses himself to his children. 'Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour to you ; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding—qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight ; nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors. And though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfulllest acts of service to you in your infancy as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish, your dear mother.'

On the 1st of September 1682, the ship *Welcome*, of three hundred tons burden, set sail from Deal with William Penn and about a hundred other emigrants, mostly Quakers, on board. She had not sailed many days when the small-pox broke out in the ship, and raged so violently, that about thirty of the passengers died. The rest arrived safely at their destination after a voyage of six weeks, the *Welcome* anchoring in the Delaware river about the middle of October.

FOUNDATION OF THE COLONY—OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA —INCREASE OF SETTLERS.

The territory of Pennsylvania which William Penn had selected in North America possessed natural advantages of no ordinary kind. 'It may be doubted,' says one authority, 'whether a more widely diversified region exists upon the face of the earth, or one of similar area in which the vegetable and mineral productions are more numerous.' Scarcely any part is level ; the country is a perpetual alternation of hill and valley. Watered by many large rivers, as the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Schuylkill, the Alleghany, the Ohio, &c., as well as by innumerable rivulets, it seemed a most inviting country for emigrants. A general perception of these advantages had no doubt actuated Penn in his choice of this particular region. At the time, however, when he made the choice, all was wild and uncultivated—a tract, for the most part, of jungly forest-land, traversed in silence by idle streams. 'At the beginning of the year 1681,' says the author of an American *History of Philadelphia*, 'the tract of ground upon which Philadelphia now stands was covered with forests ; and men and savage beasts had a pretty equal

right to it. Tradition has preserved the anecdote, that, in the year 1678, a ship called the *South Shields* of Stockton, the first that had ever ventured so high up the Delaware, approached so close to the shore in tacking as to run her bowsprit among the trees which then lined the bank, and the passengers on board, who were bound for Burlington, remarked upon it as an advantageous site for a town. Little could they foresee the city that was to be erected on that spot, or the contrast between its growth and that of the still humble village for which they were destined.'

Sailing up the Delaware, Penn first reached the Territories, already mentioned as having been ceded to him by the Duke of York, and as being inhabited by Dutch and Swedes. These people, now Penn's subjects, and who had been prepared for his coming by Colonel Markham, were ready to give him a hearty welcome. About three thousand of them were assembled at Newcastle, where he first landed, a little below the site of the present Philadelphia. Here there was a magistracy and a court-house, in which Penn, after formally taking possession of the country, delivered an address, assuring the inhabitants of his intentions to govern them in a spirit of kindness and regard for their interests. From Newcastle, Penn proceeded to New York, that he might form a better idea of affairs, as they stood in a part of the country already colonised. Returning to Newcastle, he summoned a general assembly of the settlers, at a place called Upland, but to which he then gave the name of Chester. When the general assembly met, it consisted of free settlers indiscriminately from the province and from the Territories; all such as chose to take part in the proceedings at this first assembly being, in terms of one of the articles of the constitution, at liberty to do so. A Speaker having been chosen, one of the first acts of the assembly was to pass an act uniting the Territories and the province, and naturalising Swedes, Dutch, and all foreigners within the boundaries of the entire region. The laws drawn up by Penn in England were then confirmed, with some modifications and additions. Among these additions the following deserve notice: 'All children of the age of twelve were to be taught some useful trade or handicraft, to the end that none might be idle in the province. All pleadings, processes, and records in courts of law were to be as short as possible. All fees of law were to be moderate, and to be hung up on tables in the courts. All persons wrongfully imprisoned or prosecuted were to have double damages against the informer or prosecutor. All fines were to be moderate. With respect to the criminal part of these laws, one new principle was introduced. William Penn was of opinion, that though the deterring of others from offences must continue to be the great end of punishment, yet in a community professing itself Christian, the reformation of the offender was to be inseparably connected with it. Hence he made but two capital offences—namely, murder, and treason against

the state ; and hence also all prisons were to be considered as work-shops, where the offenders might be industriously, soberly, and morally employed.' Thus all was begun fairly ; the settlers, most of them sensible and religious men, who had experienced the effects of intolerant and bad government, manifesting a laudable desire to lay down at the outset liberal and generous principles for the government in all time coming of the colony which they would have the responsibility of founding.

In the opinion of Penn, something was still wanting before he could proceed another step in the colonisation of Pennsylvania. The greater number of his contemporaries, to whom lands were ceded in these regions by the government at home, held that they had by that cession acquired all the necessary rights, and that no other parties were entitled to a voice in the matter. Not so thought William Penn. We have seen how he had instructed his commissioners to open up the way to a friendly communication with the native Indians, and how he had sent a letter to the latter, expressing his wish to 'enjoy the lands with their love and consent.' His commissioners had obeyed his instructions, and had made a bargain with the natives before his arrival. In order publicly to ratify this bargain in person, Penn, shortly after his arrival, made arrangements for meeting the chief men of the Indians, who were still numerous in the region. A grand convocation, accordingly, of the Indians and settlers, the latter headed by Penn, was held near the site of the present city of Philadelphia, under the spreading boughs of a prodigious elm-tree. The natives came to the place of meeting in great numbers, and all armed ; Penn came with his friends unarmed. The only mark of distinction which the leader of the settlers presented was a sash of blue silk network, and the parchment roll which he held in his hand, and which contained the conditions of the treaty. The Indians, on his approach, threw down their arms, and seated themselves on the ground ; on which their chiefs—one of whom, as being the principal, wore a chaplet with a small horn attached, the primitive symbol of power—announced to Penn that they were ready to hear him. Tradition has preserved the main points in Penn's address on this memorable occasion.

He began : 'The Great Spirit, who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love.' After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment,

and by means of the same interpreter conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. 'Among other things,' says Mr Clarkson, 'they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again that the ground should be common to both people. He then added that he would not do as the Marylanders did—that is, call them children or brothers only, for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.'

The Indian chiefs answered in lengthened speeches, and pledged themselves 'to live in love with William Penn and his children so long as sun and moon should endure.' The treaty was concluded—a treaty of which it has been remarked, with truthful severity, that it was the only one concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by oaths, and the only one that never was broken! The great elm-tree under whose boughs it was concluded stood for a hundred and thirty years after, an object of veneration to the people around.

The purchase of Pennsylvania from the Indians having been concluded, and the land in a great measure surveyed by a person who had been brought out for the purpose, Penn, who had already established his own residence on an island in the Delaware, a few miles below the falls of Trenton, opposite the site of the present Burlington, and to which he had given the name of Pennsburg, next turned his attention to the foundation of a town in some advantageous locality. After mature deliberation, a place, called by the Indians Coaquannoc, was chosen as the site. It was the very spot which had struck the passengers on board the *South Shields* of Stockton, on their way to Burlington, as so well adapted for a city.

A neck of land situated between two navigable rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill, with quarries of good building-stone in the immediate neighbourhood, the place seemed to be marked out by nature for the purpose. Accordingly, previous to Penn's arrival, some of the settlers whom he had sent out had taken up their habitations on the spot, erecting bark-huts, the art of constructing which they were taught by the Indians; or digging caves, which they fitted up so as to afford tolerable accommodation, in the high bank overhanging the Delaware.

The site of the city having been determined on, the surveyor, Thomas Holmes, drew up, under Penn's directions, a map or plan according to which the streets were to be laid out. 'According to this plan,' says Mr Clarkson, 'there were to be two large streets, the one fronting the Delaware on the east, and the other the Schuylkill on the west, of a mile in length. A third, to be called High Street, of one hundred feet broad, was to run directly through the middle of the city, so as to communicate with the streets now mentioned at right angles—that is, it was to run through the middle from river to river, or from east to west. A fourth, of the same breadth, to be called Broad Street, was to run through the middle also, but to intersect High Street at right angles, or to run from north to south. Eight streets, fifty feet wide, were to be built parallel to High Street—that is, from river to river; and twenty of the like width, parallel to Broad Street, crossing the former. The streets running from east to west were to be named according to their numerical order—First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on; and those from north to south according to the woods of the country—as Vine Street, Spruce Street, Sassafras Street, Cedar Street, and so on. There was to be, however, a square of ten acres in the middle of the city, each corner of which was to be reserved for public offices. There was to be also, in each quarter of it, a square of eight acres, to be used by the citizens in like manner as Moorfields in London.' To the 'distractingly regular city,' as Mr Dickens calls it, thus mapped out, but not one house of which had yet been built, he gave the name of PHILADELPHIA, in token of the principle of brotherly love on which it was founded—brotherly love among English, Swedes, Dutch, Indians, and men of all languages and nations.

The work of building commenced apace. Within a few months of Penn's arrival, as many as twenty-three ships, loaded with emigrants from Somersetshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Wales, and Ireland, sailed up the Delaware, and anchored off the site of the new town. Most of the emigrants they brought to the settlement were men such as Penn wished to see in his colony, sober and industrious persons, who had left Great Britain in order that they might lead a quiet and peaceable life, undisturbed by persecution. A number of them brought out with them a variety of implements and pieces of machinery, which were of great use in the infant state of the colony.

Accommodated first in temporary huts, or the caves before mentioned, on the banks of the Delaware, they gradually distributed themselves through the settlement at their pleasure—few of them, however, removing far at first from the site of the town. As these removed, and provided themselves with better residences, their old habitations, the Indian-built huts, and the caves on the river-bank, were taken possession of by new-comers, who in their turn made way for others, mutual benevolence and assistance being the rule of the settlement. It was in one of the rude caves dug in the river-bank that the first native Philadelphian was born. This person, whose name was John Key, and who died in 1767, at the age of eighty-five, always went by the name of *First-born*.

In the spring of 1683, the affairs of the new colony presented a very flourishing appearance. The more recently arrived settlers had experienced some hardships during the winter, but, on the whole, fewer than might have been anticipated, and the new year was entered upon with cheerfulness and hope. The following extract contains the recollections, in old age, of one of the first Pennsylvanian settlers, by name Richard Townsend, and may be taken at once as a succinct account of the rise of the colony, and as an illustration of the simple and devout character of the early settlers: 'After our arrival,' he says, 'we found it a wilderness. The chief inhabitants were Indians and some Swedes, who received us in a friendly manner; and though there was a great number of us, the good hand of Providence was seen in a particular manner in that provisions were found for us by the Swedes and Indians at very reasonable rates, as well as brought from divers other parts that were inhabited before. After some time, I set up a mill on Chester Creek, which I brought ready framed from London, which served for grinding corn and sawing boards, and was of great use to us. Besides, with Joshua Tittery, I made a net, and caught great quantities of fish, which supplied ourselves and many others; so that, notwithstanding it was thought near three thousand persons came the first year, we were so providentially provided for, that we could buy a deer for about two shillings, and a large turkey for about a shilling, and Indian corn for about two shillings and sixpence per bushel. And as our worthy proprietor treated the Indians with extraordinary humanity, they became very civil and loving to us, and brought us in abundance of venison. After our arrival, there came in about twenty families from High and Low Germany, of religious, good people, who settled about six miles from Philadelphia, and called the place German Town. About the time German Town was laid out, I settled upon my tract of land, which I had bought of the proprietor in England, about a mile from thence, where I set up a house and a corn-mill, which was very useful to the country for several miles round; but there not being plenty of horses, people generally brought their corn on their backs many miles. I remember

one man had a bull so gentle, that he used to bring his corn on him instead of a horse. Being now settled within six or seven miles of Philadelphia, where I left the principal body of Friends, together with the chief place of provisions, flesh-meat was very scarce with me for some time, of which I found the want. I remember I was once supplied, by a particular instance of Providence, in the following manner : As I was in my meadow mowing grass, a young deer came and looked on me. I continued mowing, and the deer in the same attention to me. I then laid down my scythe and went towards him, upon which he ran off a small distance. I went to my work again, and the deer continued looking on me ; so that several times I left my work to go towards him, but he still kept himself at a distance. At last, as I was going towards him, and he, looking on me, did not mind his steps, he ran forcibly against the trunk of a tree, and stunned himself so much that he fell ; upon which I ran forward, and getting upon him, held him by the legs. After a great struggle, in which I had almost tired him out, and rendered him lifeless, I threw him on my shoulders, holding him fast by the legs, and with some difficulty, on account of his fresh struggling, carried him home, about a quarter of a mile, to my house ; where, by the assistance of a neighbour who happened to be there, and who killed him for me, he proved very serviceable to my family. I could relate several other acts of Providence of this kind, but omit them for brevity. As people began to spread, and to improve their lands, the country became more fruitful, so that those who came after us were plentifully supplied ; and with what we exceeded our wants, we began a small trade abroad ; and as Philadelphia increased, vessels were built, and many employed. Both country and trade have been wonderfully increasing to this day, so that, from a wilderness, the Lord, by His good hand of providence, hath made it a fruitful land ; on which things to look back, and observe all the steps, would exceed my present purpose.'

To this we may add an extract from a letter written by Penn himself to a society of traders in England, who had purchased a large quantity of land in Pennsylvania, and which sketches the history of the colony down to the date at which it was written, August 1683. 'The country,' he says, 'lies bounded on the east by the river and bay of Delaware and Eastern Sea. It hath the advantage of many creeks, or rivers rather, that run into the main river or bay, some navigable for great ships, some for small craft. Our people are mostly settled upon the upper rivers, which are pleasant and sweet, and generally bounded with good land. The planted part of the province and territories is cast into six counties—Philadelphia, Buckingham, Chester, Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex—containing about four thousand souls. Two general assemblies have been held, and with such concord and dispatch, that they sat but three weeks, and at least seventy laws were passed, without one

dissent in any material thing. And for the good government of the said counties, courts of justice are established in every county, with proper officers—as justices, sheriffs, clerks, constables—which courts are held every two months. Philadelphia, the expectation of those that are concerned in this province, is at last laid out, to the great content of those here that are anyways interested therein. The situation is a neck of land, and lieth between two navigable rivers, Delaware and Schuylkill; whereby it hath two fronts upon the water, each a mile, and two from river to river. But this I will say for the good providence of God, that of all the many places I have seen in the world, I remember not one better seated; so that it seems to me to have been appointed for a town, whether we regard the rivers, or the conveniency of the coves, docks, springs, the loftiness and soundness of the land, and the air, held by the people of these parts to be very good. It is advanced, within less than a year, to about fourscore houses and cottages, such as they are, where merchants and handicrafts are following their vocations as fast as they can; while the countrymen are close at their farms. Some of them got a little winter corn in the ground last season, and the generality have had a handsome summer crop, and are preparing for their winter corn. They reaped their barley this year in the month called May, the wheat in the month following; so that there is time in these parts for another crop of divers things before the winter season. We are daily in hopes of shipping to add to our number; for, blessed be God, here is both room and accommodation for them. I bless God I am fully satisfied with the country, and entertainment I got in it; for I find that particular content which has always attended me where God in His providence hath made it my place and service to reside.

Even in Pennsylvania, young as the colony was, and composed of better materials than most colonies, crime soon made its appearance. Before the first grand-jury summoned in the province in March 1683, a settler named Pickering was brought to trial for issuing counterfeit silver coin—an offence which one would not have expected to find at so early a stage in the history of a new society. The man having been found guilty, was sentenced to pay a fine of forty pounds, to be employed towards the erection of a court-house—a much more lenient sentence than would have been awarded in the mother-country. Before the same jury, a woman named Margaret Mattson was tried for witchcraft. The verdict returned deserves notice for its peculiarity: it was, that the accused was ‘guilty of *having the common fame* of being a witch, but not guilty in manner and form as she stands indicted.’ This verdict probably meant that the jury found the prisoner guilty of a notoriously malicious disposition—the true offence of many of the poor wretches whom the barbarous British justice of that day condemned to the stake.

At midsummer 1684, the population of the colony amounted to

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upwards of seven thousand souls—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Dutch, Swedes, and Germans. About twenty different townships had been established; and Philadelphia could boast of a population of two thousand five hundred persons, well lodged in about three hundred houses, all regularly built according to the prescribed plan. Attracted by Penn's reputation for just and honourable dealing, and by reports of the flourishing condition of the settlement, ships were arriving in quick succession with new settlers from different countries of the Old World. Seeing the success of his project thus so far happily realised, Penn, who had now been two years in America, resolved to return to England. His reasons for doing so were twofold. In the first place, a dispute had arisen between him and Lord Baltimore, the proprietor of the adjoining province of Maryland, as to the boundaries of their respective territories; and this dispute had at length become so warm, that there was no hope of settling it except by being personally present to represent the state of the case to the home government. Again, intelligence had reached Penn in America that the dissenters in the mother-country, and especially those of his own persuasion, were suffering greater persecutions than ever; and even if he had not hoped to effect something in their behalf by his personal influence at court, it was Penn's nature, wherever he saw persecution going on, to desire to be in the midst of it, either to help the sufferers, or at least to write against the oppressors. Accordingly, on the 12th of August 1684, William Penn set sail for England, having made all necessary arrangements for the government of the colony during his absence. The supreme power was vested in the provincial council; as president of which he named Thomas Lloyd, a Quaker preacher, who had emigrated from Wales.

RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND—HIS ANNOYANCES THERE.

In February 1685, four months after Penn's return to England, Charles II. died, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, under the title of James II. It has already been mentioned that the duke had always manifested a liking for Penn, at first as the son of his friend, Admiral Penn, and afterwards on account of his own merits. This liking he continued to exhibit in a very marked manner after his accession to the crown; and Penn, to improve the opportunities of usefulness which his free access to the king afforded him, took up his residence at Kensington, in order to be near the palace. The following passage from Gerard Croese's *History of the Quakers* will give an idea of the intimate terms on which Penn was with James II. 'William Penn,' says Croese, 'was greatly in favour with the king, and the Quakers' sole patron at court. The king loved him as a singular and sincere friend, and imparted to him many of his secrets and counsels. He often honoured him with his

company in private, discoursing with him of various affairs, and that not for one, but many hours together, and delaying to hear the best of his peers, who at the same time were waiting for an audience. Penn being so highly favoured, acquired thereby a number of friends. Those also who formerly knew him, when they had any favour to ask at court, came to, courted, and entreated Penn to promote their several requests. Penn refused none of his friends any reasonable office he could do for them, but was ready to serve them all, but more especially the Quakers, and these wherever their religion was concerned. They ran to Penn without intermission, as their only pillar and support, who always caressed and received them cheerfully, and effected their business by his interest and eloquence. Hence his house and gates were daily thronged by a numerous train of clients and suppliants, desiring him to present their addresses to his majesty. There were sometimes there two hundred or more.' Earl Buchan, in his *Life of Fletcher of Saltoun*, relates an instance of Penn's great influence at the court of James II. By his advice, many exiled Presbyterians were permitted to return to their native country, and among others Sir Robert Steuart of Coltness, who had taken refuge in Holland. On his return, however, Sir Robert 'found his estate and only means of subsistence in the possession of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Hamilton. Soon after his coming to London, he met Penn, who congratulated him on his being restored to his native country. Coltness sighed, and said: "Ah, Mr Penn, Arran has got my estate, and I fear my situation is about to be now worse than ever." "What dost thou say?" says Penn. "Thou surpiseest and grieveest me exceedingly. Come to my house to-morrow, and I will set matters right for thee." Penn went immediately to Arran. "What is this, friend James," said he to him, "that I hear of thee? Thou hast taken possession of Coltness's estate. Thou knowest that it is not thine." "That estate," says Arran, "I paid a great price for. I received no other reward for my expensive and troublesome embassy in France than this same estate; and I am certainly much out of pocket by the bargain." "All very well, friend James," said the Quaker; "but of this assure thyself, that if thou dost not give me this moment an order on thy chamberlain for two hundred pounds to Coltness, to carry him down to his native country, and a hundred a year to subsist on till matters are adjusted, I will make it as many thousands out of thy way with the king." Arran instantly complied; and Penn sent for Sir Robert, and gave him the security.'

Although it is certain that, in thus acting the part of private adviser to the king, William Penn had the good of the country in view; and although there can be no doubt that, in that capacity, he rendered many services to the cause of civil and religious liberty, yet the prudence of his conduct in so mixing himself up with court affairs is somewhat questionable. At all events, his intimacy with

the king subjected him to many imputations and suspicions, which it was difficult to clear away. The efforts of James to restore the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church being then the great subject of interest in the nation, it was concluded that Penn was privy to all the king's plans and measures ; that he was co-operating with him for the overthrow of Protestantism ; in short, that he was a Papist. The absurdity of such rumours would have been evident to any one who had taken the trouble to look back on Penn's former life ; but in a time of public excitement, the extravagance of a story is no security against its being believed. Members of the Church of England, Protestant dissenters of all denominations, even the Quakers themselves, joined in the cry against Penn, and he became one of the most unpopular men in England. To say that he was a Papist, was not enough ; he was stigmatised as a Jesuit, wearing the mask of a Quaker, in order the better to accomplish his purposes. It was currently reported that he had been educated at St Omer ; that he had taken priest's orders at Rome ; that the pope had given him a dispensation to marry ; and that he was in the habit of officiating at the celebration of mass before the king at Whitehall and St James's. Of these rumours, Penn took no notice, except when they reached him through some of his friends, who were anxious that he should take some steps to exculpate himself. On such occasions he used to say that he had a personal regard for the king, and that he believed him to mean well, and at heart to be in favour of toleration ; that as for the king's secret and arbitrary schemes for the restoration of the Catholic religion, he knew nothing of them ; that his aim had ever been to use his influence 'to allay heats, and moderate extremes, even in politics ;' and that the only ground on which he could conceive the charge of his being a Papist to have been founded, was his anxiety to admit all sects alike to the benefits of religious freedom.

These representations were of no avail in clearing his reputation with the public ; and accordingly, in the year 1688, when James II. was expelled from the kingdom, and William of Orange appointed his successor, Penn was one of those who were likely to suffer from their friendship with the fallen monarch. Four different times he was arrested and examined on a charge of being a Jesuit, and a secret partisan of the exiled king ; but no instance of guilt could be proved against him.

Wearied out with these annoyances, and having no great public duty now to detain him in England, seeing that the toleration he had so long struggled for was realised, at least to a great extent, under the government of King William, Penn was anxious to return to his American colony, where his presence was greatly desiderated, on account of various differences which had broken out among the settlers. He was preparing to set sail in 1690, when his departure was prevented by a fresh charge of treason preferred against him

by a wretch of the name of Fuller, who was afterwards publicly declared to be a cheat and impostor, but whose true character was not then known. Not wishing to run the risk of being convicted on the oath of such a man, who would not scruple, of course, as to the means he would employ in making out his case, Penn lived in great seclusion in London for several years, occupying himself in writing replies to the letters he received from America, and in composing numerous tracts on subjects congenial to his tastes and disposition. In the year 1693, his misfortunes reached their height. Early in that year he was deprived of the governorship of Pennsylvania, which was annexed, by royal commission, to that of the province of New York. Towards the end of the same year his wife died. Before this time, however, a reaction had begun in his favour. His own character began to be better appreciated by King William, while that of his accuser, Fuller, became disgracefully notorious. Accordingly, Penn being admitted to plead his cause before the king and council, was honourably acquitted; and shortly after, by a royal order, dated the 20th of August 1694, he was reinstated in his government.

The question as to the part Penn played at the court of James II. has been revived by Macaulay in his *History of England*, who, with not a little animosity, urges the view that Penn, vain of his influence with the king, allowed himself to be made a tool of by the court, and by those who had suits to urge. In charging him with being thus implicated in some of the disgraceful incidents that followed Monmouth's rebellion, it has been shewn by Hepworth Dixon (*Life of Penn*, 1856) and others, that the historian has been hasty and inaccurate in several particulars. It is not so easy, however, to rebut the accusation that Penn shewed himself weak enough, and short-sighted enough, to be willing to accept toleration for his own sect, at the price of making all religions alike dependent for their exercise on the royal will.

It was not, however, till the year 1699 that Penn returned to Pennsylvania, from which he had been absent about fifteen years. The interval of five years between his restoration to the governorship and his return to the colony was spent in preaching tours through England and Ireland, and in conducting those controversies out of which he appeared to be out of his natural element. In 1696, he contracted a second marriage with Hannah, daughter of Thomas Callowhill, a merchant of Bristol; and not long afterwards his eldest son, by the former marriage, died in his twenty-first year.

Accompanied this time by his wife and family, Penn returned to America in November 1699, and immediately commenced revising the conduct of his substitutes during his absence, and adopting new measures for the good of the colony. A discussion has been raised as to the wisdom and disinterestedness of Penn's government of Pennsylvania during this his second visit, and indeed during the

latter part of his proprietorship ; some contending that he did not shew the same liberality as at the outset, and others defending him from the charge. Among the former, the most distinguished critic of Penn is Benjamin Franklin, whose judgment is, that Penn began his government as a man of conscience, proceeded in it as a man of reason, and ended it more as a man of the world. Penn's most zealous apologist against this charge of Franklin is his biographer, Mr Clarkson. To examine minutely the arguments on both sides, would not answer any good purpose ; it may be sufficient to remark, that the charge of Franklin is founded on certain changes introduced by Penn into the political constitution of Pennsylvania, tending to increase his own authority as governor, and that it does not affect the general spirit in which Penn fulfilled his important trust, which was uniformly that of mildness, justice, and benevolence. It was not to be expected that a constitution or frame of government prepared on the other side of the Atlantic by the mere pen, and transplanted to the New World, would satisfy the actual wants of the colony, or require no change. Accordingly, that there should be differences of opinion between the colonists and the governor on some points, or among the various classes of the colonists themselves, was natural enough ; the merit of Penn and the early Pennsylvanians was, that, notwithstanding these differences, the general spirit of the administration was healthy and tolerant. 'Governments,' said Penn himself, 'depend upon men, rather than men upon governments. Like clocks, they go from the motion which men give them. Let men be good, and the government cannot be bad. If it be ill, they will cure it. No government could maintain its constitution, however excellent it was, without the preservation of virtue.' Thus it was that, although Pennsylvania at its commencement had its political disputes, it had a security for prosperity in the character of its founders.

Two objects which occupied a great share of Penn's attention in his capacity of governor of Pennsylvania, were the condition of the negroes, who had been imported into the settlement, and the civilisation of the North American Indians with whom the colonists were brought into contact. 'Soon after the colony had been planted,' says Mr Clarkson, 'that is, in the year 1682, when William Penn was first resident in it, some few Africans had been imported ; but more had followed. At this time the traffic in slaves was not branded with infamy, as at the present day. It was considered, on the other hand, as favourable to both parties : to the American planters, because they had but few labourers in comparison with the extent of their lands ; and to the poor Africans themselves, because they were looked upon as persons thus redeemed out of superstition, idolatry, and heathenism. But though the purchase and sale of them had been adopted with less caution upon this principle, there were not wanting among the Quakers of Pennsylvania those who,

soon after the introduction of them there, began to question the moral licitness of the traffic. Accordingly, at the yearly meeting for Pennsylvania in 1688, it had been resolved, on the suggestion of emigrants from Crisheim, who had adopted the principles of William Penn, that the buying, selling, and holding men in slavery was inconsistent with the tenets of the Christian religion. In 1696, a similar resolution had been passed at the yearly meeting of the same religious society for the same province. In consequence of these noble resolutions, the Quakers had begun to treat their slaves in a manner different from that of other people. In 1698, there were instances where they had admitted them into their meeting-houses, to worship in common with themselves.'

Penn, on his return, keenly took up the cause of the negroes, both in his private capacity as a member of the Society of Friends, and in his public one as governor. 'He began to question,' says Mr Clarkson, 'whether, under the Christian system, men ought to be consigned to unconditional slavery; whether they ought to be bought and sold. This question he determined virtuously, and in unison with the resolutions of the two fore-mentioned yearly meetings of the Quakers. He resolved, as far as his own powers went, upon incorporating the treatment of the negroes, as a matter of Christian duty, into the discipline of the religious body to which he belonged. He succeeded; and a minute was passed by the monthly meeting of Philadelphia, and properly registered there, by which a meeting was appointed more particularly for the negroes once every month; so that, besides the common opportunities they had of collecting religious knowledge by frequenting the places of public worship, there was one day in the month in which, as far as the influence of the monthly meeting extended, they could neither be temporally nor spiritually overlooked. Having secured their good treatment in a certain degree among those of his own persuasion, his next object was to secure it among others in the colony, on whom the discipline of the Quakers had no hold, by a legislative act. This was all he could do at present. To forbid the bringing of slaves into the colony was entirely out of his power. He had no command whatever over the external commerce of the mother-country. He was bound, on the other hand, by his charter, to admit her imports, and at this moment she particularly encouraged the slave-trade. His first step, then, was to introduce a bill into the assembly which should protect the negroes from personal ill-treatment, by fair trials and limited punishments, when they committed offences; and which, at the same time, by regulating their marriages, should improve their moral condition. This he did with a view of fitting them by degrees for a state of freedom; and as the bill comprehended not only those negroes who were then in the province and territories, but those who should afterwards be brought there, he hoped that it would lay the foundation of a preparatory school for civilisation and liberty to all

of the African race.' This bill, unfortunately, he was unable to carry, at least in its full extent. But the good effects of his exertions, so far as they did succeed, were ultimately seen. From the time that the subject of negro treatment was introduced into the discipline of the Pennsylvanian Quakers by Penn, it was never lost sight of by that body. Individual Quakers began to refuse to purchase negroes, others to emancipate those in their possession; and at length it became a law of the society that no member should hold slaves. In the year 1780, not a Quaker possessed a slave in Pennsylvania; and from that time slavery dwindled away in the state, till, in the year 1810, there were only eight hundred slaves in Pennsylvania, in a population of nearly a million.

Penn's success with the Indians was similar. Unable to do much for them legislatively, he did much by his example and influence, visiting them personally, and trying by all means to establish a friendly commercial intercourse with them. Whatever advances in the arts of civilised life were made in the early part of the eighteenth century by the Indian tribes of the north-west, were due originally to William Penn; and for more than fifty years after his death, his name was remembered among them as that of a 'true and good man.'

Penn was roused from his quiet and benevolent labours in behalf of the colonists, the negroes, and the Indians, by the intelligence that a movement had been begun in England for the abolition of the proprietary system of governing the American colonies. Deeply interested in this intelligence, he thought it due to his interests to embark for England, where, accordingly, he arrived in December 1701.

The bill which had brought him from America was not proceeded with; and the accession of Queen Anne to the throne in 1702 was a favourable event for his interests. Penn, however, never returned to America, but spent the remaining sixteen years of his life in England. It is melancholy to add that these last years of the existence of so good a man were clouded with misfortune. His outlay on Pennsylvania had far exceeded the immediate returns which the property could yield; and the consequence was, that he was involved in pecuniary embarrassments. To meet these, he was obliged, in 1709, to mortgage the province for £6600. The loss of a lawsuit added to his difficulties; and for some time he was a prisoner within the rules of the Fleet. In 1712, he agreed to sell his rights to government for £12,000. The bargain, however, was never concluded, owing to his being incapacitated by three apoplectic fits, which, following each other rapidly, deprived him to a great extent of memory and consciousness. He lingered on, however, till the 30th of July 1718, when he died at Ruscombe, in Berkshire, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Penn's appearance and personal habits are thus described by Mr Clarkson: 'He was tall in stature, and of an athletic make. In

maturer years, he was inclined to corpulency, but used a great deal of exercise. His appearance at this time was that of a fine portly man. He was very neat, though plain, in his dress. He walked generally with a cane. He had a great aversion to the use of tobacco. However, when he was in America, though he was often annoyed by it, he bore it with good-humour. Several of his particular friends were one day assembled at Burlington; while they were smoking their pipes, it was announced to them that the governor's barge was in sight, and coming up the river. The company supposed that he was on his way to Pennsburg, about seven miles higher up. They continued smoking; but being afterwards unexpectedly informed that he had landed at a wharf near them, and was just entering the house, they suddenly concealed their pipes. Perceiving, from the smoke, when he entered the room, what they had been doing, and discovering that the pipes had been hid, he said pleasantly: "Well, friends, I am glad to see that you are at least ashamed of your old practice." "Not entirely so," replied Samuel Jenings, one of the company; "but we preferred laying down our pipes to the danger of offending a weak brother." They then expressed their surprise at this abrupt visit, as, in his passage from Philadelphia, not only the tide but the wind had been furiously against him. He replied, with a smile on his countenance, "that he had been sailing against wind and tide all his life."

The colony made rapid progress after Penn's death, settlers being attracted to it from all parts of the Old World by the freedom of its constitution and its natural advantages. The proprietorship was vested in the heirs of Penn by his second marriage, his children by the first marriage having inherited his British estates, which, at the time of Penn's death, were of greater value than his American property. In the year 1752, while Pennsylvania was still a British colony, the French made encroachments on it from the north-west, and built Fort Duquesne—now Pittsburgh. Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania, speedily grew in size and importance. Its name is associated with some of the most distinguished events in the history of the United States. It was there that the delegates of the various colonies assembled in the year 1774, when they declared against the right of the mother-country to tax the colonies; and it was also there that the famous Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in 1776. On the conclusion of the War of Independence, Penn's descendants sold their right of proprietorship over Pennsylvania to the American government for £130,000. Philadelphia continued to be the seat of the federal government till the year 1800. In the present day, it is a large and populous city, celebrated for the number of its foundations and benevolent institutions, all less or more originating in the philanthropic principles early introduced into Pennsylvania.



DO YOU THINK I'D INFORM?

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.



JAMES HARRAGAN was as fine a specimen of an Irishman as could be met with in our own dear country, where the 'human form divine,' if not famous for very delicate, is at least celebrated for very strong proportions: he was, moreover, a well-educated, intelligent person; that is to say, he could read and write, keep correct accounts of his buying and selling, and managed his farm, consisting of ten good acres of the best land in a part of Ireland where all is good (the Barony of Forth), so as to secure the approbation of an excellent landlord and his own prosperity. It was a pleasant sight to see the honest farmer bring out the well-fed horse and the neatly appointed car every Saturday morning, whereon his pretty daughter Sydney journeyed into Wexford, to dispose of the eggs, butter, and poultry, the sale of which aided her father's exertions.

Sydney was rather an unusual name for a young Irish girl; but her mother had been housekeeper to a noble lady, who selected it for her, though it assimilated strangely with Harragan. The maiden herself was lithe, cheerful, industrious, and of a gentle loving nature; her brown affectionate eyes betokened, as brown eyes always do, more of feeling than of intellect; and her red lips, white teeth, and rich dark hair, entitled her to the claim of rustic beauty. Her mother had been dead about two years, and Sydney, who during

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her lifetime was somewhat inclined to be vain and thoughtless, had, as her father expressed it, 'taken altogether a turn for good,' and discharged her duties admirably as mistress of James Harragan's household. She had five brothers, all younger than herself; the two elder were able and willing to assist in the farm, the juniors went regularly to school.

Sorrow for the loss of his wife had both softened and humbled James Harragan's spirit; and when Sydney, disdaining any assistance, sprang lightly into the car, and seated herself in the midst of her rural treasures, her father's customary prayer, 'Good luck to you, Sydney, my darling,' was increased by the prayer of 'May the Lord bless you, and keep you to me, now, and till the day of my death!'

The car went on, Sydney laughing and nodding to her father, while he smiled and returned her salutation, though, when she was fairly out of sight, he passed the back of his rough hand across his eyes, and murmured: 'I almost wish she was not so like her mother!' When James entered his cottage, he sat by the fire, and, taking a slate that hung above the settle, began to make thereupon sundry calculations, which I do not profess to understand. How long he might have continued so occupied, I cannot determine, for his cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, who was by his side ere he noticed his approach. The usual salutations were exchanged; the best chair dusted, and presented to the stranger; everything in the house was tendered for his acceptance. 'His honour had a long walk, would he have an egg or a rasher for a snack? Sydney was out, but Bessy her cousin was above in the loft, and would get it or anything else in a minute; or maybe he'd have a glass of ale—good it was—Cherry's ale—no better in the kingdom.' All Irishmen—and particularly so fine and manly a fellow as James—to be seen to advantage, should be seen in their own houses—*cabins* I cannot call such as are tenanted by the warm farmers of this well-cultivated district.

Mr Herrick, however, could not be tempted; he would not suffer the rasher to be cut, nor the ale to be drawn; and James looked sad because his visitor declined accepting his humble but cheerful hospitality.

'James,' said Mr Herrick, 'I am glad I found you at home, and alone, for I wanted to speak with you. I have long considered you superior to your neighbours. I do not mean as a farmer—though you have twice received the highest prizes which the Agricultural Society bestow—but as a man.'

James looked gratified, and said he was so.

'I have found you, James, the first to see improvement, and to adopt it, however much popular prejudice might be against it. You have ever been ready to listen to and act upon the advice of those your reason told you were qualified to give it; and you have not

been irritated or annoyed when faults, national or individual, have been pointed out to you which can be and ought to be remedied.'

'I believe what yer honour says is true; but sure it's proud and happy we ought to be to have the truth told of us—it is what does not always happen; if it did, poor Ireland would have had more justice done her long ago than ever came to her share yet.'

'And that, James, is also true,' said Mr Herrick; 'the Irish character has not only its individual differences, which always must be the case, but it has its provincial, its baronial distinctions.'

'Indeed, sir,' replied Harragan, 'there can be no doubt about that; we should be sorry, civilised as we are here, to be compared to the wild rangers of Connaught, or to the staid, quiet, tradesman-like people of the north.'

'The northerns are a fine prudent people,' said Mr Herrick, 'notwithstanding your prejudice; but what you have said is only another proof that persons may write very correctly about the north of Ireland, and yet, unless they see the south, form a very limited, or, it may be, erroneous idea of the character of the southerners. The Irish are more difficult to understand than people imagine. You are a very unmanageable people, James,' added the gentleman good-humouredly.

'Bedad, sir, I suppose ye're right; some of us are, I daresay. And now, sir, I suppose there is a reason for that?'

'There is,' answered his friend. 'You are an unmanageable people, *because of your prejudices*.'

'That's your old story against us, Mr Herrick,' said James; 'and yet you can't deny but I've been often led by your honour, and for my good, I'll own to that.'

'James,' continued his friend, 'will you answer me one question? Were you, or were you not, at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?'

James's countenance fell, it positively elongated, at the question. So great was the change, that those who did not know the man might have imagined he had committed a crime, and anticipated immediate punishment. 'At Gerald Casey's?' he repeated.

Mr Herrick drew a letter—a soiled, dirty-looking letter—from his pocket, and slowly repeated the question.

'I was, sir,' he answered, resting his back against the dresser, and pressing his open palms upon the board, as if the action gave him strength.

'Who was there, James?'

'Is it who was in it, sir? Why, there was—— Bedad, sir, there was—— Oh, thin, it's the bad head I have at reminding—I forget who was there.' And the countenance of James assumed, despite his exertions, a lying expression that was totally unworthy his honest nature.

'James,' observed Mr Herrick, 'you used not to have a bad

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memory. I have heard you speak of many trifling acts of kindness my father shewed you when you were a boy of twelve years old.'

The farmer's face was in a moment suffused with crimson, and he interrupted him with the grateful warmth of an affectionate Irish heart. 'O sir, sure you don't think I'm worse than the poor dog that follows night and day at my foot? You don't think I've no heart in my body?'

'I was talking of your memory,' said Mr Herrick quietly; 'and I ask you again to tell me who were at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?'

'I left Gerald Casey's before dusk, sir; and it's what took me in it was'—

'I don't ask when you left it, or what took you there; I only ask you who were present?'

James saw there was no use in equivocating, for that Mr Herrick would be answered. He was, as I have said, an excellent fellow; yet he had, in common with his countrymen, a very provoking way of evading a question; but, anxious as he was to evade this, he could not manage it now. Mr Herrick looked him so steadfastly in the face, that he slowly answered: 'I'd rather not say one way or other who was there or who was not there. I've an idea, from something I heard this morning, before the little girl went into Wexford, that I know now what your honour's driving at. And sure,' and his face deepened in colour as he continued—'and sure, Mr Herrick, do you think I'd inform?'

Mr Herrick was not astonished at the answer he received; on the contrary, he was quite prepared for it, and prepared also to combat a principle that militates so strongly against the comfort and security of all who reside in Ireland.

'Will you,' he inquired, 'tell me what you mean by the word "inform?"'

'It's a mean, dirty practice, sir,' replied Harragan, 'to be repeating every word one hears in a neighbour's house.'

'So it is,' answered the gentleman; 'an evil, mean practice, to repeat what is said merely from a love of gossip. But suppose a person, being accidentally one of a party, heard a plot formed against your character, perhaps your life, and not only concealed the circumstance, but absolutely refused to afford any clue by which such a conspiracy could be detected'—

'O sir,' interrupted Harragan, 'that's nothing here nor there. I couldn't tell in the gray of the evening who went in or out of the place; I had no call to any one, and I don't want any one to have any call to me.'

'You must know perfectly well who were there,' said Mr Herrick. 'The case is simply this: a gentleman in this neighbourhood has received two anonymous letters, attacking the character of a person who has been confidentially employed by him for some years. James

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Harragan, *you know who wrote these letters*; and I ask you how, as an *honest man*, you can lay your head upon your pillow, and *sleep*, knowing that an equally honest man may be deprived of the means to support his young family, and be turned adrift upon the world, through the positive malice of those who are envious of his prosperity and good name?

James looked very uncomfortable, but did not trust himself to speak.

'I repeat, you know by whom these letters were written.'

'As I hope to be saved!' exclaimed James, 'I saw no writing—not the scratch of a pen!'

'Harragan,' continued Mr Herrick, 'it would be well for our country if many of its inhabitants were not so quick at invention.'

'I have not told a lie, sir.'

'No, but you have done worse—you have equivocated. Though you did not see the letter written, *you knew it was written*; and an equivocation is so cowardly, that I wonder an Irishman would resort to it; a lie is in itself cowardly, but an equivocation is more cowardly still.'

Harragan for a moment looked shillalahs and crab-thorns at his friend, for such he had frequently proved himself to be, but made no further observation, simply confining himself to the change and repetition of the sentences—'Do you think I'd inform?' 'Not one belonging to me ever turned informer.'

'Am I, then,' said Mr Herrick, rising, 'to go away with the conviction that you know an injury has been done to an innocent person, and yet will not do anything to convict a man guilty of a moral assassination?'

'A what, sir?'

'A moral murder.'

'Look here, sir; one can't fly in the face of the country. If I was to tell, my life would not be safe either in or out of my own house; you ought to know this. Besides, there is something very mean in an *informer*.'

'It is very sad,' replied Mr Herrick, 'that a spirit of combination for *evil* more than for *good* destroys the confidence which otherwise the gentry and strangers would be disposed to place in the peasantry of Ireland. As long as a man fears to speak and act like a man, so long as he dare not hear the proud and happy sound of his own voice in condemnation of the wicked, and in praise of the upright—so long, in fact, as an Irishman dare not speak what he knows—so long, *and no longer*, will Ireland be insecure, and its people scorned as cowards!'

'As cowards!' repeated James indignantly.

'Ay,' said Mr Herrick; 'there is a moral as well as a physical courage. The man who, in the heat of battle, faces a cannon-ball, or who, in the hurry and excitement of a fair or pattern, exposes

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his bare head to the rattle of shillalahs and clan-alpines without shrinking from punishment or death, is much inferior to the man who has the superior moral bravery to act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, and does right while those around him do wrong.'

'I daresay that's all very true, sir,' said James, scratching his head; adding, while most anxious to change the subject: 'It's a pity yer honour wasn't a councillor or a magistrate, a priest, minister, or friar itself, then you'd have great sway intirely with your words and your learning.'

'Not more than I have at present. Do you think it is a wicked thing to take away the character of an honest man?'

'To be sure I do, sir.'

'And yet you become a party to the act.'

'How so, sir?'

'By refusing to bring, or assist in bringing to justice those who have endeavoured to ruin the father of a large family. Do you believe so many murders and burnings would take place if the truth was spoken?'

'No, sir.'

'That's a direct answer from an Irishman for once. If the evil-disposed, the disturbers of the country, knew that truth would be spoken, disturbances would soon cease; you believe this, and yet, by your silence, you shield those whom you *know* to be bad, and despise with all your heart and soul.'

'I don't want to have any call to them one way or other, good, bad, or indifferent,' answered James.

'Very well,' said Mr Herrick, thoroughly provoked at the man's obstinacy, and rising to leave the cottage; 'you say you wish to have no call to them. But mark *me*, James Harragan: when the spirit of anonymous letter-writing gets into a neighbourhood—when wicked-minded persons can destroy either a man's reputation or his life with equal impunity, there is no knowing where the evil may stop, or who shall escape its influence. The knowledge of the extent to which these secret conspiracies are carried, deters capitalists from settling amongst us; they may have security for their money, but they have none for their lives; if they offend by taking land, or offering opposition to received opinions, their doom may be fixed; those whom they have trusted will know of that doom, and yet no one will come forward to save them from destruction.'

'Sir,' said Harragan, '*secret* information is sometimes given.'

'I would accept no man's secret information,' answered Mr Herrick, for he was an upright man, perhaps too uncompromising for the persons with whom he had to deal; 'justice should not only be *even*-handed, but *open*-handed; it is a reproach to a country when the law finds it necessary to offer rewards for *secret* information. I wish I could convince you, James, of the difference which

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exists between a person who devotes his time to peeping and prying for the purpose of conveying information to *serve himself*, and him who speaks the truth from the upright and honourable motive of seeing justice done to his fellow-creatures.'

'I see the *differ* clear enough, sir,' replied the farmer; 'but none of my people ever turned informers. I'll have no call to it, and it's no use saying any more about the matter; there are plenty of people in the country who can tell who was there as well as I; I'll have no call to it. When I went in the place, I little thought of who I'd meet there, and I'll go bail it's long before I'll trouble it again. There's enough said and done now.'

'A good deal *said*, certainly,' rejoined Mr Herrick, 'but nothing *done*. There are parts of the country where I know that my entering into this investigation would endanger my life, but, thank God, that is not the case here. I will pursue my investigation to the uttermost, and do not despair of discovering the delinquent.'

'I hope you may, with all my heart and soul, sir,' replied the farmer.

'Then why not aid me? If you are sincere, why not assist?'

And again James Harragan muttered: 'Do you think I'd inform?'

'I declare before Heaven!' exclaimed Mr Herrick, 'you are the most provoking people under the sun to deal with.'

'I ask your honour's pardon,' said James sily; 'but you have not lived long enough in foreign parts to know that.'

'Your readiness will not drive me from my purpose. I repeat, you are the most provoking people in the world to deal with. Convince an Englishman or a Scotchman, and having convinced his reason, you may be certain he will act upon that conviction; but you, however convinced *your* reason may be, continue to act from the dictates of *your* prejudice. Remember this, however, James Harragan: you have refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand has planted in the bosom of an excellent and industrious man—take care that the same invisible power *does not aim a shaft against yourself*.'

Mr Herrick quitted the cottage more in sorrow than in anger; and after he was gone, James Harragan thought over what he had said: he was quite ready to confess its truth, but prejudice still maintained its ascendancy. 'Aim a shaft against myself!' he repeated: 'I don't think any of them would do that, though I'm sorry to say many as good and better than I have been forced to flee the country through secret malice: it is a bad thing, but times'll mend, I hope.'

Alas! James Harragan is not the only man in my beloved country who satisfies himself with *hoping* that times will mend, without *endeavouring* to mend them. 'Aim a shaft against myself!' he again repeated. 'Well, I'm sure what Mr Herrick said is true; but, for all that, I couldn't inform!'

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The fact was, that, reason as he would, James could not get rid of his prejudice; he could not make the distinction between the man who turns the faults and vices of his fellow-creatures to his own account, and he who, *for the good of others*, simply and unselfishly speaks the truth.

Time passed on: Mr Herrick, of course, failed in his efforts to discover the author of the anonymous letters: the person against whom they were directed, although protected by his landlord, was ultimately obliged to relinquish his employment, and seek in other lands the peace and security he could not find in his own. He might, to be sure, have weathered the storm; for his enemies, as will be seen by the following anecdote, had no immediate intention of persecuting him to the death. A stranger, who bore a great resemblance to the person so obnoxious to those who met at the smith's forge, was attacked while travelling on an outside car in the evening, and in the immediate neighbourhood, and beaten most severely before his assailants discovered they had ill-used the wrong man! Nothing could exceed their regret when they discovered their mistake.

'Ah, thin, who are ye at all, at all?' inquired one fellow, after having made him stand up that they might again knock him down more to their satisfaction. 'Sure, ye're not within a foot as tall as the boy we're afther. Is it crooked in the back ye are on purpose? Well, now, think o' that!—what call had ye to be on Barney Brian's car, that so often carries *him*, and with the same surtoo? and why didn't ye say ye wasn't another? Well, it's heart-sorry we are for the *mistake*, and hope it'll never happen to ye again, to be like another man, and he an *out-lawyer*, as a body may say, having received enough notice to quit long ago, if he'd only heeded it, which we'll make him do, or have his life, after we admonish him onst more, as we've done you by mistake, with a taste of a bating, which we'd ask ye to tell him, if you know him. There, we'll lay you on the car, as aisy as if you war in yer mother's lap, and ask ye to forgive us, which we hope you'll do, as it was all a *mistake*! and no help for it!'

The victim of 'the mistake,' however, who was an Englishman, suffered for more than three months, and cannot comprehend to this day why those who attacked him so furiously were not sought out and brought to justice. He never could understand why an honest man should refuse to criminate a villain. The poor fellow for whom the beating was intended was not slow to discover the fact, and with a heavy heart-ache bade adieu to his native land, which, but for the sake of his young children, he would hardly have quitted even to preserve his own life.

James Harragan did not note those occurrences without much sorrow; he saw his daughter Sydney's eyes red for three entire days from weeping the departure of the exile's wife, whom she loved with

the affection of a sister; and he had the mortification to see his beloved barony distinguished in the papers as a 'disturbed district' from the mistake to which we have alluded, at the very time when many of the gentry were sleeping with their doors unfastened. James Harragan knew perfectly well that if he had spoken the truth, all this could have been prevented. Still time passed on. Mr Herrick seldom visited James; and though he admired his crops, and spoke kindly to his children, the farmer felt he had lost a large portion of the esteem he so highly valued.

But when a man goes on in the full tide of worldly prosperity, he does not continue long in trouble upon minor matters. Sydney's eyes were no longer red; nay, they were more sparkling than ever, for they were brightened by a passion to which she had been hitherto a stranger. And Sydney, though gifted with as much constancy as most people, if she did not forget, certainly did not think as frequently as before of her absent friend. Sydney, in fact, was what is called—in love; which, I believe, is acknowledged by all who have been in a similar dilemma to be a very confusing, perplexing situation. That poor Sydney found it so, was evident, for she became subject to certain flushings of the cheek and beatings of the heart, accompanied by a confusion of the intellectual faculties, which puzzled her father for a time quite as much as herself. She would call rabbits chickens, and chickens rabbits, in the public market, and was known to have given forty-two new-laid eggs for a shilling, when she ought only to have given thirty-six.

Then in her garden, her own pet garden, she sowed mignonette and hollyhocks together, and wondered how it was that what she fancied sweet pea, had come up 'love lies bleeding.' Dear, warm, affectionate Sydney Harragan! She was a model of all that is excellent in simple guileless woman; and when Ralph Furlong drew from her a frank but most modest confession that his love was returned, and that 'if her father did not put against it,' she would gladly share his cottage and his fortunes, there was not a young disengaged farmer in the county that would not have envied him his 'good luck.'

Soon after James Harragan's consent had been obtained to a union which he believed would secure the happiness of his darling child, the farmer was returning from the fair of New Ross, where he had been to dispose of some spare farming-stock; and as he trotted briskly homeward, passing the well-known mountain, or, as it is called, 'Rock' of Carrickburn, he was overtaken by a man to whom he had seldom spoken since the evening when he had seen him and some others at Gerald Casey's forge. Many, many months had elapsed since then. And, truth to say, as the young man had removed to a cottage somewhere on the banks of the blue and gentle river Slaney, James had often hoped that he might never see him again.

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'I'm glad I overtook you, Mr Harragan,' he said, urging his long lean narrow mare close to the stout well-fed cob of the comfortable farmer. 'It's a fine bright evening for the time of year. I intended coming to you next week, having something particular to talk about.'

'Nothing that concerns me, I fancy?' replied Harragan stiffly.

'I hope it does, and that it will; times are changed since we last met—with me particularly.' Harragan made no reply, and they rode on together in silence for some time longer.

'Mr Harragan, though you are a trustworthy man as ever stepped in shoe-leather, I am afraid you haven't a good opinion of me.'

'Whatever opinion I may have, you know I kept it to myself,' replied the farmer.

'Thank you for nothing,' was the characteristic reply.

'Ye're welcome,' rejoined James as drily.

Again they trotted silently on their way, until the stranger suddenly exclaimed, reining up his mare at the same moment: 'I'll tell you what my business would be with you; there's nothing like speaking out of the face at onst.'

'You did not always think so,' said the farmer.

'O sir, aisy now; let bygones *be* bygones; the country's none the worse of getting rid of one who was ever and always minding other people's business; and you yerself, Mr Harragan, are none the worse for not having high-bred people ever poking their noses in yer place!'

'Say what you have to say at onst,' observed James; 'the evening will soon close in, and the little girl I have at home thinks it long till I return.'

'It's about her I want to spake,' said the stranger. 'If you'll take the trouble some fine morning early to ride over to where the dark green woods of Castle Boro dip their boughs in the Slaney, ye'd see that I have as tidy a place, as well filled a *haggard*, and as well-managed fields, as any houlder of ten acres of land in the county; besides that, I have my eye on another farm that's out of lase, and if all goes right I'll have it. Now, ye see, my sister's married, and my mother's dead, and I've no one to look after things; and for every pound ye'd tell down with yer daughter, I'd shew a pound's worth. And so, Mr Harragan, I thought that of all the girls in the country, I'd prefer Sydney; and if we kept company for a while'—he turned his handsome but sinister and impudent countenance towards the astonished farmer, adding—'I don't think she'd refuse me.'

'You might be mistaken for all that,' replied James, grasping his stout stick still more tightly in his hand, from a very evident desire to knock the fellow down.

'Well, now, I don't think I should,' he replied with vulgar confidence; 'it's the aisiest thing in life to manage a purty girl, if one has the knack, and I've managed so many'—

'Ride on!' interrupted the farmer indignantly. 'Ride on, before I am tempted to knock ye off the poor starved baste that ye haven't the heart to feed! *You* marry my Sydney—*you*!—a rascal like *you*! Why, Stephen Murphy, you must be gone mad—Sydney married with a cowardly backbiter! I'd rather dress her shroud with my own hands. A—a ride on, I tell you,' he continued, almost choked with passion; 'there is nothing, I believe, that you would think too bad to do. And hark ye, take it for your comfort that she is going to be married to one worthy of her, and I her father say so.'

'Oh, very well, very well!' said the Bravo; 'as you plase, Mr Harragan; as you plase: I meant to pay yer family a compliment—a compliment for yer silence—ye understand me; not that I hould myself over and above obleeged for that either. Ye like to take care of yerself for the sake of yer little girl, I suppose; and the counthry might grow too hot for you, as well as for others, if ye made free with yer tongue. No harm done; but if I had spaking with the girl for one hour, I'd put any sweetheart in the county, barring myself, out of her head. I'll find out the happy young man, and wish him joy. Oh, maybe I *won't* wish joy to the boy for whom I'm insulted,' he added, inflicting a blow upon the bare ribs of the poor animal he rode that made her start; 'maybe I won't wish him joy, and give him Steve Murphy's blessing. Starved as ye call my baste, there's twice the blood in her that creeps through the flesh of yer over-fed cob;' and sticking the long solitary iron spur which he wore on his right heel into the mare, he flew past James Harragan, flourishing his stick with a whirl, and shouting so loud, that the mountain echoes of the wild rocks of Carrickburn repeated the words 'joy! joy!' as if they had been thrown into their caverns by the fiend of mockery himself.

Instantly James urged his stout horse forward, crying at the top of his voice to Murphy to stop; but either the animal was tired, or the mare was endowed with supernatural swiftness, for he soon lost sight even of the skirts of Murphy's coat, which floated loosely behind him. 'The scoundrel!' he muttered to himself, while the gallop of his steed subsided into a heavy but tolerably rapid trot; 'I wanted to tell him to take care how he meddled with me or mine. Sydney!—Sydney indeed! And the rascal's assurance!—he never spoke three words to my girl in his life! It's a good thing we're rid of him here, anyway. I hope he's not a near neighbour of any of Furlong's people, that's all. His impudence—to me who knew him so well! Sarve me right,' he thought within himself, when his mutterings had subsided—'sarve me right, to keep the secret of such a fellow. I suffered those who war innocent to leave the country. And he to talk of paying my family a compliment! Mr Herrick said it would come home to me, and so it has. I'm sure Murphy must have been *overtaken*,* or he'd never dare to propose such a

* Tipsy.

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thing. But, then, if he was, why, the devil takes the weight off a tipsy man's tongue, and then all's out.'

It was night before Harragan arrived at his farm, and there the warm smiles and bright eyes of his Sydney were ready to greet his descent from the back of his stout steed, and the bridegroom elect was ready to hold the horse; and his sons, now growing up rapidly to manhood, crowded round him; and his dog, far more respectable in appearance than the generality of Irish cottage dogs, leaped to lick his hand; and the cat, with tail erect, purred at the door; the very magpie, that Sydney loved for its love of mischief, stretched its neck through its prison bars to greet the farmer's return to his cottage home.

'There's no use in talking,' said James Harragan, after the conclusion of a meal which few small farmers are able to indulge in—I mean supper. 'There's no use in talking, Sydney—but I can't spare you—it's a certain fact, I cannot spare you. Furlong must find a farm near us, and live here; why, wanting my little girl, I should be like a sky without a sun.'

'Farms are not to be had here—they are too valuable to be easily obtained, as you well know,' replied the young man; 'but sure she'll not be a day's ride from you, sir; unless, indeed, my brother should have the luck to get a farm for me that he's afther by the Slaney, a little on the other side of the ferry of Mount Garrett; but that is such a bit of ground as is hard to be met with.'

The father hardly noticed Furlong's reply, for his eyes and thoughts were fixed upon his child, until the word 'Slaney' struck upon his ear, and brought back Murphy, his proposal, his threat, and his flying horse, at once to his remembrance. 'What did you say of a farm on the Slaney?' he inquired hastily.

'That I have the chance, the more than chance, of as purty a bit of land with a house, a slated house upon it, on the banks of the silver Slaney, as ever was turned for wheat or barley—to say nothing of green crops, that would bate the world for quality or quantity. My brother has known the cows there yield fourteen or sixteen quarts. I did not like to say anything about it before, for I was afraid I should never have the luck of it; but he wrote me to-day to say that he was almost sure of it, though some black-hearted villain had written letters without a name to the landlord, and agent, and steward, against us. Think of that, now! We that never did a hard turn to man, woman, or child in the country.'

James Harragan absolutely shuddered; and, passing his arm round Sydney's neck, drew her towards him with a sort of instinctive affection, like a bird that shelters its nestling beneath its wing when it hears the wild-hawk's scream upon the breeze.

'Sydney shall never go there,' said Harragan.

'Not go to the banks of the Slaney!' exclaimed her eldest brother. 'Why, father, you don't know what a place it is—you don't know

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what you say. Besides, an hour and a half would take you quite aisy to where Furlong means. You make a great deal too much fuss about the girl.' And having so said, he stooped down and kissed her cheek, adding: 'Never mind, father; I'll bring you home a daughter that'll be twice as good as Sydney. I'll just take one more summer out of myself, that's all, and then I'll marry; maybe I won't shew a pattern wife to the country!' And then the youth was rated on the subject of bachelors' wives; and he retaliated; and then his sister threatened to box his ears, and was not slow in putting the threat into execution; and soon afterwards, Furlong rose to return home; and Sydney remembered she had forgotten to see to the health and comforts of a delicate calf; and though the servant and her brothers all offered to go, she would attend to it herself; and, five minutes after, her father went to the door, heard her light laugh and low murmuring voice, and saw her standing with her lover in the moonlight—he outside, and she inside the garden-gate, her hand clasped within his, and resting on the little pier that was clustered round with woodbine. She looked so lovely in that clear pure light, that her father's heart ached from very anguish at the possibility of any harm happening to one so dear. He longed to ask Furlong if he knew Murphy, but a choking sensation in his throat prevented him. And when Sydney returned, he caught her to his bosom, and burst into a flood of such violent tears as strong men seldom shed.

The poisoned chalice was approaching his own lips. What would he not have given at that moment that he had acceded to Mr Herrick's proposal!—for had Murphy's villainy become public, he must have quitted the country. How did he, even then, repent that he had not yielded to his reason, instead of his prejudice!

Young Furlong was at a loss to account for the steady determination with which, at their next meeting, his intended father-in-law opposed his taking a farm in every way so advantageous; James hardly dared acknowledge to himself, much less impart to another, the dread he entertained of Steve Murphy's machinations; this was increased tenfold when he found he was the person who not only desired, but had offered for that identical farm a heavier rent than he would ever have been able to pay for it. The landlord, well aware of this fact, and knowing that a rack-rent destroys first the land, secondly the tenant, and ultimately the landlord's property, had decided on bestowing his pet farm as a reward to the superior skill and industry of a young man whose enemies were too cowardly to attempt to substantiate their base charges against him.

I can only repeat my often expressed desire, that every other Irish landlord acted in the same manner.

It would be impossible to convey an idea of how continually James Harragan's mind dwelt upon Steve Murphy's threat; at first

he tried if Sydney's love towards Furlong was to be shaken, but that he found impossible.

'If you withdraw your consent, father,' she said, 'after having given it, and been perfectly unable to find a single fault with him, I can only say I will not disobey you; but, father, I will never marry—I will never take to any as I took to him, nor you need not expect it: you shall not make me disobedient, father, but you may break my heart.' Sydney, resigned and suffering, pained her father more than Sydney remonstrating against injustice. She had before shewn him how hard it was, not only after encouraging, but actually accepting Furlong, to dismiss him *without reason*, and had reproached him in an agony of bitter feeling for his inconsistency. When this did not produce the desired effect, her cheek grew pale, her step languid, her eyes lost their gentle brightness, and her eldest brother ventured to tell his father 'that he was digging his daughter's grave!' The disappointment of the young man beggars description; he declared he would enlist, go to sea, 'quit the country,' break his heart, shoot any who put 'betwixt them,' and, after many prayers, used every possible and impossible threat, except the one which the Irish so rarely either threaten or execute, that of self-destruction, to induce James to alter his resolution. James, unable to stand against this domestic storm, did of course retract; and the consequence was, that he lost by this changing mood the confidence of his children, who had ever till then regarded him with the deepest affection. He dared not communicate the reason of his first change, for doing so would have betrayed the foolish and unfortunate secret he had persevered in keeping, in opposition to common sense, and the estrangement of an old and valuable friend; he could not witness the returned happiness of his children without foreboding that something was to occur that would completely destroy it: and the joyous laughter of his daughter, at one time the sweet music of his household, was sure to send him forth with an aching heart.

Nor was young Furlong without his anxieties: he received more than one anonymous letter, threatening that if he did not immediately give up all thoughts of the farm, he would suffer for it: the notices were couched in the usual terms, which, in truth, I care not to repeat; it is quite enough to say that they differed in no respect from others of a similar kind, and with a like intention. However inclined the young man might feel to despise such hints, the experience of the country unfortunately proved that they ought not to be disregarded; but his brother, stronger of heart and spirit, argued that their faction was too powerful, their friends too numerous, to leave room for fear; that their own county was (as it really is) particularly quiet; and that, as Mr Harragan was 'so humorous,' the best way would be to say nothing at all about it; that it was evident those who had tried to set the landlord against them, having failed in their design, resolved to try the effect of personal intimidation; concluding

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by observing, 'that it was the best way to go on easy,' and 'never heeding,' until after the lease was signed, and the wedding over, and then they'd 'see about it.' However consistent this mode of reasoning might be with Irish feeling, it was very sad to perceive how ready the Furlongs were to trust to the strong arm of the people, instead of appealing to the strong arm of the law. I wish the peasantry and their friends could perceive how they degrade themselves in the scale of civilised society by such a course; it is this perpetual taking of all laws, but particularly the law of revenge, into their own hands, that keeps up the hue and cry against them throughout England. I confess time has been when there was one law for the rich and another for the poor, but it is so no longer; and humane lawgivers and administrators of law grow sick at heart when they perceive that they labour in vain for the domestic peace of Ireland.

A few days before the appointed time for Sydney Harragan to become Sydney Furlong, she received a written declaration of love, combined with an offer of marriage, from Murphy. He watched secretly about the neighbourhood until an opportunity arrived for him to deliver it himself. Sydney, to whom he was almost unknown, at first gave a civil yet firm refusal; but when he persevered, she became indignant, and said one or two bitter words, which he swore never to forget. She hardly knew why she concealed from her father the circumstance, which, upon consideration, she was almost tempted to believe a jest; but she did not even mention it to her brothers, fearing it might cause a quarrel; and every Irish woman knows how much easier it is commenced than quelled. Moreover, one mystery is sure to beget another.

At last the eventful day arrived—Sydney all hopes and blushes, her brothers full of frolic and fun, the bridesmaids arrayed in their best, and busied in setting the house in order for the ceremony, which, according to ancient Catholic custom, was to take place in the afternoon at the dwelling of the bride.

'Did ye ever see such a frown over the face of a man in yer born days?' whispered Essy Hays to her sister-maid. 'Do but just look at the masther, and see how his eyes are set on his daughter, and she reading her prayers like a good Christian, one eye out of the window, and the other on her book. Well, *she* is a purty girl, and it's no wonder so few chances were going for others, and she to the fore.'

'Speak for yourself!' exclaimed Jane Temple, tossing her fair ringlets back from her blue eyes. 'She is purty for a dark-skinned girl, there's no denying it.'

'Dark-haired, not dark-skinned!' said Essy indignantly; 'the darlint! She's the very moral of an angel. I wish to my heart the masther would not look at her so melancholy. *Maybe he's thinking how like her poor dead mother she is!* My! if here isn't His

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Reverence (I know the cut of the gray mare, so fat and so smoothly jogging over the hill), and Misthur Furlong not come! He went to his brother across Ferry Carrig yesterday, and was to sleep at his aunt's in Wexford last night; I think he might have been here by this! Well! if it was me, I would be affronted; it is not very late, to be sure, only for a bridegroom!

'Whist! Essy, will you,' returned Jane, 'for fear she'd hear you. I never saw so young a bride take so early to the prayers; it seems as if something hung over her and her father for trouble.'

'I wonder ye're not ashamed of yerself, Jane,' exclaimed the warm-hearted Essy, 'to be raising trouble at such a time. Whist! if there isn't the bridegroom's brother trotting up to the priest. What a handsome bow he makes His Reverence, his hat right off his head with the flourish of a new shillalah. But, good luck to us all, what ails the masther now?'

James Harragan also had seen the bridegroom's brother as he rode up the hill which fronted their dwelling, and sprang to his feet in an instant. When the heart is fully and entirely occupied by a beloved object, and that object is absent, alarm for its safety is like an electric shock, commencing one hardly knows how, but startling in its effects. Sydney looked in her father's face and screamed; while he, dreading that she had read the half-formed thoughts which were born of fear within his bosom at the sight of the brideman without the bridegroom, uttered an imperfect assurance that 'all was well—all must be well—Ralph had waited for his aunt—old ladies required attention—and no doubt they would arrive together.' With this assurance he hastened to the door to meet the priest and his companion; and his heart resumed its usual beatings when he observed the jovial expression of the old priest's face, and the *rollicking* air with which the brideman bowed to the bride, who crouched behind her father, anxious to hear the earliest news, and yet held back by that sweet modesty which enshrines the hearts of my gentle countrywomen.

'Where's Ralph?' inquired the farmer, while holding the stirrup for His Reverence to dismount.

'That's a *nate* question, to be sure,' answered his brother. 'Where would he be? And so, Miss Sydney, *you* asked Mr Herrick to come to the wedding, and never tould any one of it, by way of a surprise to us—that *was* very purty of you—and that's the top of his new beaver coming along the hedge. Well, it's quite time Ralph shewed himself, I think, and we in waiting.'

'Don't be foolish, Harry Furlong!' exclaimed the farmer hastily. 'You know very well that Ralph is not here.'

'Well, that's done to the life,' said the light-hearted fellow; 'that's not bad for a very big—— I musn't say it before the bride: but it's as bould-faced a story as ever I heard. Not here! then where is he?'

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'With his aunt, I daresay, if you don't know,' answered Essy.

'Oh, ye're in the mischief too, are ye, bright-eyed one? Why, ye know he's hid here on the sly, to surprise us. Aunt, indeed! To be sure he's with his ould aunt Bell, and his bride alone! What a mighty quare Irishman he must be. I'll advise *him* not to come to you for a character, whatever I may do; eh, Essy?'

'Will you give over bothering?' she said. 'Look at the colour Sydney's turned, and see to the masther—the Lord be betwixt us and harm—none of your nonsense, but tell us *where* is Ralph?'

The aspect of things changed in an instant. Harry *saw* that his brother was not there, concealed, as he had supposed him to be in mere playfulness, and *knew* that he was not with his aunt Bell. He knew, moreover, that he had parted from him the night before at the other side of Ferry Carrig; that he was *then* on his way to Wexford, where he had promised to meet him in the morning; that he had been to their aunt's, to keep his tryst, but that he had felt no uneasiness on finding Ralph not there, concluding that, instead of going to the town, he had gone to his bride's house in the country, for which he had intended mirthfully to reproach him when they met. Now seriously alarmed, his anxiety to prevent Sydney from partaking of his feelings almost deprived him of the power of speech; but he had said enough; and just as Mr Herrick crossed the threshold, the bride fainted at his feet.

Nothing could be more appalling than the change effected in a few moments in the expression of the farmer's face. While each was engaged in imparting to the other hopes for the bridegroom's reappearance, and reasons for his delay, Harragan, having put forth every other assistance, was bending over his insensible child, on the very bed from which she had that morning risen in the fulness of almost certain happiness for years to come. Alas! how little can we tell upon what of all we cherish in this changing world each rising sun may set!

'If she's not dead,' he muttered to himself, 'she will die soon. May the Lord deliver me!—the Lord deliver me!' he continued while chafing her temples; 'I saw it all along, like a shroud above me to fall round her—I did, I did. Who's that?' he inquired fiercely, as the door gently opened, and Mr Herrick entered within its sanctuary. 'Oh, it's you, sir, is it? you may come in. I thought it was some of them light-hearted who don't know trouble. Shut them out; my trouble's heavy, sir. Look at her, Misthur Herrick; and this was the wedding my little girl asked you to, out of friendliness to her father. *Her* father! why, the Holy Father who is above us all knows that as sure as the beams of the blessed sun are shining on her deathly cheek, so sure am I Ralph Furlong's murderer! You need not draw back, Mr Herrick. I *know* he's murdered; I felt struck with the knowledge of his death, *and I could not help it*, the minute his brother (God help him!) laughed in my face. Don't

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raise up her head, sir ; she'll come to soon enough—too soon, like a spirit that comes to the earth but to leave it. I'm not mad, Mr Herrick, though maybe I look so. Be it by fire or water, or steel or bullet, Ralph Furlong's a corpse, and *I'll inform this time*. I've heard tell the man that betrayed Christ wept aafter. What good war *his* tears? What good my informing now? But I will—I will. I'll make a clean breast for onst. I'll do the right thing now, if all the devils of hell tear me into pieces! I tell you, sir, Steve Murphy did it!—black-hearted, cunning-headed, and bloody-handed he was, from the time his mother begged with him from door to door for what she did not want, and taught him lies by every hedgerow and green bank through the country. I'm punished, Mr Herrick, I'm punished. If I'd informed—but I'll not call it informing—if *I'd told the truth* when you wanted me, about the letters at the forge, he would not have been in the country to commit murder. She's coming to now, sir—she's coming to.'

Gradually poor Sydney revived, but only to suffer more than she had previously gone through. The people were greatly astonished at the conviction which rested on the farmer's mind that the young man had been murdered; a belief which extended itself to his daughter; for, from the moment she heard that Ralph was not with his aunt, it appeared as if every vestige of hope had vanished from her mind. The men of the company set forward an immediate inquiry; every cottage was emptied of its inmates, the women flocking to the farmer's house to pour consolation and hope into the bosom of the bereaved bride, and the men to assist in a search, which, at the noonday hour, was a very uncommon occurrence. It is rarely, indeed, that the Irish peasantry seek assistance either from the police or military force; though they are fond of going to law, they detest those connected with the law. But Mr Herrick promptly rode into Wexford, and having made the necessary inquiries, and ascertained that young Furlong had not been seen at the town, he informed the proper authorities of his mysterious disappearance, and then turned his horse towards Ferry Carrig, to ascertain from the gatekeeper who had passed over the bridge the preceding evening.

Ferry Carrig is one of the picturesque spots which are so frequently seen by those who journey through my native county. On one side of the Slaney—here a river of glorious width—rises, boldly and wildy, a conical hill, upon the summit of which stands out, in frowning ruins, one of the boldest of the square towers of which so many were erected by the enterprising Fitz-Stephen. The opposite side of the bridge is guarded by a rock, not so steep or so magnificent as its neighbour, but not less striking, though its character is different; the one is absolutely garlanded with heaths, wild-flowers, and the golden-blossoming furze; while the other, affording barely a spot for vegetation, seems planted for eternity—so stern, and fixed,

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and rugged, that one could imagine nothing save the destruction of the universe capable of shaking its foundation.

The bridge erected across this beautiful water is of singular construction, and partakes of the wildness of the scene; the planks are not fastened at either end; and the noise and motion have a startling effect to one not accustomed to such modes of transit.

When Mr Herrick arrived at the tollhouse, he learned that many inquiries had been already made, and all the tollkeeper could say was, 'that positively Ralph Furlong, whom he knew as well as his own son, had not crossed the bridge the preceding evening, although he had been on the look-out for him.' The elder Furlong had accompanied his brother to within a mile of the Enniscorthy side of the bridge, so his disappearance must have occurred between the spot where they separated and the Bridge of Ferry Carrig. Nothing could exceed the energy and exertion to discover the lost bridegroom: every inquiry was made, every break explored, the rivers even were dragged; but no trace of Ralph Furlong was obtained. Mr Herrick returned to the farm; and it was heart-breaking to observe the totally hopeless expression of Sydney's beautiful face.

'There is no knowing,' said the kind gentleman, with a cheerfulness that he but imperfectly assumed—'there is no knowing—he *may* have left the country.'

'No,' was her reply; '*he would never have deserted me!*' Thus did her trust in her lover's fidelity outlive all hope of meeting him alive in this changing world.

In the meantime, James Harragan had proceeded alone to Steve Murphy's cottage. The sun had set, when he found him sitting by his fire, not alone, for his sister was seated on the opposite side.

Harragan entered with the determined air of a desperate man, and neither gave salutation, nor returned that which was given.

'I come,' said he, 'to ask you where you have hid Ralph Furlong.' The man started and changed colour, and then assuming a bold and determined air of defiance, hesitated not to inquire what the farmer meant, who, in reply, as boldly taxed him with the murder. Hard and desperate words succeeded, and the screams of the accused man's sister most likely prevented death; for the farmer, a tall powerful man, had grasped Murphy so tightly by the throat that a few minutes must have terminated his existence. Although by no means a weakling, he was as a green willow wand in the hands of his assailant.

In vain did his terrified sister declare that her brother was at home early in the evening, and went to bed before she did. Harragan persisted in his charge; and had it not been for the force of superior numbers, he would have succeeded in dragging him to the next police station; but Irish assistance is much more easily procured *against* the law than for it; though, I confess, in this instance it was hard for those who did not know all the circumstances to determine whose part to take, for Harragan was under the

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influence of such strong excitement, that he acted more like a maniac than a man in the possession of his senses.

Having failed in his first object, that of dragging Steve Murphy to justice himself, he mounted his horse, and laid before the nearest magistrates sufficient reason why Steve should be arrested, and detained until further inquiries were made; but when the police force sought for him, he was gone!—vanished! as delinquents vanish in Ireland, where hundreds of sober honest men will absolutely *know* where a villain is concealed, and yet suffer him to escape and commit more crimes, because their prejudices will not suffer them to *inform*.

Great was the excitement throughout the country occasioned by this mysterious event. James Harragan lived but for one object, that of bringing the murderer to justice. This all-engrossing desire seemed to have absorbed even his affection for his child; that is to say, he would stroke her hair, or press her now colourless cheek to his bosom, and then, turning away with a deep sigh, go on laying down some new plan for the discovery of poor Ralph's murderer. Everybody said that Sydney was dying, but her father did not seem to observe that *her* summer had ceased, when its sun was at the hottest, and its days at the longest, and that the rose was dropping leaf by leaf to the earth. Once Sydney attempted to take to market the produce of her dairy, which her kind friend Essy tended with more care than her own.

'If they don't notice me,' she said, 'I'll do bravely; you'll tell them, Essy, to never heed me.' And so Essy did; but it would not do. No prudential motive yet was ever sufficiently strong to restrain the sympathy of the genuine Irish. When her car stopped at the corner of the market-place, twenty stout arms were extended to lift the pale girl off. There was not a woman in the square who did not leave her standing to crowd round the *widowed* bride. It would have been as easy to turn the fertilising waters of the Nile, as that torrent of affection. The young girls sobbed, and could not speak for tears; but those tears fell upon Sydney's hands, and moistened her cheeks; it was refreshing to them, for she herself had long ceased to weep; hers were the only dry eyes in the crowd. The mothers prayed that God might bless her, and 'raise her up again to be the flower of the country.'

'Never heed, Sydney, darlint; sure you've the prayers of the country.'

'And the double prayers of the poor,' exclaimed a knot of beggars, who had abated their vocation to put up their petitions in her favour.

Sydney could have borne coldness or neglect, but kindness overpowered her, and she was obliged to return, leaving her small merchandise to Essy's care.

Every one said that Sydney was hastening to her grave, but still

her father heeded it not; no bloodhound ever toiled or panted more eagerly to recover the scent which he had lost, than did the farmer to trace Steve Murphy's flight; it was still his absorbing idea, both by day and night. Had it not been for the exertions of his sons, his well-cultivated farm would have gone to ruin. His health was suffering from this monomania; the flesh shrank daily from his bones, and the healthy jocund farmer was changing into a gigantic skeleton. The priest talked to him, Mr Herrick reasoned with him, but all to no purpose.

Time passed, and James Harragan entered his cottage as the sun was setting. He had stood for the last hour leaning against the post of his gate, apparently engaged in watching the sparrows flying in and out of their old dwelling-places in the thatch. His sons had prepared his supper, and he sat down to it mechanically; the two lads whispered for some time together at the window, when suddenly Harragan inquired what they muttered for. The youths hesitated to reply.

'Let me know what it was!' he exclaimed. 'I'll have no whispering, no *cochering*, no hiding and seeking in my house. Boys, there's a hell at this moment burning in yer father's breast! Look, I never could kill one of them small birds that destroy the roof above our heads, without feeling I took from the innocent thing the life I could not give; and yet, what does that signify? Isn't *my* hand *red* at this time of speaking with that boy's blood! Red—it's red-hot—hissing red with the blood of Ralph Furlong! It is as much so as if I did it! And why?—because I held on at the mystery that shades the guilty and hurries on the innocent to destruction—*because I wouldn't inform!* Now, mind me, boys, I'll have nothing but *out* speaking; no whispering; where there's that sort of secrecy, there's sin and the curse. What war you whispering?' he added in a voice of thunder.

'We war only saying, sir,' replied the elder, 'that we wonder Sydney and Essy ain't back!'

'Back! Why, where is my little girl?'

'She took a thought this morning, sir,' he answered, 'and we don't like to say against her, that she'd walk from Ferry Carrig Bridge to where HE parted from his brother, and took Essy with her on the car as far as the bridge: it's a notion she had.'

'My colleen!—my pride!—my darlint!' he ejaculated, much moved, 'and I not to know this! Yer mother little thought when she made ye over to *me* before death made *her* over to the holy angels, what would happen. And ye didn't tell me, because ye thought I didn't care! Well, I forgive ye—I forgive ye, boys! I didn't neglect her, though, for all that; my heart was set on another matter. There is but one thing she can spake on, one thing I can spake on—and it is better we shouldn't—*but*, when she does *look* at me, though my little girl strives to keep it under, there is in her

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eyes what says: "If ye'd spoken the truth long ago, it's a happy wife I'd be now, instead of"—O God—O God!" he exclaimed passionately, 'that I should have suffered such a snake to fatten on the land, when I could have crushed him under my heel! I'd have rest in my grave if I could see him in his. I'll go meet her, boys. You should have gone before.' And the farmer stalked forth, and silently mounting his cob, proceeded on the road to Ferry Carrig.

There are mysteries around us, both night and day, for which it would be difficult indeed to account; the impulse that drew Sydney that morning to the banks of the Slaney was, and ever must be, unaccountable.

'Nurses,' she said to her faithful friend Essy, after they crossed the bridge, and, quitting the coach-road, made unto themselves a path along the bank—'nurses like you, Essy, may be called the bridemaids of death; and you have been my nurse all through this sickness.' Essy afterwards said she did not know what there was in those words to make her cry, but she could not answer for weeping. The two girls wandered on, Sydney stopping every now and then to look into the depths and shallows of the river, and prying beneath every broad green leaf and clump of trees that overhung its banks. More than once they sat down, and more than once did Essy propose their return, but Sydney went on, as if she had not spoken. At last they came to a species of deep drain, almost overgrown with strong, tall, leafy water-plants, that was always filled when the tide was full in. Essy sprang lightly over it, and then turning a little way up to where it was narrower, she extended her hand to her feeble friend. Although the gulf was narrow, it was very deep; the root of a tree had formed a natural dam across it, so that much water was retained. As Sydney was about to cross, she cast her eyes beneath, started, and held back. She did not speak, but, with her hand pointed downwards, Essy's shriek rang through the air—the face of Ralph Furlong stared at them from the bottom of the silent pool!

Had she not removed the broad leaves of a huge dock that shaded the water, so that Sydney's footing might be sure, the unconscious girl would have stepped, without knowing it, over her lover's liquid grave. Essy was so overwhelmed with horror, that she ran shrieking towards the highway; several minutes elapsed before she returned with assistance; and then where was Sydney! The faithful girl, in endeavouring to draw his body from the waters, had fallen in; her head was literally resting on his bosom, and her long beautiful hair floating like a pall above them!

They were buried in the same grave!

When Murphy's cottage was searched by the police, the only weapon, if so it could be called, which they discovered, was a broken reaping-hook; this James Harragan had taken to his own house, and under the folds of poor Ralph's coat, those who prepared him for his earthy grave discovered the missing portion. The farmer was

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seen to shed no tear over his daughter, but registered an oath in heaven that he would never take rest upon his bed until he had brought the murderer to justice. Within a week after, he relinquished his farm to his sons, and it is believed he journeyed to foreign lands in pursuit of one who, in the first instance, escaped justice through James Harragan's own weak and almost wicked perseverance in a wrong cause. Years have passed since the melancholy event occurred, and no tidings have ever reached the county relative to Harragan or the murderer. Well, indeed, might he have remembered Mr Herrick's warning. The farmer had, by withholding his information, refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand had planted in the bosom of an excellent and industrious man, and the same power had been employed to overthrow his happiness for ever !*

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.†

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

JAMES O'LEARY was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute ; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin—yet he modestly designated it his 'Small College,' and his pupils 'his thrifle of boys.' O'Leary never considered 'the Vulgarians'—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil ; he began his school catalogue with 'the Vargils ;' but was so decidedly proud of 'the Homarians,' that he often regretted he had no opportunity of 'taking the shine out of thim ignorant chaps up at Dublin College' by a display of his 'Gracians'—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue ; whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery ; and yet, poor fellows ! were as proud of their Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning ; he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry,‡ and at one time

* Reprinted from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

† This interesting sketch was communicated originally to *Hood's Magazine*, from which it has been obligingly transferred by the authoress for a more extensive publication in these pages.—*Ed.*

‡ Mrs Hall, in the elegantly embellished work, *Ireland ; its Scenery, Character, &c.*, presents some amusing particulars respecting 'poor scholars,' and the schools which they were in the habit of attending. 'Hedge schools' abounded principally in Kerry, but are now rapidly disappearing, along with the dominies who superintended them, their place

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had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A B C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the National schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be raised, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose father having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and

being occupied by the better-conducted National schools. 'The ancient dominies, however,' observes Mrs Hall, 'had their merit; they kept the shrivelled seed of knowledge from utterly perishing. . . . The Irish schoolmaster is now paid by the state, and not by "sods of turf," "a kish of praties," "a dozen of eggs," or at Christmas and Easter "a roll of fresh butter;" for, very commonly, there was no other way of liquidating his quarterly accounts: yet this mode of payment was adopted eagerly on the one side, and received thankfully on the other, in order that "the gorsoon might have his bit of learning, to keep him up in the world." The English of the lower classes covet knowledge, but only as a source of wealth; an Irishman longs for it as a means of acquiring moral power and dignity. "Rise up yer head, here's the master; he's a fine man with great larning;" "Whisht! don't be putting in your word, sure he that's spaking has fine larning;" "Sure he had the world at his foot from the strength of the larning;" "A grate man entirely, with a power of larning;" "No good could ever come of him, for he never took to his larning;" "What could you expect from him? since he was the size of a midge he never looked in a book;" such are the phrases continually in the mouths of the Irish peasantry: utter worthlessness is invariably supposed to accompany a distaste for information; while he who has obtained even a limited portion of instruction, is always considered superior to his fellows who are without it, and precedence on all occasions is readily accorded to him. Those who would teach the Irish, have, therefore, a fine and rich soil upon which to work. "Hedge schools" received their peculiar designation from the fact, that in fine weather the schoolroom was always removed out of doors; the dominie sat usually beside his threshold; and the young urchins his pupils were scattered in all directions about the landscape, poring over the "Gough" or "Voster" (the standard arithmeticians of Ireland long ago), scrawling figures on the fragments of a slate, courting acquaintance with the favoured historian, Cornelius Napos, or occupied upon the more abstruse mysteries of the mathematics; the more laborious and persevering of the learners generally taking their places, "book in hand," upon, or at the base of, the turf rick, that was always within the master's ken. In addition to the pupils who paid to the teacher as much as they could, and in the coin most at their command, there were generally in such establishments some who paid nothing, and were not expected to pay anything—"poor scholars," as they were termed, who received education "graatis," and who were not unfrequently intended, or rather intended themselves, for the priesthood. They were, in most instances, unprotected orphans; but they had no occasion to beg, for the farmhouse as well as the cottage was open for their reception, and the "poor scholar" was sure of a "God save you kindly," and "Kindly welcome," wherever he appeared. In this way, with scant clothing, a strap of books over his shoulder, his inkhorn suspended from his button-hole, and two or three ill-cut inky pens stuck in the twist or twine that encircled his hat, the aspirant for knowledge set forth on his mission, sometimes aided by a subscription commenced and forwarded by his parish priest, who found many of his congregation willing to bestow their halfpence and pence, together with their cordial blessings, on "the boy that had his mind turned for good." Now and then a "good-for-nothing" would take upon himself the habit and name of a "poor scholar," and impose upon the good-natured inhabitants of a district; but in a little time he was sure to be discovered, and was never again trusted.'

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not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages what they had not understood if spoken in the vernacular, that when a National school was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to 'bother the board.' This threw James into a state of such excitement, that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say that he has never been 'right' since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the National school system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of 'flooring the board,' which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant class of scholars, of whose merits he was so bright an example. For a long time his college was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from 'the Master,' and the attention and tenderness of a mother from 'the Mistress.' This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighbourhood, and paid largely for the classics and all accomplishments. This James found very profitable: in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a 'pinnacle' on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other the celestial globe; he paved the little court-yard with the multiplication-table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on 'geometrical principles,' whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of information. If pupils came before, they 'rained on him' after his 'Tusculum' was finished; and he had its name painted on a Gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for want of a latch. But somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces; and continually snubbed a first-rate 'Gracian,' who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself, why he should do good, and bother himself so much about those who did no good to him. He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself, that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stirabout, gruel, or '*a sup of broth*'—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the 'Gracian,'

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who had been unwell for some days—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said: 'Mary, can't ye sit still at the wheel, now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific?—which signifies an inclination to repose.'

'In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him. The place where he lodges has no conveyance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of—so I'll sit down at onst.'

'Then why don't you sit down at once? Why do you sit—wasting your time—to say nothing of the sweet milk—and the'—he was going to say 'the sour,' but was ashamed, and so added, 'other things—for one who does no good to us?'

'No good to us!' repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. 'No good to us, dear?—why, it's for Aby the what is it you called him—Aby Gradus? No; Aby the Gracian—your top boy—as used to be—he that his old grandmother (God help us!—he had no other kith or kin) walked ten miles just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die with an easy heart—it's for him, it is'—

'Well,' replied the master, 'I know that; I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould—but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian, indeed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby'—

'James!' exclaimed Mary.

'Ay, indeed, Mary; we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and'—he drew a deep breath, then added—'*and take no more poor scholars!*'

'O James, don't say the likes o' that,' said the gentle-hearted woman; 'don't. A poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in.'

'Still, we must take care of ourselves, woman dear,' replied James with a dogged look. Why the look should be called 'dogged,' I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple-potato, and beckoning a neighbour's child, who was hopping over the multiplication-table in the little court-yard, desired her to run for her life, with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby stopped that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

'I thought, James,' she said, 'that Abel was a strong pet of yours,

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though you've cooled to him of late; I'm sure he got you a deal of credit.'

'All I'll ever get by him.'

'Oh, don't say that!—sure the blessing is a fine thing; and all the learning you give out, James, honey, doesn't lighten what you have in your head, which is a grate wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset, handful by handful, it wastes away; but your brains hould out better than the meal: take ever so much away, and there's the same still.'

'Mary, you're a fool, agra!' answered her husband; but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

'And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it,' she continued; 'it does them good, and does you no harm.'

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good humour before she intimated her object.

'I've always thought a red head lucky, dear.'

'The ancients valued the colour highly,' he answered.

'Think of that now! And a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye.'

'What boy?' inquired the master.

'A poor fatherless and motherless cráythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second suit of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you tould me you set off poor-scholaring yerself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second suit of clothes.*'

'What did he want?' inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper; for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

'Just six months of your taching to make a man of him, that's all.'

'Has he the money to pay for it?'

'I'm sure I never asked him. The trifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a *strong** man like yerself, James O'Leary; only just the ase and contintment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be afther doing a kind turn to a fellow-Christian.'

'Mary,' replied the schoolmaster, in a slow and decided tone, '*that's all botheration.*'

Mary gave a start: she could hardly believe she heard correctly;

* Rich.

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but there sat James O'Leary, looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone.

'Father of mercy!' she exclaimed, 'spake again, man alive! and tell us is it yerself that's in it!'

James laughed—not joyously or humorously, but a little dry half-starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

'That's the boy I tould you of,' said Mary. 'Come in, *ma bouchal*; the master himself's in it now, and will talk to you, dear.'

The boy advanced his slight delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

'What's your name?—and stand up!' said the master gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore, and asked if he would give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and again, and let him pick up as much as he could.

'And what,' inquired O'Leary, 'will you give me in return?'

'I have but little, sir,' replied the boy, 'for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father's in heaven—my eldest sister a cripple—and but for the kindness of the neighbours, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God, which never laves us, we might turn out upon the road—and beg.'

'But all that is nothing to me,' said O'Leary very coldly.

'I know that, sir,' answered the boy; yet he looked as if he did *not* know it, 'though your name's up in the country for kindness, as well as learning. But I was coming to it. I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings, besides five which the priest warned me to keep, when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking if yer honour would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter, or so; I know I can't pay yer honour as I ought, only just for the love of God; and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, His Reverence said I'd be no disgrace to you.'

'Just let me see what ye've got,' said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton night-cap, and held it towards the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

'Put it up, child,' she said; 'the masther doesn't want it; he only had a mind to see if it was safe.' Then aside to her husband: 'Let fall yer hand, James; it's the devil that's under yer elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook. Is it the thin shillings

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of a widow's son you'd be afther taking? It's not yerself that's in it at all.' Then to the boy: 'Put it up, dear, and come in the morning.' But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting—'the *thin* shillings,' as Mary called them—and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good counsel, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all or none; and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying that 'the Lord above would raise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on.' Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that, at least for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the 'great master;' while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the 'thin shillings,' strode towards a well-heaped hoard, to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself into something 'not right.'

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. He did not care to encounter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted desk, and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself; and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale gentle face of the poor scholar, whom he had 'fleece'd' to the uttermost.

'Mary,' he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, 'there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they putended.'

'Was that the way with yerself, avick?' she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat, bounced the door after him, and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep—nor, when he did, did he sleep very soundly—but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner; so much so, that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil, and slept soundly. But Mary went on praying. She was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country; but, on this particular night, she prayed on without stopping, until the gray cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours; for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the

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innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water, cross, and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her. 'Give me your hand,' he said, 'that I may know it's you that's in it.' Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

'Mary, my own ould darling,' he whispered, 'I'm a grate sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing.' Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. 'It's quite in airnest I am, dear; and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's nightcap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks entirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and, Mary, agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of taching them; for I've had a DREAM, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning. There, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight. Now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me.

'I suppose it's dead I was first; but, anyhow, I thought I was floating about in a dark space, and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down. *I could not rise*—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes. One of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me; and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought maybe it would help me up; but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke. Then came a great white-faced owl, with red bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough; and globes and inkhorns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes, into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there, and making game of me as they passed. Oh, I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I without power to answer or to get away. I'm thinking it was the schoolmasters' purgatory I was in.'

'Maybe so,' replied Mary, 'particularly as they wouldn't let you correct the bad Latin, dear.'

'But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me—and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapour, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading towards a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest; and the more I looked at it, the brighter it grew; and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes; and something whispered me that

that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees, and asked how I was to get up there; for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or, to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in noways joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head.'

'Oh, yah mulla! think of that now, my poor Aby; didn't I know the good pure drop was in him!' interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy place, masther, dear," they said, "is for you to make a ladder of us."

'Is it a ladder of the'—

'Whisht, will ye?' interrupted the master. "'We are the stairs," said they, "that will lead you to that happy mansion. All your learning, of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, masther jewel, WE ARE YOUR CHARITIES; seven of us poor boys, through your means, learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy for ever."

'I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step-ladder* of the seven holy craturs, who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now; but as they bent, I stepped, first on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but anyhow, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting; I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel, I'd have gone—I don't know where: he held me fast. "O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me afther all?" I said. "Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way afther all?"

"Sure there must be more of us to help you," makes answer Paddy Blake. "Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you," says Abel; "and, *unless you hardened your heart*, it isn't possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you. Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished? Oh, then, if you did, masther," said the poor fellow, "if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you." Well, Mary, agra, I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came over me last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking-up dagger in my heart—and I

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looking at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart ; and just then I woke. I'm sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature about me to cause such a warning.'

Mary made no reply, but sank on her knees by the bedside, weeping—tears of joy they were—she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. 'And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and, darling, you'll look out for more of them. And, oh ! but my heart's as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream.'





THE CRUSADES.

AFTER the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70 of the Christian era, Palestine continued for upwards of two centuries in the condition of a miserable Roman province, inhabited by a mixed population of pagans, Jews, and Christians. In Jerusalem, temples of Venus and Jupiter were erected on the most sacred spots of Christian history; and heathenism triumphed in the possession of the Holy City of two religions. On the establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire by Constantine in the year 321, this state of things was changed. Palestine and Jerusalem became objects of interest to all Christians, and crowds of pilgrims went to visit the localities celebrated by the Evangelists. Splendid churches were erected on the ruins of the pagan temples, and every spot ascertained by historical evidence, or pointed out by vague tradition, as the scene of any of the memorable events in the life of Christ and his apostles, was marked by a chapel or a house of prayer. Jerusalem and the Holy Land became the resort of numerous bodies of clergy, who, residing in the churches and monasteries which the piety of the wealthy had founded for them, made it their occupation to point out to pilgrims the various localities which they had come to see, and to exhibit holy relics connected with the Saviour's life and sufferings, into the authenticity of which the eager and craving superstition of the pilgrims did not permit them to inquire.

In the end of the fourth century, the gigantic Roman empire,

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already near its final dissolution, was broken up into two—the Western Empire, the capital of which was Rome; and the Eastern, the capital of which was Constantinople. It was to the latter of these that Syria and Palestine were attached. Before the end of the fifth century, the Western Empire had been completely destroyed by the irruption of the German races, and the beginnings of a new European civilisation were rising from its ruins. Meanwhile the Eastern, called also the Greek or Byzantine Empire, remained entire. Its dissolution, however, was near at hand. About the year 630, the Arabs, burning with the spirit of conquest infused into them by the religion of Mohammed, poured into its provinces, as the Huns and Vandals had formerly poured into the provinces of its sister empire of the west. Egypt, Syria, and Palestine were detached from the Byzantine empire, and annexed as dependencies to the great Arabic empire of the califs. Thus the religion of Mohammed became dominant in the Holy Land of the Christians, and the temples and chapels of Jerusalem were converted into mosques.

PILGRIMAGES TO THE HOLY LAND—CRUELITIES OF THE TURKS— PETER THE HERMIT.

Scarcely were the foundations of a new civilisation laid in the west of Europe—scarcely had the German races been absorbed into the bosom of the old Roman population—when, under the influence of the Latin Church, then rearing itself above the universal wreck, the spirit of religious pilgrimages began to revive.

Annually, numbers of pilgrims from Italy or the remote west wended their way through Asia Minor, and southwards along the shores of the Levant; or, as was very common, conjoining the spirit of piety with that of commerce, they were carried in trading-vessels along either shore of the Mediterranean, extending a voyage undertaken originally for trading purposes, so as to embrace also the great object of a visit to the Holy Land. The treatment of these pilgrims, as well as of the Christian residents, the relics of the old population of Palestine, by the Mohammedan masters of the soil, varied according to the general aspect of the times, and the disposition of the reigning calif. In return for a certain tribute, the earlier califs permitted the Christians of Jerusalem to have a patriarch and an ecclesiastical establishment according to their own forms. Of all the califs, the celebrated Haroun al Raschid was the most tolerant, and under him the Christians enjoyed perfect peace.

Under the Fatimite califs of Egypt, who conquered Syria about the year 980, a different policy was pursued, and the Christian inhabitants of Palestine, as well as the pilgrims to the Holy Shrine, were treated with the utmost cruelty. The pilgrims were robbed, beaten, and sometimes slain on their journey; the Christian residents oppressed by heavy impositions, and their feelings outraged by

insults against their religion, and by the violation of their domestic ties. Rumours of these cruelties of the Fatimite califs towards their Christian subjects and the Latin pilgrims reached the west of Europe, and excited a strong feeling of indignation in the breasts of the pious.

The sufferings of the Christians of Palestine under the Fatimite califs were insignificant compared with those which they endured after the invasion and conquest of Palestine by the Turkish hordes in 1065. But recently converted to Moslemism, and therefore more rude and fanatical than the other Mohammedans, these Turks wreaked their vengeance on all alike—Christians, Jews, and even the native Mohammedans. ‘No description,’ says the Abbé Vertot, in his *History of the Knights of Malta*, ‘can give a conception of all the cruelties which they committed. Numbers of the Christians were butchered; the hospital of St John, founded for the relief of pilgrims, about seventeen years before, by some pious Italian merchants, who had obtained a piece of ground for the purpose, was plundered; and these barbarians would have destroyed the Holy Sepulchre, had not their avarice restrained them. The fear of losing the revenues raised upon the pilgrims of the west preserved the tomb of our Saviour. But, to gratify at once their avarice and their hatred to all who bore the name of Christians, they loaded them with heavier tributes; so that the pilgrims, after having spent all their money in the course of so long a voyage, or having been stripped by robbers, and worn out with hunger and miseries of all sorts, at last, for want of money to discharge such excessive tributes, perished at the gates of Jerusalem, without being able to obtain the consolation of seeing, before they died, the Holy Sepulchre—the only object of their vows, and the end of so tedious a pilgrimage.’

The news of the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks in Jerusalem produced a deep sensation over the whole of Christendom, as well among the Latin Christians—as the Roman Catholic nations of the west of Europe were called—as among the Greek Christians—the name given to the population of what still remained of the old Byzantine empire. The latter, however, were more deeply and immediately interested; for they had reason to dread, from their geographical situation, that if the Turks were not checked, Constantinople, the capital of their own empire, would soon share the same fate as Jerusalem. Accordingly, about the year 1073, the Greek emperor, Manuel VII., sent to supplicate the assistance of the great Pope Gregory VII. against the Turks, accompanying his petition with many expressions of profound respect for His Holiness in particular, and the Latin Church in general. Till now, there had prevailed a spirit of antagonism between the Latin and Greek Churches; the Roman Catholics regarding the Greek Christians as heretics and schismatics; and the latter yielding spiritual obedience to their own patriarch, and refusing to acknowledge the pope of the west as the

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universal head of the church. Gregory VII., therefore, eagerly received the application of the Greek emperor for assistance against the Turks, seeing in the career thus opened up for himself and his successors the prospect of a final subjection of the Greek to the Latin Church. He resolved, therefore, to give the enterprise his countenance; nay, to march himself at the head of an army raised to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels.

Gregory was prevented from ever carrying his designs into execution, and the idea of a crusade died gradually away. Meanwhile the Turks were extending their victories at the expense of the Greek empire. Before the accession of the celebrated Alexius Comnenus to the Byzantine throne in the year 1081, the whole of Asia Minor was in the possession of the Turks; and the Greek empire, shorn of its Asiatic provinces, was reduced so as to include only Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, and Illyria. Asia Minor was broken up into various Turkish kingdoms, the sultans of which soon began to quarrel among themselves—a circumstance which was fortunate for Alexius, as it arrested the progress of the Turks, and retained them on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The disturbed state of Asia Minor, however, only increased the sufferings of the pilgrims who continued to flock from Europe to the Holy Land. Not one out of three returned to recount his hardships, or to thrill the hearts of his relatives and fellow-villagers at home with descriptions of Jerusalem and its environs—the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the place of Crucifixion, and the Holy Sepulchre.

Among those who undertook the pilgrimage to Jerusalem when the dangers attending it were greatest, was a native of Amiens in France, named Peter; of whose life up to this period all that we know is, that he had served as a soldier in his youth; had afterwards married a lady of rank, but poor and old; and had finally abjured the world from religious motives, and become a monk and an ascetic, obtaining from those who knew him and his solitary manner of life the name of Peter the Hermit. To atone for some crime which haunted his conscience, or for the sins of his youth in general, Peter resolved on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Of the particulars of his journey thither we have no record; we only know that he arrived at Jerusalem in safety, and visited all the scenes sacred in a Christian's eyes. His, however, was not a mind to be contented with the mere refined enjoyment of having seen what others had not seen—with the mere pleasure of having walked in the streets and suburbs of Jerusalem. No: as he walked along these streets and suburbs, gazing at this and that holy spot, insolent and contemptuous Turks looking on and mocking, his spirit burned and grew bitter within him, and his hand clenched itself convulsively, as if longing for a sword. At night his discourse with the Latin Christian in whose house he lodged was about Jerusalem—its ancient glory, its present degradation, the hopes of its future restoration;

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and on the same theme he descanted much with Simeon, the pious Greek patriarch of Jerusalem, in whom, although heretical in many points which Peter, as a Latin Christian, deemed important, he found in the main a congenial spirit. In reply to Peter's questions and propositions, the patriarch explained that nothing was to be expected from the Greek empire in behalf of the Holy Land; that the court of Constantinople was so dissolute and corrupt, that a holy enterprise, such as the rescue of Palestine from the Turks, would be the last it would be likely to think of or undertake; and that the only hope was, that the Latin princes might be persuaded to form a league for the grand purpose which had already been entertained by Gregory VII. 'This proposal,' says Abbé Vertot, 'startled the Hermit; but, far from abating his zeal, though he foresaw all the difficulties attending it, he persuaded himself that they might be got over by the assistance and protection of the pope.' 'Write,' he said to the patriarch, 'to the pope and to all the Latin Christians; and seal your letters with the signet of your office as patriarch of Jerusalem. As a penance for my sins, I will travel over Europe; I will describe everywhere the desolate condition of the Holy City, and exhort princes and people to wrest it from the profane hands of the Infidels.' The letters were accordingly written, and the Hermit set sail with them from Joppa. Arrived in Italy, he presented the patriarch's letters to the pope, detailing at the same time his own observations with respect to the wretched condition of Jerusalem, and urging His Holiness to use his authority, as the head of Christendom, to commence an enterprise, the noblest, he said, ever suggested by the Spirit of God to man.

Urban II., who was then pope, was an able and humane man, and both by natural character and by education, as the pupil and protégé of his predecessor Gregory VII., quite prepared to enter into a scheme so favourable to the dominance of the papal power as the Crusades. The state of Europe, however, and of Italy in particular, was such as to make it desirable that he should sound the sentiments of Christendom with regard to the enterprise before he actually appeared at its head. In other words, he resolved that the Crusades should be preached from the pulpits of the church before they were commanded by a papal bull. Calling the Hermit, therefore, he applauded his zeal, expressed his sympathy with his views, and exhorted him to travel through Europe, and stir up the enthusiasm of the people in behalf of the great enterprise to which he had devoted himself. Thus encouraged, the Hermit departed, going from town to town, and from village to village; and, in the language of the chroniclers, 'traversing the whole of Europe in less than a year's time.' His strange and wild aspect, his glittering eye, his shrill and unearthly eloquence, the grandeur of his theme, his pathetic descriptions of the state of Jerusalem and the Christians there, produced everywhere the most extraordinary sensations.

Diminutive, and even mean in personal appearance, he seemed like one inspired and beyond himself when, from the steps of some church door, he harangued the crowd which gathered to hear him. 'He set out,' says a contemporary historian, 'from whence I know not, nor with what purpose; but we saw him passing through the towns and villages, everywhere preaching, and the people flocking round him, loading him with gifts, and praising his sanctity with such eulogiums, that I never remember having seen so great honours paid to any other man. He was very generous, however, in distributing what was given him. He brought back to their homes women who had left their husbands, and, with wonderful authority, restored peace among such as were living unhappily together. In whatever he said or did there was something divine, insomuch that people went to pluck hairs from his mule, and kept them afterwards as relics. Out of doors he generally wore a woollen tunic, with a brown mantle which descended to his heels. His arms and feet were bare: he ate little or no bread; but lived on fish and wine.'

Such being the success of the Hermit's mission, the pope announced his approbation of the projected Crusade; and in the year 1095 summoned two councils, where the subject was discussed. At the first of these, held at Placentia in March 1095, ambassadors from the Greek emperor Alexius appeared to petition for aid against the Turks; and those who were present pledged themselves to give it: and at the second, the famous Council of Clermont, held at the town of that name in Auvergne in the month of November, the Crusade was definitively resolved on. Ascending the pulpit, Pope Urban II. addressed an enormous multitude of clergy of every order, and laymen from all parts of the world, expounding to them the scheme in which, as head of Christendom, he wished to engage their thoughts, their prayers, and their labours. An outline of this memorable speech has been preserved to us. After alluding to the various perplexing topics with which, for the last seven days, they had been occupied—the crimes and errors which, as an ecclesiastical assembly, they had been taking cognisance of—the chaotic and disorderly condition of the church in general—he holds out the Crusade to their view as 'a haven of rest,' an enterprise in which they may all engage, enthusiastic co-operation in which will atone for their crimes, make them forget their differences, and weld them together again as one true church. After dilating on the power and tyranny of the Turks, he goes on to prove, by a curious physiological observation, that the Turks may be conquered. 'It is plain,' he says, 'that every race of people born in the southern regions, being scorched with the intense heat of the sun, abounds more in reflection than in blood; and therefore they avoid coming to close quarters, because they are aware how little blood they possess. Whereas the people who are born amid polar frosts, and distant from the sun's heat, are less cautious indeed; but, elate with their copious and luxuriant flow of

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blood, they fight with the greatest alacrity.' 'Remember,' he says, 'the saying of God: "Narrow is the way which leadeth to life." Place before your imagination, if you shall be made captive, torments and chains; nay, every possible suffering that can be inflicted. Expect even horrible punishments, that so, if it be necessary, you may redeem your souls at the expense of your bodies. Do you fear death, ye men of courage? Know you not "that for men to live is wretchedness, and to die is gain?" Death sets free from its filthy prison the human soul, which then takes flight for the mansions fitted for its virtues; death accelerates their country to the good; death cuts short the wickedness of the ungodly. By means of death, the soul, made free, is either soothed with joyful hope, or is punished without further apprehension of worse.' On, and still on, he spoke in the same strain, swaying the whole assembly with his fervour till the mass of congregated human beings began to heave to and fro beneath him like a sea. At length, as, turning from the difficulties of the enterprise, he urged them to undertake it, the pent-up emotions of the crowd burst forth, and cries of: '*Deus vult! Deus id vult!*' —'God wills it! God wills it!' rose simultaneously from all parts of the square. Hushing the joyous tumult with a wave of his hand, the pontiff proceeded: 'Lo, dearest brethren, the fulfilment of the Scriptural promise, that wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, there He will be with them. The Spirit of God alone can have caused this unanimity of sentiment among you. Let the very words, then, which his Spirit has dictated to you, be your cry of war. When you attack the enemy, let the words resound from every side: "*Deus vult! Deus id vult!*" The old, the infirm, the weaker sex altogether, must remain in Europe. They would be an impediment rather than an assistance. In this holy undertaking the rich should succour their poorer brethren, and equip them for war. The clergy must not depart without the license of their bishops; for, if they should, their journey would be fruitless. The people must not go without a sacerdotal benediction. Let every one mark, on his breast or back, the sign of our Lord's cross, that the saying may be fulfilled: "He who takes up the cross, and follows me, is worthy of me." Tears, groans, and shouts were the replies of the crowd. The whole multitude knelt, while one of the cardinals made confession to God of their sins; and when they rose, crosses of red cloth were to be seen on the shoulders of many a priest and many a warrior.

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The Crusades were precisely the enterprise to enlist the sympathies of Europe in the end of the eleventh century. The power of the church, the feeling of reverence for everything ecclesiastical, was at its height; the might of physical force, the brawling fierceness of a time when splitting skulls with battle-axes was the most exciting

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and applauded of human occupations, were overawed and attempered by respect for spiritual symbols; the mail-clad knight bowed low before the cross, and could be made to tremble in the presence of a lean and decrepit priest. Moreover, the love of adventure, that mystic, compound, indescribable something which we denominate the spirit of chivalry; the desire of wandering through the world a faithful and true knight, waging deadly war with falsehood and guile, and assisting everywhere the weak and oppressed against the strong and tyrannical—this fine passion, the particular form at that time of a feeling which has inspired all noble souls since ever the world began, had begun to exert its influence over European society. The Crusades appealing, then, as they did, to the two most powerful feelings of the time—reverence for the church, and the spirit of adventure—absorbed and drank up all the enthusiasm and all the intellect of the age. As soon as the Council of Clermont had risen, the preparations for invading the Holy Land began in almost every country of Europe. The clanging of the smith's hammer, making or repairing his lord's armour, was heard in every village; and in hundreds of castles, through the long winter evenings, the fair hands of mothers, wives, sisters, and lovers were employed in embroidering the banners which their dear ones were to carry into the holy fields—pride and hope mingling in their gentle bosoms with sighs and forebodings as their fingers rustled amid the silken folds. 'The poor themselves,' says a contemporary historian, who gives us a life-like description of the preparations for the Crusade in Germany and France, 'caught the flame so ardently that no one paused to think of the smallness of his wealth; but each set about selling his property at as low a price as if he had been held in some horrible captivity, and sought to pay his ransom without loss of time. There was a general dearth at the time; but no sooner had Christ inspired the multitudes of people to seek a voluntary exile, than the money which had been hoarded up was instantly put in circulation, and articles which had been horribly dear were on a sudden sold for nothing. In the meantime, most of those who had not determined to go on the journey themselves were busy joking and laughing at those who were thus selling their goods at such a loss, and prophesied that the expedition would be disastrous, and the return home worse. Such was their language to-day; but on the morrow, lo! seized with the same enthusiasm as the rest, the mockers abandoned all they had for a few crowns, and set out with the very persons they had laughed at. Who can count the children and the infirm who hastened to the war! Who can count the old men and the young maidens who hurried forward! "*You warriors,*" they cried, "*shall vanquish by the spear and the sword; but let us at least conquer Christ by our sufferings.*" At the same time one might see a thousand things springing from the same spirit—some astonishing, some laughable: the poor shoeing their oxen as we shoe horses, and

harnessing them to two-wheeled carts, in which they placed their little stock of provisions and their young children, and proceeding onward; while the babes, at every town and castle they saw before them, demanded eagerly if that was Jerusalem.'

This description applies more particularly to France and Germany; but similar scenes were enacted in all countries whither the news of what had taken place at the Council of Clermont had been carried. 'There was no nation,' says the historian, William of Malmesbury, 'so remote, no people so retired, as not to respond to the pope's wishes. This ardent passion inspired not only the continental provinces, but also the most distant islands and savage countries. The Welshman left his hunting, the Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking party, the Norwegian his raw fish.' By the spring, therefore, of 1096—the time appointed by the pope for the setting out of the expedition—masses of the European population were in motion from all quarters, directing their course towards Asia. Slowly at first they began to roll, but as the stream continued, it became larger and more rapid by the accession of new enthusiasts, till at last it swept onward like a flood. Robbers, murderers, and all sorts of criminals joined the bands of Crusaders as they marched along, resolved to purchase by their services in the Holy Land that salvation which their crimes had made them despair of till now. The Crusade! the Crusade! was the one all-absorbing thought of Europe; and not a meteor shot athwart the sky that was not interpreted as an omen and an encouragement from Heaven to persevere in the enterprise. It is calculated that, in the spring of 1096, the various masses in motion towards the Holy Land amounted to six millions of souls. This, however, appears to be an exaggeration.

It does not seem that any definite arrangements had been made as to the organisation of the multitudes who should engage in the Crusade, their order of march, or the leaders whose banners they should follow. These matters were left to arrange themselves. The general assertion of historians is, that the first who marched to the Holy Land consisted of a body of 20,000 foot, with only eight horsemen, commanded by a Burgundian gentleman, named, from his poverty, Walter the Penniless. They were followed by a rabble of 40,000 men, women, and children, led by Peter the Hermit—a medley of all nations and languages, kept together by no other organisation than that of their own wild enthusiasm. Next followed a band of 15,000 men, mostly Germans, under a priest named Gottschalk. These three multitudes led the way in the Crusades, marching in the order in which we have named them, and pursuing the same route—that, namely, which leads through Hungary and Bulgaria towards Asia Minor. A word respecting the fate of these three bands before proceeding with the general history of the Crusade.

Walter the Penniless and his band accomplished a large part of their journey with no other casualties than those inevitable on such

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a march. They traversed even the marshes and rivers of Hungary with little loss. It was different, however, when they entered Bulgaria. The natives, indignant that their country should be used as a thoroughfare by a multitude of vagrants from the west, marching they scarcely knew whither, and eating up enormous quantities of provisions as they went, did everything in their power to harass and annoy them, and at length commenced a declared war against them. The consequence was, that the Crusaders, in fighting their way through Bulgaria, were dispersed and all but exterminated—part of the survivors retracing their steps; the rest, among whom was Walter himself, reaching Constantinople with difficulty, where, by the permission of the Emperor Alexius, they remained waiting for the arrival of the Hermit and his companions. Peter, who had had the same difficulties to contend with as his predecessor in marching through Hungary and Bulgaria, at length reached Constantinople with his army greatly reduced, and in a most wretched condition. Here he and Walter the Penniless joined forces, the Hermit assuming the superior command. The riotous conduct of the pilgrims soon wearied out the patience of Alexius, and he was glad to listen to the proposal of the Hermit to furnish them with the means of passing at once into Asia. The rabble, accordingly, with Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless at their head, crossed the Bosphorus, and took up their quarters in Bithynia. Here they became perfectly ungovernable, ravaging the country round, and committing incredible excesses; and at length Peter, utterly disgusted and despairing, left them to their own guidance, and returned to Constantinople. After his departure, the Crusaders broke up into separate bands of marauders, and became an easy prey to the Turks. The bravest of them were annihilated in a battle fought not far from Nice, the capital of Bithynia, Walter the Penniless falling with seven mortal wounds. Between two or three thousand alone escaped; these were brought back to Constantinople by some troops despatched by Alexius, at the earnest solicitations of the Hermit, to rescue them from the Turks. Alexius bought their arms, and dismissed them, with orders to return home; and thus ended the expeditions of Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit, consisting jointly of about 60,000 men.

The 15,000 Germans led by Gottschalk never reached Constantinople, being slaughtered or dispersed during their passage through Hungary. Hungary was also fatal to another army of Crusaders—the fourth in order, but greatly exceeding in numbers the other three put together. This terrible horde, consisting of about 200,000 wretches from France, England, Flanders, and Lorraine, had swept along through Germany, committing horrible ravages, especially against the Jews, whom they murdered without mercy in many of the towns through which they directed their route. Of the character of this savage multitude, and the views of those who led it, we know

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little, except that they declared their intention to be to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and that they were accused of blasphemously worshipping a goat and a goose, which they carried with them, asserting that they were filled with the Divine Spirit. As the rabble advanced, the Hungarians gave themselves up for lost; the king and his nobles were preparing to flee; when the mass fell asunder of its own accord, and the panic-stricken fragments were hewn to pieces by the enraged people whose country they were invading. Some escaped to the north, and a few of the stragglers ultimately joined the succeeding bands of the Crusaders; but the vast majority perished.

Thus, within a few months, upwards of a quarter of a million of human beings had been swept out of existence. Of the 20,000 who had marched under Walter the Penniless, the 40,000 who had followed under Peter the Hermit, the 15,000 Germans whom the priest Gottschalk had led, and the 200,000 savages who had composed the fourth and last division, making in all 275,000, certainly not 25,000 survived. And this quarter of a million of individuals had spent their lives without one important result having been accomplished, without one glorious feat having been achieved.

These multitudes, however, were the mere dregs and refuse of the age—poor wretches who had been hurried on by a kind of mania into the enterprise, without forethought or preparation of any sort, and whose main anxiety had been to be the first to reach the Holy Land. In the meantime the real chivalry of Europe was mustering for the Crusade; not mere fanatical masses under the influence of priests and unknown adventurers, but the gentry, yeomanry, and serfs of feudal Europe, under chiefs of the first rank and renown. These were the true Crusaders. Drawn together from all parts, from city and country, from the islands and coasts of Northern Europe, as well as from France and Germany, they ranged themselves individually under the banners of the particular chief whom they preferred, or whom they considered themselves feudally bound to follow. Altogether they formed six armies, marching separately, and at considerable intervals of time. First came the army of Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, the pride of his age for all noble and knightly virtues; immortalised by the poet Tasso, and in speaking of whom even the chroniclers become poetical. He had risen from a sick-bed to join the Crusade, had sold his lordship to raise the necessary money; and the fame of his character had assembled many of the best knights of the age around his standard, inclusive of his brother Baldwin, and many other relations. In the month of August 1096, he commenced his march at the head of a great army. Not long after his departure, there set out, by a different route, the second army of Crusaders under Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois, brother of Philip I., king of France—a brave and accomplished leader, inferior, however, to Godfrey of Bouillon in piety and

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those peculiar qualities summed up by the old romancists in the word 'gentle.' After Hugh of Vermandois, and probably acknowledging him as their feudal chief, came the potent French baron, Stephen, Count of Blois, a shrewd and sagacious commander; and the boisterous and good-tempered, but weak and irresolute, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror, and brother of William Rufus, king of England, to whom he had mortgaged his duchy, in order to raise money for the Crusade. Under the duke's banners were ranged most of the Norman and English Crusaders, among whom were Stephen, Earl of Albemarle, and Odo of Bayeux, Earl of Kent. Next followed Count Robert of Flanders, who also, though marching at the head of a separate army, acknowledged the brother of the French king as his chief. The fifth band of Crusaders consisted of 10,000 horse and an immense multitude of foot, who marched from Italy under the command of Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, the son of the famous Guiscard. Bohemond was able, ambitious, enterprising, and withal wary and crafty—the Ulysses of the Crusade. With him, and second in command in the army, came Tancred, the favourite hero of all the historians of the Crusade—so young, so valiant, so enthusiastic, so modest. 'There was not among them all,' says Tasso, 'a greater warrior, nor any one of more courteous behaviour or finer countenance, or of loftier and more intrepid heart: if any shadow of a fault dimmed the lustre of his fame, it was only his folly in love.' The sixth and last crusading army consisted of the flower of the gay chivalry of Provence, Gascony, and Auvergne, led by the haughty and resolute Count Raimond of Toulouse.

To detail the progress of the various armies on their way to Constantinople is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that, pursuing the route through Hungary and Bulgaria, Godfrey of Bouillon and his army reached Philippopoli, a city in the Greek emperor's dominions, where they were holding their quarters, when they heard that Hugh of Vermandois, who, preceding the main body of his army, had set sail from an Italian port, and landed with a small train at Durazzo, also in the Greek emperor's dominions, had been arrested by the emperor's orders, and carried a prisoner to Constantinople. This insult offered by Alexius to so prominent a chief of the Crusaders requires some explanation. The Greek emperor, it may be remembered, had been so anxious to receive assistance from the Latin powers against the Turks, that he had sent ambassadors to the Council of Placentia to solicit it. He had not calculated, however, on *such* assistance as was now offered. Here was army after army mustering in the west of Europe, all proposing to march through Thrace. Unless something could be done to stop their progress, the corn-fields of his country would be trampled under foot, his subjects impoverished by having to supply food to hordes of strangers, and his capital, Constantinople, itself would become a mere porch

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for the Latins into Asia Minor. Scarcely knowing what to do, Alexius conceived the project of demanding the feudal homage of the chiefs of the Crusade, as a condition of permitting them to pass through his dominions. It was with this view, apparently, that he had given orders for the arrest of Hugh of Vermandois, arguing that, if he could prevail on the brother of the French king to yield him homage, the other crusading chiefs would have less scruple in doing so. Godfrey of Bouillon, however, on hearing of the apprehension of his fellow-crusader, hurried on through the Greek territory to Constantinople. For six days he ravaged the country round the capital, till at length the emperor was obliged to yield. Hugh of Vermandois was released, and the Latin armies were received with respect and kindness. The aim of Alexius was now to persuade Godfrey to yield him that homage voluntarily which he could not exact from him. With Hugh of Vermandois he had experienced little difficulty; but for a long time Godfrey of Bouillon peremptorily refused to accede to the proposal. At length, however—convinced, probably, that to continue obstinate would be to delay the progress of the Crusade on account of a mere punctilio—he gave his consent, and a meeting took place, where Godfrey declared himself the liegeman of Alexius, and engaged to restore to him whatever Greek places he should recapture from the Turks; while in return, the emperor, by a curious ceremony of honour, adopted Godfrey as his son. Thus an alliance was formally concluded between the Crusaders and the Greek emperor; and after several days spent in feasting and relaxation at Constantinople, the Latin armies crossed the Hellespont, and encamped at Chalcedon, where they waited for the arrival of the other crusading troops.

By pursuing the same policy as he had adopted in the case of Hugh of Vermandois and Godfrey of Bouillon—that is, by harassing the armies as they marched through his dominions, at the same time corresponding with their leaders—the Greek emperor obtained an acknowledgment of feudal allegiance from the other commanders as they successively came up. Tancred and Count Raimond of Toulouse were the only leaders who escaped without having come under the obligation. Raimond was so resolute in his opposition, that Alexius was glad to accept from him a mere oath of friendship: Tancred crossed the Hellespont before the emperor was aware of his intentions, and thus eluded a submission which was repugnant to his chivalrous soul. Alexius, seeing that the Crusades were inevitable, and that he would be obliged to perform a part in them, consoled himself by thinking that he had at least established a nominal influence over the crusading chiefs before sending them into Asia; and that, while they bore all the toil and hardships of the enterprise, fighting their way through the Turks to the Holy Land, he, remaining safe in his own capital, would be able, by his skill and prudence, to reap for himself and his subjects all the

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advantages resulting from the victories of the Latin armies, or even from their disasters.

And now the Crusade was fairly on foot. Upwards of 600,000 warriors of the west, besides a multitude of priests, women, and children, were actually encamped on the Asiatic soil. It was literally a moving nation, in which all languages were spoken, and all costumes worn. There was the fair-haired son of the north, with broad open forehead, mild blue eyes, sanguine complexion, and large frame; there the dark-visaged southern, with his flashing glance and fiery soul; there was the knight in his armour, the priest in his robes, the foot-soldier in his tough jerkin, the unkempt serf with his belt of rope. There were pawing horses, swearing grooms, carts full of provision-sacks, groups of gossiping women, and crowds of merry children. Under the bright sun of Asia all was gaudy and brilliant. Spear-points glittered; breastplates and helmets gleamed; thousands of targes displayed their painted glories; pennons of blue, purple, and white streamed from every tent, while heavier flags flapped their sullen folds; and everywhere, on shield, flag, helmet, tunic, and coat of mail, was seen blazoned the holy sign of the red cross. Walking through all these, threading his way through groups of soldiers and crowds of playing children, heedless of the looks cast upon him, and hearing not the oft-repeated bugle-blasts from all parts of the camp, might be seen a man of small stature, thin, emaciated, and coarsely clad, with downcast face, wild, unsettled eye, and timid nervous gait. It was the man who had created it all—Peter the Hermit. He had crossed from Constantinople with Godfrey of Bouillon; and now, walking once more on the Asiatic soil, over the bones of those whom he had already led to perish there, he could look around and see in the hundreds of thousands of human beings who surrounded him the creatures and implements of his own enthusiasm, the monster result of that grief and rage of soul which had filled him as, but a few short months before, he found himself creeping along, a solitary and derided pilgrim, in the streets of Jerusalem. His revenge was near! He, a poor and feeble monk, was about to hurl such a thunder-bolt against the power of the Moslem as no potentate on earth had ever handled; these myriads of enthusiasts whom he had brought from their homes he would dash against the walls of Jerusalem; and every groan of his own spirit under Turkish insult would be repaid by the dying shrieks of a hundred Infidels—every Turkish laugh at the expense of his religion by a huzza from the Christian armies. On—on, then, to the Holy City!

Alas! the Holy City was yet far distant. Not much more than half their journey, in point of space, had been accomplished, and, in point of peril and difficulty, their march had little more than begun; for they had just entered on the countries inhabited by the Infidel. Months had to roll over, and many a bloody field had to

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be fought, ere the pinnacles of the Holy City should greet their longing eyes.

The route of the crusading armies lay in a south-easterly direction through Asia Minor, and then southward to Jerusalem, along the shores of the Levant. Their march along this route—counting from the time of their crossing from Constantinople into Asia Minor (May 1097), to the time when they came in sight of Jerusalem and laid siege to it (June 1099)—occupied upwards of two years; including, of course, their various halts and encampments, and the time spent in fighting battles and besieging towns on the way. We must leave it to the imagination of our readers to conceive all the toils and distresses to which the Crusaders were subject in this two years' march through the countries of the Mussulman. Two actions only deserve particular notice—the siege of Nice, and that of Antioch.

The siege of Nice, the capital of the provinces of Bithynia and of the Turkish kingdom of Roum, was the first exploit in which the crusading armies were engaged. The siege began on the 8th of May 1097, and terminated on the 24th of June. During these six weeks the slaughter of the Christians by the arrows of the Turkish garrison, and the bolts and large stones which they discharged from mangonels and catapults, was immense. 'Nothing was to be seen on the highways, in the woods and the fields,' says an eye-witness, 'but a crowd of tombs, where our brethren lay buried.' The city surrendered at last; not, however, to the Latin chiefs, but to an envoy whom the Greek emperor, Alexius, maintained in the crusading camp, and who contrived to enter into communication with the besieged, and induce them to capitulate. Angry and dissatisfied at this conduct of Alexius, the Crusaders left their encampment under the walls of Nice, and resumed their march, not in one mass, but in various bodies—the armies of Soliman or Kilidge Arslan, the sultan of Roum, hovering on their track. A terrible battle took place at Dorylæum between Soliman's forces and those of Bohemond and Tancred, assisted at the close by Godfrey of Bouillon; and the Christians gained a great victory. The march was then continued through Phrygia and Lycaonia. On and still on they toiled, their numbers diminishing every day—thinned by famine, thirst, fatigue, disease, and the attacks of the Turks. Variety and adventure, even pleasure and enjoyment, were not, however, wanting. Deviating from the main line of march, the various chiefs led their forces hither and thither in quest of plunder and fame. One of them, Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, even crossed the Euphrates, and pushed into Mesopotamia, where he obtained the principality of Edessa—the Greek inhabitants of the town compelling their king, Thoros, who was weak and old, to elect the valiant Crusader his successor. At length the main forces had traversed Lycaonia and Cilicia, and turned the north-eastern angle of the Mediterranean.

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The scattered armies now assembled for another joint enterprise—the siege of Antioch, the capital of Syria, surrounded by massive walls, and amply provided with all the means of resistance.

The Crusaders commenced the siege of Antioch towards the end of October 1097. All the known means of attack were put in operation; movable towers were constructed from which to discharge missiles into the city, the walls were battered, and the sallies of the besieged bravely met; still without any effective result. At length the country round was drained of its stores, and the Crusaders began to suffer the extremities of want. The famine increased to such a degree, that men were seen eating the dead bodies of those who had been slain by the enemy. Pestilence joined its ravages; and instead of the brave array of chivalry which had sat down before Antioch, was to be seen a crowd of gaunt and famishing wretches, with scarcely a thought but that of procuring food. Multitudes died; and many, once the most zealous and enthusiastic in the army, were heard cursing their own folly in quitting their homes on such an expedition. Desertions became numerous. The envoy of the Greek emperor made a pretext for returning to Constantinople; the Count de Melun, a distinguished warrior, was detected making an attempt to leave the army with his followers; Stephen, Count of Blois, pretended illness, and withdrew from the Crusade, retreating towards Europe; and, most disgraceful of all, Peter the Hermit turned his back upon his own enterprise, and had actually fled several miles on the way home, when he was overtaken by the soldiers of Tancred, and brought back to undergo a public reprimand. Poor enthusiast! Accustomed to think of himself as the soul of the enterprise, his strength depended on the feeling of his own importance; and when he was deprived of this feeling, when he found himself a mere unit in the army, without voice or influence, his spirit grew galled and listless, and he who could have borne up a host, became liable, in his own case, to all the infirmities of ordinary men.

At length, after infinite sufferings on the part of the besiegers, Antioch was taken on the 3d of June 1098, by means of the treachery of an Armenian captain, whom the Turks had intrusted with the command of one of the towers, and who admitted a number of the Crusaders during a dark and stormy night. The slaughter was immense. In the usual words of the historians, neither age nor sex was spared; the victors seemed to regard mercy to the Infidel as a crime against their oaths to the Crusade. Luxury and licentiousness succeeded to cruelty; and, forgetting their past miseries, the Christians revelled in the possession of their dearly purchased wealth. Suddenly they were roused from their sloth and pleasure by the appearance before the walls of Antioch of an immense army, which the Persian calif, hearing of the progress of the Christians through Asia Minor, had despatched, under the command of his favourite emir, Kerboga, to attack and repulse them. Kerboga had delayed

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some time at Edessa, otherwise he might have arrived in time to save Antioch. Now, however, his object was to recover it from the possession of the Christians. Having been joined by Kilidge Arslan, his army amounted to upwards of 200,000 men. Great was the alarm of the Christians when they saw this splendid host encamp around the walls of Antioch. The corn and wine which they had found in the city were soon exhausted; and all the horrors of a second famine began—horrors aggravated by the semblances of wealth by which they were themselves surrounded—the silks and spices, which they would fain have bartered for any sort of provisions; and still more by the appearances of plenty which they saw in the camp of the besiegers outside the walls. Many deserted and escaped over the walls, carrying the news of the sad condition of the Christians back towards Europe. The worst consequence of these desertions was, that the Greek emperor, Alexius, who, hearing of the successes of the Latins, was on his march to assist the Crusaders, was deterred from advancing, and driven back to Constantinople. As earthly hopes died out, however, Heaven itself appeared to send down help and inspiration. Men who lay down faint and starving, roused themselves, after a few hours' slumber, with flushed faces and excited gestures, and declared that they had seen visions of the Saviour and his apostles beckoning them kindly. These dreams were repeated and interpreted into encouragements to perseverance, vouchsafed by God himself. A feverish fervour spread through the town. One morning the excitement was more than usually intense. A clerk of Provence had dreamed, he said, that St Andrew appeared to him in the night, and informed him that underneath a certain spot in the floor of the church of St Peter was buried the identical lance with which the Roman soldier had pierced the side of Christ as he hung on the cross. This relic, said the apparition, was to be the guarantee of God's presence with the Crusaders, and their guide to victory. There were various opinions as to the propriety of believing in the clerk's story so far as to search for the lance; at length, however, the sceptics, among whom was Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, yielded to the general voice, and it was resolved to dig for the relic. Twelve persons were chosen to conduct the search within the chapel, while the multitude remained anxiously without. A whole day was spent in vain; the workmen were tired out, and still no lance was found. It was evening when Peter Barthelmy, the clerk who had seen the vision, descended into the pit, and began to rake the loose earth. Who so likely to discover the relic as the man who had dreamed of it? Still Peter raked the earth at the bottom of the pit, and the men who had for some time hung over to look down at him had lost hope of his success, and begun to move away, when all at once a cry of joy was heard, and, stretching himself to his full height, Peter handed up into the eager fingers of those above an actual rusty lance-head! In an

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instant it was noised abroad through the city that the holy relic had been found. What remained now but to issue from Antioch and discomfit the Infidel host?

The Infidel host *was* discomfited. On the 28th of June 1098, 200,000 Turks, in the full flush of health and strength, were routed outside the walls of Antioch by a half-famished Christian army! Sixty-nine thousand Turks were slain, and the booty was immense. Antioch, now a Christian principality, was bestowed on Bohemond of Tarentum; and it was resolved that the Christian army should remain there to recruit during the hot autumn months, not advancing towards Jerusalem till the beginning of October. In the meantime, Hugh of Vermandois, with some other chiefs, were despatched to Constantinople to remonstrate with Alexius, and remind him of his engagements to assist the Crusaders. Hugh arrived safely at Constantinople, and delivered his message; but finding himself so near his native country, he became home-sick, and continued his journey to France, abandoning an enterprise the pains of which had already been too severe for him.

During their stay at Antioch, the Crusaders were visited by a plague incident to the climate, which cut off many of their number, among others, Adhemar, Bishop of Puy. Somewhat later than the time appointed they commenced their march to Jerusalem by Tripoli and Acre, at the former of which towns they first saw the sugar-cane, and tasted its sweets. We need not detail their various actions on this march, their sufferings from the usual cause of famine, their disputes and reconciliations. The only incident which need be mentioned is the tragical death of Peter Barthelmy, the discoverer of the sacred lance. Out of hostility to Barthelmy's patron, Raimond of Toulouse, many of the Crusaders had begun to call the genuineness of the relic in question; and, in order to silence their expressions of doubt, Peter was prevailed upon to submit to the ordeal of fire. A great fire was kindled in the presence of the assembled army; Peter, with the lance in his hand, walked into the flames, where, becoming frightened, he was burned to death. From that moment the story of the relic lost credit with all, except a few whose faith could not be shaken.

It was on a lovely morning in the summer of 1099 that the 40,000 Crusaders, who were all that remained of the vast army of more than 600,000 which, two years before, had laid siege to Nice—it was on a lovely summer morning that this devoted band of survivors, consisting of warriors, priests, women, and children, were recompensed for all their toils by a sight of Jerusalem. They had passed Emmaus, that place of sacred associations, when the Holy City burst upon their view, revealing itself at once and goldenly in the swift-rising sun of the East. The name 'Jerusalem!' escaped from every lip; some leaped and shouted; some knelt and prayed; some wept; some threw themselves prostrate and kissed the earth; some

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gazed and trembled: 'all had much ado,' says the quaint and emphatic Fuller, 'to manage so great a gladness.'

The siege of Jerusalem, which commenced on the 7th of June 1099, and terminated on the 15th of July, did not differ essentially from that of Antioch. The besiegers, who had gained skill by their former attempts, employed all the methods of attack that experience could suggest or courage execute; while the garrison of 40,000 Turks, who maintained the city for their master, the calif of Egypt, resisted with determined obstinacy. At length, after a confession of sins by the whole army, and a penitential procession round the walls, a simultaneous assault was made with battering-rams, mangonels, and all manner of besieging engines. At one quarter a huge wooden tower was wheeled close to the walls, a movable bridge was let down, and, bounding across it, a soldier named Lutold was the first man to stand upon the battlements. Godfrey of Bouillon and a number of knights sprang after him; and the Christians were within Jerusalem. Meanwhile, at another part of the wall, Tancred and Robert of Normandy had shattered open a gate, and rushed in with their men; while, at a third part of the city, Raimond of Toulouse effected an entrance for himself and his followers by the help of scaling-ladders. The carnage was terrific. 'Never,' in the language of the contemporary chroniclers, 'was there so great a massacre of the Gentiles;' the birthplace of the religion of peace was won amid the shrieks and blasphemies of gashed and dying men; and the work of blood being brought to an end, 'the clamour of thanksgiving among the victors was loud enough to have reached the stars.' On the 15th of July 1099, the banner of the cross floated on the walls of Jerusalem. What tears and rejoicings succeeded; what visits to the holy places of the Saviour's life and passion; what confessions of past sin; what vows of future sanctity; what prayers and imprecations against the Infidel! And then the pride of having had a part in so glorious an achievement! Oh, who now would grudge the pains and toils of their long and weary march; the loss of friends and relatives by the way; the agony of broken ties and sickening home remembrances! To return to Europe with the glory of having been one of the captors of Jerusalem; to clasp once more—the father, his wife and little ones; the son, his mother and sisters; the lover, his long-lost bride! Oh, was not this worth all that had been endured by the way! Such were the feelings of the victorious Crusaders. The Hermit was once more the idol of the army; his weakness at Antioch was forgotten or forgiven, and nought remembered but his merits and his enthusiasm. From this moment, however, we lose sight of him. That he shared the triumphs of the capture of Jerusalem we know for certain; but how long afterwards he lived, or where he died, are points respecting which we have no information.

Eight days after the capture of the city, the Latin chiefs unani-

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mously, and with the enthusiastic consent of the whole army, elected Godfrey of Bouillon king of Jerusalem. A new Christian state was thus founded in Syria, consisting at first of little more than the mere city of Jerusalem, but which was extended, by subsequent battles and conquests, until it included the whole of Palestine. A language resembling Norman-French was established in this new kingdom, and a code of feudal laws drawn up for its government. The clergy also obtained their share of the conquest. Jerusalem was erected into a patriarchate, and Bethlehem into a bishopric; and the first bad outbreaks of human nature among the Crusaders after conquering Jerusalem were the cabals of the clergy respecting these new ecclesiastical dignities. The foundation of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem in July 1099 was the conclusion and consummation of the first Crusade.

HISTORY OF THE LATIN KINGDOMS IN ASIA FROM THE FIRST TO THE SECOND CRUSADE.

The Crusades are usually reckoned seven in number; and as the first began in 1096, and the last was brought to a termination in 1291, the entire history of the Crusades may be said to occupy a period of two centuries. We have sketched the history of the first Crusade with sufficient fulness to give a general conception of the true spirit of the Crusades, and of the toils and difficulties which the soldiers of the cross had to contend with. All that we can attempt more is to give such a historical outline as may exhibit the connection of the last six Crusades with the first and greatest one, and put our readers in possession of the facts necessary to enable them to view the Crusades as a whole.

Godfrey of Bouillon, the first king of Jerusalem, died in July 1100, after having reigned but one year. He was succeeded by his brother Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, who reigned eighteen years; and was in turn succeeded by Baldwin du Bourg, or Baldwin II., also one of the original Crusaders. After him the dignity of king of Jerusalem was held by Fulk of Anjou, who ascended the throne in 1131, and who was succeeded in 1148 by his son, Baldwin III. Under these successive princes the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem was extended and consolidated. Many battles were fought with the Saracens of Syria and Egypt, who exerted themselves to the utmost to crush the infant principality founded by the Crusaders. The result of all these battles was but to strengthen the Latin state. The towns and villages of the Mussulmans throughout the Holy Land submitted one after another, purchasing the protection and toleration of the Latin sovereigns by the payment of tribute. The Christians and the Turks of Palestine were thus thrown more together, and began to constitute a mixed population. The constant influx of pilgrims and adventurers from Europe tended to maintain the preponderance of

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the Christians. No fewer than 500,000 persons set out from Europe for Syria, incited by the news of the success of the first Crusade; and year after year fresh accessions were made to the population of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa, by the arrival of bands of soldiers, priests, and merchants from the different countries of Europe. Twenty years after the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, the condition of Palestine may be conceived as resembling that of Spain after the Moorish conquest. As in Spain, in the year 740, there was a mixed population of Mohammedans and Christians, in which the Mohammedans were politically dominant, so in Syria, in the year 1140, there was a mixed population, consisting likewise of Christians and Mohammedans, but in which the Christians were politically dominant. Indeed, as an eminent historian has remarked, the irruption of the Europeans into Asia during the Crusades, and the foundation of a Latin kingdom in Palestine, may be regarded as a sort of revenge and compensation for the irruption of the Arabs into the Spanish peninsula four centuries before.

The three centres from which the Christian power sought to spread itself through the Mussulman possessions were Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa. These three towns were, in fact, the capitals of three distinct principalities; and to fill up the gap between the first and second Crusades, would be to detail the history of each of them, of their internal progress as states, and of their struggles against the Turks. With regard to Jerusalem, in addition to what we have already said, we need only allude to the foundation there of those two celebrated military orders—the Knights Hospitallers and the Knights Templars. At the commencement of our narrative, we incidentally mentioned the institution, in the year 1048, of a hospital in Jerusalem for the relief of pilgrims. This hospital, founded by some pious Italian merchants, had weathered all the storms of the Turkish invasion of Palestine; and a monastery having been attached to it, dedicated to St John the Almoner, the monks of which made it their business to attend to sick and poor pilgrims, it became in those troubled times a most valuable institution for the Christians who visited Jerusalem. On the advance of the crusading army, the monks of St John, along with the principal Christians of the place, were thrown into prison. Released by the conquerors after the capture of Jerusalem, the good monks made themselves conspicuous by their kind offices to the wounded Crusaders. In gratitude for their pious services, endowments and immunities were conferred on them by Godfrey of Bouillon; the Hospitallers of Jerusalem became rich and famous, and monastic institutions bearing their name were founded in various cities of Europe. On the death of their abbot, a Frenchman named Gerard, in 1118, a Crusader named Raimond Dupuy, who had been wounded at the siege of Jerusalem, and had experienced the benefits of the hospital, was chosen his successor. Raimond, combining his old profession

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of a soldier with his new duties as head of an ecclesiastical corporation, conceived the idea of changing the Monks Hospitallers into a military body. The order of the Knights Hospitallers of St John was accordingly founded; the declared objects of the institution being to make war upon the Infidels, and to afford relief and comfort to pilgrims to the Holy Land. The origin of the Knights Templars was not very dissimilar. Even after the conquest of Palestine by the Crusaders, pilgrims from Europe were frequently plundered and robbed by the Turks on their way to Jerusalem. To defend travellers from the attacks of these roving bands of Infidels, some French knights who had taken part in the first Crusade formed an association of a religious character, abjuring worldly possessions, vowing implicit obedience to their elected chief, and renouncing every end in life except the defence of the Christian faith against the Infidel. The nine knights who were the first members of the association had quarters assigned them in Jerusalem near the Temple; hence the name of the order.

The sovereignty of Antioch, it will be remembered, had been conferred on Bohemond of Tarentum. After some years spent in war with the Turks on the one hand, and the Greek emperor, Alexius, who had given him reason of offence, on the other, as well as in dissensions with the king of Jerusalem, with whom he maintained a kind of chivalrous rivalry, Bohemond returned to Europe, where he married Constantia, daughter of the French king. Tancred, who, by his marriage with Cecilia, the sister of Constantia, became Bohemond's brother-in-law, remained as his deputy in Antioch; and on Bohemond's death, which took place in Italy in 1109, as he was making preparations to return to Syria, Tancred succeeded him. Three years afterwards, however, this, the gentlest and most chivalrous of all the Crusaders except Godfrey of Bouillon, was also laid in the tomb. After some years, during which the government was in the hands of Roger, a kinsman of Tancred, the sovereignty of Antioch was annexed to that of Jerusalem by Baldwin II. In 1126, however, Bohemond, son of Bohemond and Constantia, arrived in Syria, and claimed his father's territories. The claim was acknowledged, and Bohemond assumed the government of Antioch. On his death, a contest began between his widow and Fulk, king of Jerusalem, respecting the dependence of Antioch on Jerusalem. Fulk succeeded in gaining his point, and conferred the government of Antioch, along with the hand of Constantia, daughter and heiress of Bohemond, on Raymond of Poitiers. A new claimant then appeared for the sovereignty of Antioch in the person of the Greek emperor, John Comnenus, who succeeded Alexius; and at the breaking out of the second Crusade, Antioch was actually in the condition of a Greek dependency.

Edessa, as our readers already know, was a Mesopotamian sovereignty, to which Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, had

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been elected during the advance of the crusading armies out of Asia Minor into Syria. On the death of Godfrey, Baldwin was transferred to the principality of Jerusalem, and Edessa was conferred on Baldwin du Bourg, who, being also transferred to Jerusalem at a later period, left the inferior Mesopotamian dignity to Joscelyn de Courtenay, a distinguished Crusader. From Joscelyn the sovereignty of Edessa descended to his son, whose incapacity enabled the Moslems to gain successes which they had not dared to hope for under his predecessors. In the year 1144, Emad-Eddin Zenghi, emir of Aleppo and Mosul, a brave and able Turk, who had already given proofs of his prowess, advanced against Edessa while its effeminate prince was amusing himself on the other side of the Euphrates, and, after a siege of eighteen days, effected an entrance, and made himself master of the city with immense slaughter of the inhabitants.

This capture of Edessa, the first conspicuous success of the Turks against the Latin power in Asia, was the immediate cause of the second Crusade. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since the victorious Crusaders had entered Syria; and all the brave heroes of the first Crusade—the Godfreys, the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Bohemonds—had gone to their peaceful resting-places. The very spirit of the Crusade seemed to have died out. Those scenes which, to the eyes of pilgrims, were sacred and impressive, had become necessarily familiar to men born amidst them, or at least accustomed to regard them only as an emigrant regards the spot where he has chosen his new abode. The Latin kingdom of Jerusalem had become, like any other kingdom of the period, a country in which men built houses, ploughed land, made bargains, gave feasts, ate, drank, laughed, talked, quarrelled, and went to law. The fall of Edessa, therefore, came like a surprise upon the Latin population of Syria. A temporary gleam of hope was afforded them by the sudden death of Zenghi, whose empire was divided between his two sons—Saphaddin, who became emir of Mosul; and Nouredin, who became emir of Aleppo. An attempt was made by the Latins at this juncture to recover Edessa, which, however, was foiled by the activity of Nouredin, who, marching in haste to the city, defeated the Latin force which was besieging it, and razed the fortifications to the ground, thus laying the frontier of Syria open to invasion from the east.

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The fall of Edessa, and the petitions of the people of Palestine for aid, produced a great sensation throughout Europe, and especially in France. There, Palestine was still the land of wonders, towards which the imagination of the devout was ever carrying them. Nor was an apostle wanting worthy to fill the place of Peter the Hermit, and to summon the chivalry of Europe to a second Crusade.

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Commissioned by Pope Eugenius for that purpose, the famous St Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux in Champagne, travelled through France and Germany, exerting the powers of his marvellous eloquence in recruiting the armies of the cross.

The chiefs of the second Crusade were two of the most powerful princes of Europe—Louis VII., king of France; and Conrad III., emperor of Germany. Under their command upwards of 1,200,000 men, collected from all parts of Europe, marched towards Palestine in two great armies early in 1147. Notwithstanding the vastness of the preparations, the expedition was a total failure. The events of the last fifty years had rendered the policy of the Greek princes hostile to the Crusades. Manuel Comnenus, the grandson of Alexius, who now occupied the throne, suffered both armies to pass into Asia Minor, where, purposely misled by the Greek scouts, the army of Conrad was all but destroyed by the Turks near Iconium; while the army of Louis, after undergoing infinite hardship, was wrecked in the defiles of the Pisidian mountains. The relics of the two armies uniting, made their way to Syria, where they co-operated with forces of the princes of Jerusalem and Antioch in laying siege to Damascus, but without effect, being compelled, by the activity of Saphaddin and Nouredin, the two sons of Zenghi, to raise the siege. In 1149, Conrad and Louis returned to Europe, and the second Crusade was at an end, having consisted in nothing more than the useless expenditure of more than a million of lives. Hundreds of poor pilgrims, who had accompanied the armies with the intention of visiting the Holy Sepulchre, were left to languish in Turkish captivity.

RISE OF SALADIN—RECONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE TURKS—THE THIRD CRUSADE.

A period of forty years elapsed before Europe fitted out another Crusade for the preservation of the Christian power in Palestine. Meanwhile the struggle between the Christians and the Turks in Syria was carried on without intermission. Nouredin, the son of Zenghi, displayed a superiority of genius which astonished his neighbours, both Turks and Christians. Keeping possession of Edessa, he aimed at extending his conquests at the expense of the Christians still farther. For some time he was kept in check by the abilities of Baldwin III., king of Jerusalem, who, availing himself of the services of many of those private adventurers who were continually arriving in Palestine from Europe, sometimes in considerable bands, still maintained the integrity of his kingdom. On the death of Baldwin, however, in 1162, Nouredin's ambition found larger scope, Baldwin's brother and successor, Almeric, being by no means his equal in talent.

At this crisis, while Nouredin, the sultan of Aleppo, and Almeric,

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the Christian king of Jerusalem, were the rival powers in Syria, occurred a circumstance which exercised considerable influence on the subsequent course of events, and to understand which it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance.

At the time of the first Crusade, Palestine was the scene of a violent contest between the Turks, who had poured down from the north in 1055, conquering as they went, and the Fatimites of Egypt, who had possessed Syria for nearly a century. The Turks had at first been irresistible. The Fatimites, however, had been so successful as to recover Jerusalem out of the hands of their enemies at the very instant when the Crusade was preached; and, as will be remembered, it was a vizier of the Egyptian calif who had defended the Holy City against the Christians. Interrupted in their conflict with each other for the sovereignty of Palestine by the sudden apparition among them of the chivalry of Europe, the Fatimites of Egypt and the Turks of Syria turned their arms with one accord against the new invader. For fifty years, as we have seen, the Christian power had maintained and extended itself at the expense both of the Turks and the Fatimites. In the person of Nouredin, however, the Turkish power was now increasing. With the simple title of Sultan of Aleppo, and nominally dependent on the calif of Bagdad, he already shared Syria with Almeric, the Christian monarch of Jerusalem, when a circumstance opened up to his ambition a prospect of still more extensive power. The Fatimite dynasty of Egypt had long been shewing symptoms of decay, the califs having become mere tools in the hands of their viziers and high military officers. In 1163, one of these viziers, named Shawer, finding himself expelled from his post by a rival named Dargham, sought refuge at the court of the sultan of Aleppo, from whom he asked assistance. Nouredin, a Turk, and therefore the hereditary enemy of the Fatimites, eagerly embraced the opportunity of obtaining a footing in Egypt, and sent two Kurdish adventurers in whom he placed confidence—Assad-Eddin Chyrkouh, and his nephew, Salah-Eddin, or Saladin—to displace the usurping vizier, and re-establish Shawer. This was no sooner effected, than Shawer, finding himself treated as a mere subordinate by the emissaries of Nouredin, invited Almeric, king of Jerusalem, to assist him in expelling them. Almeric, in his turn, sought to compensate himself for his services in driving Chyrkouh and his nephew out of Egypt, by retaining his influence in that country. Again, at Shawer's request, the officers of Nouredin entered Egypt, and the Christian forces were expelled. The vizier, however, paid the penalty of his fickleness by losing his head; and his post was immediately occupied by Chyrkouh, who, while ruling Egypt as the vizier of the Fatimite calif, was in reality the lieutenant of Nouredin. On the death of Chyrkouh in 1169, his nephew, Saladin, was appointed to the viziership; the calif imagining that with such a vizier as the young and pleasure-loving

Kurdish chief, he might again have some power in his own dominions. Saladin, however, was no ordinary character; his daring mind soon gave him the supremacy; and, instructed by Nouredin, whose lieutenant he acknowledged himself to be, he effected a revolution in Egypt, declared the Fatimite dynasty at an end, and subjected the country once more to the nominal authority of the Bagdad califs, whom Nouredin professed to reverence as the supreme heads of the Mohammedan empire. Nor did he stop here. Once lord of Egypt, he soon shewed a disposition to shake off his allegiance to Nouredin; and the sultan of Aleppo was preparing to march into Egypt, to vindicate his authority, when he was cut off by death in the year 1171.

The death of Nouredin was an important event both for Almeric, king of Jerusalem, and for Saladin, viceroy of Egypt. The former seized the opportunity of making an incursion on the Turkish territories; the latter saw the great obstacle to his ambition removed, and began to aim at realising those schemes of sovereignty which Nouredin himself had projected. The state of the Christian kingdom during the ten or twelve years which followed was such as directly to favour the rising fortunes of the young Kurdish chief. In 1173 Almeric died, and was succeeded by his son, Baldwin IV., the seventh monarch of Jerusalem. Baldwin, who was a leper, did not reign long. When he found his death approaching, he appointed Raymond II., Count of Tripoli, to be regent during the minority of his nephew Baldwin, who was to succeed him on the throne. The death of this young prince, however, shortly after that of his uncle, left the kingdom in a state of the utmost confusion. Guy de Lusignan and his wife Sybilla, the uncle and aunt of the deceased prince, usurped the throne with the assistance of a large party, including the patriarch of Jerusalem, the Grand-master of the Templars, and other influential men; while, on the other hand, their claims were disputed by another strong party, at the head of which were the Count of Tripoli and the Grand-master of the Hospitallers.

Meanwhile, the keen eye of Saladin had discerned the weakness of his Christian neighbours in these civil dissensions; and, already master of all Syria, he resolved to complete his greatness by the conquest of Palestine. Brave, daring, experienced, and a resolute enemy of the Christians, Mohammedanism had as yet produced no chief so fitted to be its champion against the chivalry of Christendom as Saladin appeared to be. Accordingly, when, in the year 1187, it was known that he was on his march against Jerusalem with an army of 50,000 horse and a vast multitude of foot, the Christian leaders saw the necessity of abandoning their dissensions, and uniting cordially against the invader. Their exertions, however, were in vain. Assisted, it is said, by the treachery of the Count of Tripoli, Saladin gained a great victory over their army at Tiberias, killing an immense number of the Latins, and taking the king, the Grand-

master of the Templars, and many other persons of distinction, prisoners. Town after town surrendered to the victorious Saracen; and in October 1187, Jerusalem itself, after fourteen days' defence, was obliged to submit to his mercy. The conduct of Saladin on this occasion was more generous than might have been expected. A moderate ransom was fixed for every individual in the population, on the payment of which he should be at liberty to remove with his goods to whatever place he chose. To the prisoners of rank, especially the Christian ladies, Saladin's conduct was courteous in the extreme; so that it became a remark among the Latins of Palestine that Saladin was a barbarian only in name. Nevertheless, the Moslems displayed their sense of triumph in manifestations which grieved and shocked the feelings of the vanquished. The great cross erected by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was taken down, and dragged in contempt through the streets; the bells of the churches were melted; and the Mosque of Omar was purified from the pollutions to which, in the opinion of the Mohammedans, it had been subjected, by copious sprinklings of the walls and floor with the rose-water of Damascus. Thus, after ninety years, was the Holy City again inhabited by the Infidel, and all the fruits of the first Crusade lost, as it seemed, to the world. The title of King of Jerusalem was solemnly abdicated by Guy de Lusignan in favour of the conqueror, who now possessed the whole of Palestine, with the single exception of the city of Tyre, which was gallantly defended by Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat.

Ho! Europe once more to the Crusades! Such was the cry raised among the nations of Christendom; not now by Peter the Hermit, for the anchorite's bones had for nearly ninety years been laid in the earth; nor by St Bernard, whose eloquence had for half a century been dumb; but by William, archbishop of Tyre, one of the best historians of the Crusades, who, sorrowing and downcast at the calamities of Palestine, had left his see to proceed to Rome and demand help against the Saracen. The intelligence of the loss of Jerusalem is said to have caused the death of Urban IV., who then occupied the papal chair; but under his successor, Gregory VIII., preparations were begun for a third Crusade—a Crusade not undertaken, as the first had been, to defend the right of pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre—for Saladin allowed Christian pilgrims free access to Jerusalem—but to recover the lost kingdom of Jerusalem. To meet the expenses of the enterprise, a tax was imposed by the pope on all classes, including even the clergy, to the amount of one-tenth of their property, landed or personal.

The princes of Europe exhibited the utmost alacrity in preparing for the Crusade, each within his own dominions. Frederick I. of Germany, Philip-Augustus of France, and Richard I. of England, immediately announced their intention of leading armies into Palestine; and the example of these powerful monarchs was followed

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by many lesser Italian and German potentates. The first to take the field was the illustrious German emperor. Marching from Ratisbon at the head of a magnificent army in the spring of 1189, he fought his way through the Greek dominions, where the treachery of the eastern emperor tried to arrest him, advanced through Asia Minor, conquering as he went, and was already on the borders of Palestine, when, imprudently bathing while heated in the waters of the Orontes, he was cut off in the seventieth year of his age. His army now suffered greatly from the difficulties of their march, and the attacks of the Saracens. The wrecks of it, however, under Frederick's son, the Duke of Swabia, proved a most valuable reinforcement to the Christians in Syria, who had by this time rallied and combined themselves against the domination of Saladin, laying siege to the city of Acre on the sea-coast—a town of so much importance, that the possession of it was considered almost equivalent to being master of the whole country. Upon this siege, commenced in August 1189, was concentrated all the force at the command of the Christians in Palestine—the remnants of the two great military orders the Templars and the Hospitallers, the survivors of Frederick's army, together with such bodies of Crusaders as were successively arriving from Europe by sea, pressing on in advance of the main armies which Philip of France and Richard of England were to bring. Guy de Lusignan was the commander of the besieging forces; and so skilfully was his camp fortified, that Saladin was unable to dislodge him. For two-and-twenty months the siege had continued, and many engagements had taken place between the Christian army and that of Saladin, which occupied the mountains to the south, but still without any visible advantage on either side.

Such was the position of affairs when, early in the summer of 1191, the French and English monarchs, after longer delay than had been anticipated, arrived with their fleets. Their presence produced an immediate change in the Christian camp at Acre. 'All the chivalry of Europe,' says Mr James, 'were now upon the sandy plain between Acre and the mountains of Carouba—the Templars, the Hospitallers, the knights of France, of England, of Germany, of Italy, of Flanders, and of Burgundy. On the inland hills lay the millions of Saladin, with every accessory of eastern pomp and luxury.' Such were the armies opposed to each other in the months of June and July 1191 at the city of Acre. On the 12th of July 1191, Acre surrendered to the Christians. Had the Crusaders been united among themselves, the fall of this city might have been but preliminary to the recovery of the whole country. The rivalry of the kings of France and England, however, was such as to prevent their cordial co-operation; and not long after the capture of Acre, Philip ruined the cause of the Crusade by returning to Europe. After gaining many important successes against Saladin, and earning

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for himself the reputation of the most valiant knight of the age, Richard, involved in disputes with the other chiefs of the Crusade, and anxious to revisit England, where his presence was becoming daily more necessary, was glad to conclude an honourable peace. Saladin, on his side, was equally willing to end a struggle which had cost him so much. At a personal interview, says Mr Mills, 'the Christian king and the sultan of Egypt interchanged expressions of esteem ; and as the former avowed his contempt of the vulgar obligation of oaths, they only grasped each other's hands in pledge of fidelity. A truce was agreed upon for three years and eight months ; the fort of Ascalon was to be destroyed ; but Jaffa and Tyre, with the country between them, were to be surrendered to the Christians. The people of the west were also to be at liberty to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem exempt from the taxes which the Saracen princes had in former times imposed.' The Saracen monarch even permitted the establishment of societies of Latin priests in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Thus at length the crusading armies left Palestine, applauding the knightly virtues of their foe Saladin ; while perhaps the strongest impression which the Crusade left on the Saracens was admiration for the valour of *Melech Ric*, as they named Richard of England. On the 25th of October 1192, Richard set sail for Europe. Forced, by stress of weather, to land at Zara, and attempt his journey home through the continent, Richard was arrested in passing through the dominions of his enemy and former fellow-crusader, the Archduke of Austria, and remained in a prison near Vienna for several months. He returned to England in March 1194, and died in 1199. His great antagonist, Saladin, had died in 1193, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, not long after the Crusaders had left Palestine.

FOURTH, FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH CRUSADES.

Thus fruitlessly ended the third Crusade. The others were still greater failures, and need be noticed but with the utmost brevity. After Saladin's death, his brother, Saif-Eddin, seized upon Syria, and hostilities recommenced between him and the Christians of Palestine, to whose assistance Europe was constantly despatching bodies of adventurers. On the whole, however, the condition of the Christians was prosperous enough, and no Crusade was necessary. The spirit, however, which prompted to war with the Infidel was still powerful in Europe ; and in the year 1203, a new Crusade was set on foot, under the auspices of Pope Innocent III., and commanded by several of the most powerful nobles of Italy and France. Instead of marching at once against the Infidels, the Crusaders suffered themselves to be drawn aside into a contest with the Greek empire. The occasion of this change of purpose was as follows : The Greek emperor, Isaac Angelus, having been deposed

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and deprived of his eyes by his own brother, his son Alexius fled to Europe, and petitioned for the assistance of the Latin princes against the usurper, promising, in return, to use his endeavours to promote an incorporation of the Greek with the Latin Church, and to employ all the resources of the Greek empire against the Infidels of Syria. The temptations of such a prospect could not be resisted; the Crusaders marched into Greece, took Constantinople, and established themselves so thoroughly in the empire, that for fifty years it was ruled over by the Franks. The whole force of the fourth Crusade was therefore spent on an object foreign to that for which it had been levied.

The fifth Crusade, which was commanded by Frederick II., emperor of Germany, began in 1228, and terminated in a treaty between the German monarch and the sultan of Egypt, by which the latter, who placed no great value on Palestine, willingly surrendered the greater part of it in exchange for Frederick's friendship. After crowning himself king of Jerusalem, Frederick returned to Europe, leaving Palestine in a state of tranquillity.

The irruption, however, in 1244, of a new race of Turks placed the Holy Land once more in the possession of the Infidel; and a new Crusade was undertaken under the leadership of Louis IX., or St Louis of France, for the purpose of delivering it. The Crusade terminated in the total defeat of the Latins, and the capture of Louis himself by the Egyptian sultan. By the payment of a large ransom, the French king obtained his own liberty and that of the other prisoners, and returned to Europe with the glory of having been a sufferer for his pious enthusiasm. Sixteen years afterwards, he resolved on a second Crusade, and actually set out for the Holy Land; but landing in Africa on his route, he died at Tunis in the year 1270.

England furnished the last great crusading chief in the person of Prince Edward, son of Henry III., and grandson of Cœur de Lion, and who afterwards ascended the throne as Edward I. The young English prince had intended to place himself under the command of Louis IX. of France in his last Crusade; but hearing that the French king had turned aside to make war on the Moors in Africa, he altered his intention, and proceeded at once to Palestine, where his rank and reputation in arms gathered round him all who were willing to fight for the cross. Nothing of consequence, however, was accomplished; and Edward soon returned to England, the last of the Crusaders. Acre, Antioch, and Tripoli still continued in the possession of the Christians, and were defended for some time by the Templars and other military knights; but in 1291, Acre capitulated; the other towns soon followed the example; and the knights were glad to quit the country, and disperse themselves over Europe in quest of new employment, leaving Palestine in the undisturbed possession of the Saracens. For two centuries and a half after the

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last Crusade, Palestine continued, with one or two interruptions, to be governed by the Mamaluke sultans of Egypt. Early in the sixteenth century, however, it was conquered by the Turkish sultan, Selim, under whose successors it remained for three centuries, divided, like the other Turkish territories, into provinces, each governed by a pacha. In 1799, Palestine was invaded by the French forces under Bonaparte; and the famous Acre was again besieged, but without effect, the French troops being defeated by the British and Turks under Sir Sidney Smith. Syria and Palestine were wrested in 1832 from the government of the Grand Seignior by Ibrahim Pacha, the son of Mehemet Ali, then ruler of Egypt; but in 1840 the European powers compelled their restoration; and at present the country for which the chivalry of Europe contended for two centuries, has scarcely any government at all.

EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

It would be a mistake to suppose that because the Crusades failed in their immediate object, because they were conducted at an immense expense of human labour and human life, therefore they were without beneficial influence on modern society. By no writer have the effects of the Crusades, their design and function in modern civilisation, been more beautifully explained than by M. Guizot in his admirable *Lectures on European Civilisation*. 'To the first chroniclers,' says M. Guizot, 'and consequently to the first Crusaders, of whom they are but the expression, Mohammedans are objects only of hatred; it is evident that those who speak of them do not know them, or judge them upon proof, but consider them only with the blindness of the religious hostility which exists between them; we discover no trace of any mutual social relation. The historians of the later Crusades speak of the Mussulmans quite differently; although engaged in combating them, it is clear that they look upon them no longer as monsters; that they have, to a certain extent, entered into their ideas; that they have lived with them; and that relations, and even a sort of sympathy, have been established between them.'

'Here was the first and main result of the Crusades—a great step towards the enfranchisement of the mind, and a considerable advance towards more extended and unprejudiced ideas. Besides, the Crusader came into relations with two civilisations, not only different, but more advanced—namely, the Greek society on the one hand, and the Mussulman on the other. There can be no doubt but that the Greek society, although its civilisation was emasculated, corrupted, and expiring, had on the Crusaders the operation of a society in a more advanced state, more polished and enlightened than theirs. The Mussulman society offered to them a spectacle of the same nature. It is curious to perceive in the chronicles the

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impression that the Crusaders produced upon the Mohammedans : the latter regarded them upon their first approach as barbarians, as the most brutal, ferocious, and stupid mortals it had been their lot to behold. The Crusaders, on their side, were struck with the exhibition of wealth and the refinement of manners amongst the Moslems. Frequent relations between the two people soon succeeded this first impression. The east and the west came to know, to visit, and to mingle with each other.

‘Another circumstance deserves to be mentioned. Multitudes of laymen thus enjoyed an opportunity of more narrowly inspecting the policy and manners of the papal court, and of discriminating how much of personal interest was mixed up with religious discussions. There can scarcely be a doubt that this new species of knowledge inspired numerous minds with a hardihood previously undreamed of.

‘The social state also had suffered an alteration of an analogous nature. Many proprietors of fiefs were reduced to the necessity of selling them to the kings, or of granting charters to the boroughs for the purpose of raising money and going to the Crusades, and by their mere absence, many lords lost a considerable portion of power. The Crusades, therefore, greatly diminished the number of small fiefs, of petty domains, and of small proprietors, and concentrated property and power into a less number of hands. It is subsequent to the Crusades that we find the great fiefs, the great feudal formations, spread over the face of the country. And even when the small proprietors preserved their fiefs, they ceased to live so isolated as formerly. The possessors of large fiefs became centres, around which the small ones flocked and passed their lives.

‘As to the burghers, a result of the same nature is instantly perceptible. The Crusades were the means of creating large towns. Petty inland commerce and industry had been insufficient to form boroughs such as the great towns of Italy and Flanders. Their rise was owing to commerce upon an extensive scale, maritime commerce, and particularly that between the east and the west. Thus it was the Crusades which gave to maritime commerce the strongest impulse it had ever received.

‘Upon the whole, when we look to the state of society at the conclusion of the Crusades, we find that that tendency to dispersion and dissolution, that movement to universal localisation, if I may be permitted so to speak, which had preceded that epoch, had ceased, and been replaced by a tendency of a contrary nature, by a movement to centralisation. Everything was disposed for junction and amalgamation. The smaller existences were absorbed in the greater, or grouped around them. In this direction society marched—to this object were its advancements pointed.’



ANECDOTES OF SHOEMAKERS.

SHOEMAKERS have in all ages been a somewhat remarkable class of men. Meditative and energetic, as it would appear, from the nature of their profession, they have at various times distinguished themselves as patriots, men of letters, and generally useful members of society. Numerous anecdotes are related of individuals who have thus imparted a glory to the 'gentle craft,' as shoemaking has been called since the days of the illustrious Crispin. In a small and interesting work entitled *Crispin Anecdotes*, we find the following case in illustration.

TIMOTHY BENNETT, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park (a royal demesne), had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, 'unwilling,' as he said, 'to leave the world worse than he found it,' consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. 'I have seven hundred pounds,' said this honest patriot, 'which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry.' The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigour in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime, Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted

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with his intentions, and sent for him. 'Who are you, sir,' inquired his lordship, 'that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?'

'My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, when I was a young man, of seeing, while sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am "unwilling" [it was his favourite expression] "to leave the world worse than I found it." This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct.'

'Begone; you are an impertinent fellow!' replied his lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat—'LORD HALIFAX, the NOBLEMAN, nonsuited by TIMOTHY BENNETT, the SHOEMAKER'—he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day. Timothy died when an old man, in 1756.

Such a disinterested instance of public virtue is highly worthy of being recorded; and though it may not be in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or to confer lasting benefits on posterity, yet each may, like the patriotic Bennett, endeavour at least not to leave the world worse than he found it.

Few men belonging to the 'gentle craft' attained a higher position by their abilities than those whose lives we now have to mention. The first on the list is James Lackington, who flourished towards the end of the last century, and has left an amusing *Autobiography*, which we take the liberty to abridge as follows:

JAMES LACKINGTON.

I WAS born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, on the 31st of August 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker, who had married a maiden in humble life, named Joan Trott, the daughter of a weaver in Wellington. My grandfather, George Lackington, had been a gentleman-farmer at Langford, a village two miles from Wellington, and acquired a pretty considerable property. But my father's mother dying when my father was but about thirteen years of age, my grandfather, who had two daughters, bound my father apprentice to a Mr Hordly, a master shoemaker in Wellington, with the intention of setting him up in business at the expiry of his time. My father worked a year or two as a journeyman, and then, having given displeasure by marrying, he was left to shift for himself. I was born in my grandmother Trott's poor cottage; and that good old woman carried me to church, and had me baptised. My grandfather's resentment at the marriage having worn off, he set my father up in a shop, which soon proved a failure. My father had contracted a fatal habit of tippling,

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and of course his business was neglected ; so that, after several fruitless attempts to keep him in trade, he was, partly by a large family, but more particularly from his habitual drunkenness, reduced to his old state of a journeyman shoemaker. Yet so infatuated was he with the love of liquor, that the endearing ties of husband and father could not restrain him ; by which baneful habit himself and family were involved in extreme misery. I may therefore affirm that neither myself, my brothers, nor sisters are indebted to a father scarcely for anything that can endear his memory, or cause us to reflect on him with pleasure. But to our mother we are indebted for everything. Never did I know a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did to support eleven children ; and were I to relate the particulars, they would not gain credit. I shall only observe that, for many years together, she worked nineteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Whenever she was asked to drink a half-pint of ale at any shop where she had been laying out a trifling sum, she always asked leave to take it home to her husband, who was always so mean and selfish as to accept it.

Out of love to her family, she totally abstained from every kind of liquor, water excepted : her food was chiefly broth (little better than water and oatmeal), turnips, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, &c. Her children fared something better, but not much. When I reflect on the astonishing hardships and sufferings of so worthy a woman and her helpless infants, I find myself ready to curse the husband and father that could thus involve them in such a deplorable scene of misery and distress. It is dreadful to add that his habitual drunkenness shortened his days nearly one-half, and that, about twenty years since, he died, unregretted by his own children. Although dropping a tear over his grave, we felt a degree of thankfulness that the cause of our poverty and misery was at length taken out of the way.

While my father was still a careful, hard-working man, I was put two or three years to a day-school, kept by an old woman, by whom I was taught to read in the New Testament. But my career of learning was at an end, when my mother became so poor that she could not afford the sum of twopence per week for my schooling ; besides, I was obliged to supply the place of a nurse to several of my brothers and sisters. The consequence of this was, that I soon forgot what I had been taught, and was exposed to mischievous habits among the loose boys of the neighbourhood. From this kind of life I was rescued by being employed by a baker to cry and sell pies through the streets. My manner of crying pies, and my activity in selling them, soon made me a favourite of all such as purchased halfpenny apple-pies and plum-puddings, so that in a few weeks an old pie-merchant shut up his shop. I lived with this baker about twelve or fifteen months, in which time I sold such large quantities of pies, puddings, cakes, &c., that he often declared to his friends

that I had been the means of extricating him from embarrassing circumstances which had pressed upon him.

I was fourteen years and a half old when I was taken to Taunton to be placed with a shoemaker, George Bowden, who took me as an apprentice without any premium, and engaged to find me in everything. I was accordingly bound apprentice to George and Mary Bowden, as honest and worthy a couple as ever carried on a trade. They carefully attended to their shop six days in the week, and on the seventh went with their family twice to an Anabaptist meeting-house, where little attention was paid to speculative doctrines, but where sound morality was constantly inculcated. The two sons of Mr Bowden having joined the Wesleyan Methodists, who were at that time making many converts, I was led to join the same sect. The enthusiastic feelings which I now imbibed, and the desire which I had to talk on religious subjects, many of which were beyond my depth, answered one valuable purpose—it caused me to embrace every opportunity to again learn to read, so that I could soon peruse easy parts of the Bible, and Mr Wesley's hymns; and every leisure minute was so employed. In the winter I was obliged to attend my work from six in the morning until ten at night. In the summer half-year I only worked as long as we could see without candle; but notwithstanding the close attention I was obliged to pay to my trade, for a long time I read ten chapters in the Bible every day. I also read and learned many hymns; and as soon as I could procure some of Mr Wesley's tracts, sermons, &c., I read them likewise. I had such good eyes, that I often read by the light of the moon, as my master would never allow me to take a candle into my room.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship my master died, by which event I gained a little more liberty in attending the meetings of the Methodists, who certainly never had a more unscrupulous proselyte. In my excitement, my memory became very tenacious, so that everything I read I made my own. I could have repeated several volumes of hymns; when I heard a sermon, I could have preached it again, and nearly in the same words; my Bible had hundreds of leaves folded down, and thousands of marks against such texts as I thought favoured the doctrines which I had imbibed. My religious exercises at length suffered interruption. The election for two members of parliament was strongly contested at Taunton just as I attained my twenty-first year (1767), and being now of age, the six or seven months which I had to serve of my apprenticeship were purchased of my mistress by some friends of two of the contending candidates, so that I was at once set free amidst a scene of riot and dissipation. Having a vote, and being possessed of a few ideas above those of my rank and situation, my company was courted by some who were in a much higher sphere; and in such company I soon forgot my former connections, and ran into the extreme of intemperance. My condition was deplorable; for when the election

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was over, I had no longer open houses to eat and drink at free cost, and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash. However, I did not sink quite so low as I might have done, but in general worked very hard, and did not spend all I earned in dissipation.

Wearied with this mode of life, and wishing to see more of the world, I shortly after went to Bristol, where I procured work, and fell into a course of reading, which occupied my leisure hours. In the course of my reading, I learned that there had been various sects of philosophers amongst the Greeks, Romans, &c., and I well remembered the names of the most eminent of them. At an old book-shop I purchased Plato on the *Immortality of the Soul*, Plutarch's *Morals*, Seneca's *Morals*, Epicurus's *Morals*, the *Morals* of Confucius the Chinese philosopher, and a few others. I now can scarcely help thinking that I received more real benefit from reading and studying them and Epictetus, than from all other books that I had read before, or have ever read since that time. I was only twenty-two years of age when I first began to read those fine moral productions, and they made a very deep and lasting impression on my mind. By reading them, I was taught to bear the unavoidable evils attending humanity, and to supply all my wants by contracting or restraining my desires—

‘To mend my virtues, and exalt my thought,
What the bright sons of Greece and Rome have wrote
O’er day and night I turn ; in them we find
A rich repast for the luxurious mind.’

It is now twenty-three years since I first perused them, during which time I do not recollect that I have ever felt one anxious painful wish to get money, estates, or anyway to better my condition ; and yet I have never since that time let slip any fair opportunity of doing it. Be contented, says Isocrates, with what you have, and seek at the same time to make the best improvement of it you can. So that all I mean is, that I have not been over-solicitous to obtain anything that I did not possess ; but could at all times say with St Paul, that I have learned to be contented in all situations, although at times they have been very gloomy indeed. Dryden says :

‘We to ourselves may all our wishes grant,
For nothing coveting, we nothing want.’

The pleasure of eating and drinking I entirely despised, and for some time carried this disposition to an extreme ; and even to the present time I feel a very great indifference about these matters : when in company, I frequently dine off one dish when there are twenty on the table. The account of Epicurus living in his garden at the expense of about a halfpenny per day, and that, when he added a little cheese to his bread on particular occasions, he

considered it as a luxury, filled me with raptures. From that moment I began to live on bread and tea, and for a considerable time did not partake of any other viands ; but in those I indulged myself three or four times a day. My reasons for living in this abstemious manner were in order to save money to purchase books, to wean myself from the gross pleasures of eating and drinking, &c., and to purge my mind, and to make it more susceptible of intellectual pleasures ; and here I cannot help remarking that the term Epicure, when applied to one who makes the pleasures of the table his chief good, casts an unjust reflection on Epicurus, and conveys a wrong idea of that contemplative and very abstemious philosopher ; for although he asserted that pleasure was the chief or supreme good, yet he also as strongly asserted that it was the tranquillity of the mind, and intellectual pleasure, that he so extolled and recommended. ‘This pleasure,’ says he, ‘that is the very centre of our happiness, consists in nothing else than having our mind free from disturbance, and our body free from pain ; drunkenness, excessive eating, niceness in our liquors, and all that seasons good cheer, have nothing in them that can make life happy ; there is nothing but frugality and tranquillity of mind that establish this happy state ; it is this calm that facilitates our distinguishing betwixt those things that ought to be our choice and those we ought to shun ; and it is by the means thereof that we discard those notions that discompose this first mover of our life.’ St Evremond, in his vindication of Epicurus, says : ‘Ignorant men know not his worth. Wise men have given large and honourable testimonies of his exalted virtue and sublime precepts. They have fully proved his pleasures to be as severe as the Stoic’s virtue ; that to be debauched like Epicurus, a man must be as sober as Zeno. His temperance was so great, that his ordinary diet was nothing but bread and water. The Stoics and all other philosophers agree with Epicurus in this—that the true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations ; to understand our duty towards God and man, and to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future ; not to amuse ourselves either with hopes or fears ; to curb and restrain our unruly appetites ; to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient ; for he that is content wants nothing.’

I continued the above self-denying life until I left Bristol, which was on Whitsunday in 1769. I had for some time before been pointing out to a young friend, John Jones, some of the pleasures and advantages of travelling, so that I easily prevailed on him to accompany me towards the west of England ; and in the evening we arrived at Bridgewater, where Mr Jones got work. He was employed by Mr Cash, with whom he continued near twelve months, and in the end married his daughter, a very pretty and amiable little woman with some fortune. When my friend was offered work by Mr Cash, I prevailed on him to accept of it, assuring him that I had

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no doubt of my being able to get work at Taunton : but in that I was disappointed ; nor could I get a constant seat of work until I came to Exeter, and of that place I was soon tired ; but being informed that a Mr John Taylor of Kingsbridge (forty miles below Exeter) wanted such a hand, I went down, and was gladly received by Mr Taylor, whose name inspires me with gratitude, as he never treated me as a journeyman, but made me his companion. Nor was any part of my time ever spent in a more agreeable, pleasing manner than that which I passed in this retired place, or, I believe, more profitable to a master. I was the first man he ever had that was able to make stuff and silk shoes ; and it being also known that I came from Bristol, this had great weight with the country ladies, and procured my master customers, who generally sent for me to take the measure of their feet ; and I was looked upon by all to be the best workman in the town, although I had not been brought up to stuff-work, nor had ever entirely made one stuff or silk shoe before. Nor should I have presumed to proclaim myself a stuff-man, had there been any such workmen in the place ; but as there were none, I boldly ventured, and succeeded very well ; nor did any one in the town ever know that it was my first attempt in that branch.

During the time that I lived here, I, as usual, was obliged to employ one or other of my acquaintance to write my letters for me. This procured me much praise among the young men as a good inditer of letters. My master said to me one day he was surprised that I did not learn to write my own letters ; and added, that he was sure I could learn to do it in a very short time. The thought pleased me much, and without any delay I set about it, by taking up any pieces of paper that had writing on them, and imitating the letters as well as I could. I employed my leisure hours in this way for nearly two months, after which time I wrote my own letters, in a bad hand, of course, but it was plain, and easy to read, which was all I cared for ; nor, to the present moment, can I write much better, as I never would have any person to teach me ; nor was I ever possessed of patience enough to employ time sufficient to learn to write well ; and yet, as soon as I was able to scribble, I wrote verses on some trifle or other every day for years together.

I came to this place in but a weak state of body ; however, the healthy situation of the town, together with bathing in the salt water, soon restored me to perfect health. I passed thirteen months here in a very happy manner ; but the wages for work being very low, and as I had spent much time in writing hymns to every song-tune that I knew, besides a number of love-verses, letters, &c., I was very poor ; and, to complete all, I began to keep a deal of company, in which I gave a loose to my natural gaiety of disposition, much more than was consistent with the grave, sedate ideas which I had formed of a religious character ; all which made me resolve to leave Kingsbridge, which I did in 1770.

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I travelled as far as Exeter the first day, where I worked about a fortnight, and saved sufficient to carry me to Bridgewater, where I worked two or three weeks more. Before I arrived there, Mr John Jones had gone back to reside at Bristol ; but as soon as he heard of my being in Bridgewater, he and his brother Richard sent me an invitation to come to Bristol again and live with them. Finding that I did not immediately comply, they both came to Bridgewater, and declared their intentions of not returning to Bristol without me ; so that, after a day or two, I yielded to their solicitations, and lived very comfortably with them, their mother, and sister.

When residing at Taunton, I became acquainted with a young woman of good character and charming manners, with whom I afterwards kept up a correspondence ; and I had not been long in Bristol before I wrote to her. I informed her that my attachment to books, together with travelling from place to place, and also my total disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any ; and that, while I remained in a single unsettled state, I was never likely to accumulate it. I also pressed her very much to come to Bristol to be married, which she soon complied with ; and married we were, at St Peter's Church, towards the end of the year 1770. We kept our wedding at the house of my friends the Messrs Jones, and retired to ready-furnished lodgings, which we had before provided, at half-a-crown per week. Our finances were just sufficient to pay the expenses of the day ; for the next morning, in searching our pockets (which we did not do in a careless manner), we discovered that we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with. It is true we had laid in eatables sufficient for a day or two, in which time we knew we could by our work procure more, which we very cheerfully set about, singing together the following lines of Dr Cotton :

‘ Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies :
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.’

At this time my wages were only nine shillings a week, and my wife could get but very little, as she was learning to bind shoes, and had never been much used to the needle. Being pressed for a debt of forty shillings, due to Mr Jones, I paid it off in two months, which greatly lessened our comforts. What we had to spend on provisions was not more than four shillings and sixpence a week. Strong beer we had none, nor any other liquor (the pure element excepted) ; and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread ; at other times we fried some wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee ; and as to animal food, we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made

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broth of. During the whole of this time we never once wished for anything that we had not got, but were quite contented ; and, with a good grace, in reality made a virtue of necessity.

In a few days after we had paid the last five shillings of the debt claimed by my friend Mr Jones, we were both together taken so ill as to be confined to bed ; but the good woman of the house, our landlady, came to our room, and did a few trifles for us. She seemed very much alarmed at our situation—or rather for her own, I suppose, as thinking we might in some measure become burdensome to her. We had in cash two shillings and ninepence, half-a-crown of which we had carefully locked up in a box, to be saved as a resource on any extraordinary emergency. This money supported us two or three days, in which time I recovered, without the help of medicine ; but my wife continued ill nearly six months, and was confined to her bed the greater part of the time, which illness may very easily be accounted for.

Before she came to Bristol, she had ever been used to a very active life, and had always lived in the country ; so that, in coming to dwell in a populous city, she had exchanged much exercise and good air for a sedentary life and very bad air ; and this, I presume, was the cause of all her illness from time to time, which at length, as unfortunately as effectually, undermined her constitution. During her first six months' illness I lived many days solely on water-gruel. 'What nature requires,' says Montaigne, 'is so small a matter, that by its littleness it escapes the gripes of fortune ;' for as I could not afford to pay a nurse, much of my time was taken up in attendance on her, and most of my money expended in procuring medicines, together with such trifles as she could eat and drink. But what added extremely to my calamity was the being within the hearing of her groans, which were caused by the excruciating pains in her head, which for months together defied the power of medicine. It is impossible for words to describe the keenness of my sensations during this long term ; yet as to myself, my poverty, and being obliged to live upon water-gruel, gave me not the least uneasiness.

At length my wife partially recovered, but yet continued in a very bad state of health ; and her constitution having suffered such a dreadful shock, I thought that no means could be used so likely to restore it as a removal to her native air. Accordingly, I left my seat of work at Bristol, and returned with her to Taunton, which is about seven miles from Petherton, her native place. But in Taunton I could not procure so much work as I could do ; so that, as soon as I thought she could bear the air of Bristol, we returned thither, where she soon relapsed, and we again went back to Taunton. This removing to Taunton was repeated about five times in little more than two years and a half.

But at last finding that she had long fits of illness at Taunton also, as well as at Bristol, with a view of having a better price for

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my work, I resolved to visit London; and as I had not money sufficient to bear the expenses of both to town, I left her all the money I could spare, and took a place on the outside of the stage-coach, and the second day arrived in the metropolis, in August 1773, with two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. Having procured a lodging, I was fortunate in immediately getting work from Mr Heath in Fore Street. In a month I saved money sufficient to bring up my wife, and she had a tolerable state of health: of my master I obtained some stuff-shoes for her to bind, and nearly as much as she could do. Having now plenty of work, and higher wages, we were tolerably easy in our circumstances—more so than ever we had been—so that we soon procured a few clothes. My wife had all her life before done very well with a cloth cloak, but I now prevailed on her to have one of silk. Until this winter, I had never found out that I wanted a greatcoat, but now I made that important discovery. This requisite article of attire I purchased at a second-hand clothes-shop for half a guinea.

About the end of November I became heir to the sum of ten pounds, left by my grandfather; and so totally was I unacquainted with the modes of transacting business, that I undertook a long journey in the heart of winter, and suffered various hardships before my return to town with the cash, one-half of which was consumed in getting it. With the remainder of the money we purchased household goods; but as we then had not sufficient to furnish a room, we worked hard, and lived still harder, so that in a short time we had a room furnished with articles of our own; and I believe that it is not possible for any one to imagine with what pleasure and satisfaction we looked round the room and surveyed our property. I believe that Alexander the Great never reflected on his immense acquisitions with half the heartfelt enjoyment which we experienced on this capital attainment.

After our room was furnished, as we still enjoyed a better state of health than we did at Bristol and Taunton, and had also more work and higher wages, we often added something or other to our stock of wearing apparel. Nor did I forget the old book-shops, but frequently added an old book to my small collection; and I really have often purchased books with the money that should have been expended in purchasing something to eat; a striking instance of which follows. At the time we were purchasing household goods, we kept ourselves very short of money, and on Christmas eve we had but half-a-crown left to buy a Christmas dinner. My wife desired that I would go to market and purchase this festival dinner, and off I set for that purpose; but in the way I saw an old book-shop, and I could not resist the temptation of going in, intending only to expend sixpence or ninepence out of my half-crown. But I stumbled upon Young's *Night Thoughts*, forgot my dinner, down went my half-crown, and I hastened home, vastly delighted with the

acquisition. When my wife asked me where was our Christmas dinner, I told her it was in my pocket. 'In your pocket?' said she; 'that is a strange place! How could you think of stuffing a joint of meat into your pocket?' I assured her that it would take no harm. But as I was in no haste to take it out, she began to be more particular, and inquired what I had got, &c.; on which I began to harangue on the superiority of intellectual pleasures over sensual gratifications, and observed that the brute creation enjoyed the latter in a much higher degree than man; and that a man who was not possessed of intellectual enjoyments was but a two-legged brute. I was proceeding in this strain—'And so,' said she, 'instead of buying a dinner, I suppose you have, as you have done before, been buying books with the money?' I confessed I had bought Young's *Night Thoughts*. 'And I think,' said I, 'that I have acted wisely; for had I bought a dinner, we should have eaten it to-morrow, and the pleasure would have been soon over; but should we live fifty years longer, we shall have the *Night Thoughts* to feast upon.' This was too powerful an argument to admit of any further debate; in short, my wife was convinced. Down I sat, and began to read with as much enthusiasm as the good doctor possessed when he wrote it; and so much did it excite my attention, as well as approbation, that I retained the greatest part of it in my memory.

Some time in June 1774, as we sat at work in our room, Mr Boyd, one of Mr Wesley's people, called and informed me that a little shop and parlour were to be let in Featherstone Street; adding, that if I were to take them, I might there get some work as a master. I without hesitation told him that I liked the idea, and hinted that I would sell books also. Mr Boyd then asked me how I came to think of selling books. I informed him that, until that moment, it had never once entered into my thoughts; but that, when he proposed my taking the shop, it instantaneously occurred to my mind that for several months past I had observed a great increase in a certain old book-shop, and that I was persuaded I knew as much of old books as the person who kept it. I further observed that I loved books, and that if I could but be a bookseller, I should then have plenty of books to read, which was the greatest motive I could conceive to induce me to make the attempt. My friend on this assured me that he would get the shop for me, which he did; and to set me up in style, he recommended me to a friend, of whom I purchased a bagful of old books, chiefly divinity, for a guinea.

With this stock, and some odd scraps of leather, which, together with all my books, were worth about five pounds, I opened shop on Midsummer-day 1774, in Featherstone Street, in the parish of St Luke; and I was as well pleased in surveying my little shop with my name over it, as was Nebuchadnezzar when he said: 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built?'

Notwithstanding the obscurity of the street, and the mean appear-

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ance of my shop, yet I soon found customers for what few books I had, and I as soon laid out the money in other old trash which was daily brought for sale. At that time Mr Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, without interest, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was of great service to me.

In our new situation we lived in a very frugal manner, often dining on potatoes, and quenching our thirst with water; being absolutely determined, if possible, to make some provision for such dismal times as sickness, shortness of work, &c., which we had been so frequently involved in before, and could scarcely help expecting not to be our fate again. My wife foreboded it much more than I did, being of a more melancholy turn of mind. I lived in this street six months, and in that time increased my stock from five to twenty-five pounds.

This immense stock I deemed too valuable to be buried in Featherstone Street; and a shop and parlour being to let in Chiswell Street, No. 46, I took them. This was at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, a very dull and obscure situation, as few ever passed through it besides Spitalfields weavers on hanging days, and Methodists on preaching nights; but still it was much better adapted for business than Featherstone Street.

A few weeks after I came into this street I bade a final adieu to the 'gentle craft,' and converted my little stock of leather, &c. into old books; and a great sale I had, considering my stock, which was not only extremely small, but contained very little variety, as it principally consisted of divinity; for as I had not much knowledge, so I seldom ventured out of my depth.

I went on prosperously until some time in September 1775, when I was suddenly taken ill of a dreadful fever; and eight or ten days after, my wife was seized with the same disorder.

‘Human hopes now mounting high
On the swelling surge of joy,
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.’

At that time I kept only a boy to help in my shop, so that I fear, while I lay ill, my wife had too much care and anxiety on her mind. I have been told that, before she was confined to her bed, she walked about in a delirious state, in which she did not long continue, but, contrary to all expectation, died on the 9th of November. She was, in reality, one of the best of women; and although, for about four years, she was ill the greater part of the time, which involved me in the very depth of poverty and distress, yet I never once repented having married her.

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My recovery was slow ; and what added to my misfortune, I was in the hands of nurses, who robbed my drawers, and kept themselves drunk with gin, while I lay unable to move in bed. My whole stock in trade would also have gone, had the shop not been prudently locked up by two friends, who took an interest in my affairs.

On fully recovering, and resuming business, I found it necessary to resume the married state. Fortune threw in my way Miss Dorcas Turton, an amiable young woman, daughter of Mr. Samuel Turton of Staffordshire, a gentleman in reduced circumstances, who was supported by her industry. She cheerfully submitted to keep a school, and worked very hard at plain work, by which means she kept her father above want. The old gentleman died about this time ; and being partly acquainted with this young lady's goodness to her father, I concluded that so amiable a daughter was very likely to make a good wife. I also knew that she was immoderately fond of books, and would frequently read until morning. This turn of mind in her was the greatest of all recommendations to me, who, having acquired a few ideas, was at that time restless to increase them ; so that I was in raptures with the bare thoughts of having a woman to read with, and also to read to me.

I embraced the first opportunity after my recovery to make her acquainted with my mind ; and as we were no strangers to each other's characters and circumstances, there was no need of a long formal courtship ; so I prevailed on her not to defer our union longer than the 30th of January 1776, when, for the second time, I entered into the holy state of matrimony.

‘ Wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,
For those are charms that never can decay ;
But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre.’

I am now, in February 1776, arrived at an important period of my life. Being lately recovered from a very painful, dangerous, and hopeless illness, I found myself once more in a confirmed state of health, surrounded by my little stock in trade, which was but just saved from thieves, and which, to me, was an immense treasure. I had never taken a fair estimate of the world, or looked with a kindly eye on man's condition. My mind now began to expand ; intellectual light and pleasure broke in and dispelled the gloom of fanatical melancholy ; the sourness of my natural temper, which had been much increased by superstition (called by Swift ‘the spleen of the soul’), in part gave way, and was succeeded by cheerfulness and some degree of good-nature ; I began to enjoy many innocent pleasures and recreations in life ; and saw, for the first time, that true religion was no way incompatible with, or an enemy to, rational enjoyments. I now likewise began to read with great pleasure the

rational and moderate divines of all denominations; and a year or two after, I began with metaphysics, in the intricate though pleasing labyrinths of which I have occasionally since wandered, nor am I ever likely to find my way out. After this I did not long remain in Mr Wesley's society.

My new wife's attachment to books was a very fortunate circumstance for us both, not only as it was a perpetual source of rational amusement, but also as it tended to promote my trade. Her extreme love for books made her delight to be in the shop, so that she soon became perfectly acquainted with every part of it, and, as my stock increased, with other rooms where I kept books, and could readily get any article that was asked for. Accordingly, when I was out on business, my shop was well attended. This constant attention and good usage procured me many customers, and I soon perceived that I could sell double and treble the quantity of books if I had a larger stock. But how to enlarge it I knew not, except by slow degrees, as my profits should enable me; for as I was almost a stranger in London, I had but few acquaintances, and these few were not of the opulent sort. I also saw that the town abounded with cheats, swindlers, &c., who obtained money and other property under false pretences, of which the credulous were defrauded, which often prevented me from endeavouring to borrow, lest I should be suspected of having the same bad designs. I was several times so hard put to it for cash to purchase parcels of books which were offered to me, that I more than once pawned my watch and a suit of clothes, and twice I pawned some books for money to purchase others. In 1778, I was relieved from this pinched state of affairs by entering into partnership with a worthy man, Mr John Dennis, who was possessed of some capital. This partnership existed two years, under the firm of J. Lackington and Company; and while it lasted, we issued a catalogue of our books, which included twelve thousand volumes. In 1780 the partnership was dissolved; and as Mr Dennis had more money in the concern than myself, he took my notes for what was deficient, which was a great favour done to me. We parted with great friendship, and I was left to pursue trade in my own way.

It was some time in the year 1780 when I resolved, from that period, to give no person whatever any credit. I was induced to make this resolution from various motives. I had observed that where credit was given, most bills were not paid within six months, many not within a twelvemonth, and some not within two years. Indeed many tradesmen have accounts of seven years' standing, and some bills are never paid. The losses sustained by the interest of money in long credits, and by those bills that were not paid at all; the inconveniences attending not having the ready money to lay out in trade to the best advantage, together with the great loss of time in keeping accounts and collecting debts, convinced me that, if I

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could but establish a ready-money business, without any exceptions, I should be enabled to sell every article very cheap—

‘Let all the learned say all they can,
'Tis ready money makes the man.’

When I communicated my ideas on this subject to some of my acquaintances, I was much laughed at and ridiculed; and it was thought that I might as well attempt to rebuild the tower of Babel, as to establish a large business without giving credit. But notwithstanding this discouragement, I determined to make the experiment, and began by plainly marking in every book, facing the title, the lowest price that I would take for it; which being much lower than the common market-prices, I not only retained my former customers, but soon increased their numbers. But it can scarcely be imagined what difficulties I encountered for several years together. I even sometimes thought of relinquishing this my favourite scheme altogether, as by it I was obliged to deny credit to my very acquaintance: I was also under the necessity of refusing it to the most respectable characters, as no exception was or now is made, not even in favour of nobility; my porters being strictly enjoined, by one general order, to bring back all books not previously paid for, except they receive the amount on delivery. Again, many in the country found it difficult to remit small sums that were under bankers' notes (which difficulty is now done away, as all post-masters receive small sums of money, and give drafts for the same on the post-office in London); and others, to whom I was a stranger, did not like to send the money first, as not knowing how I should treat them, and suspecting, by the price of the articles, there must certainly be some deception. Many, unacquainted with my plan of business, were much offended, until the advantages accruing to them from it were duly explained, when they very readily acceded to it. As to the anger of such, who, though they were acquainted with it, were still determined to deal on credit only, I considered that as of little consequence, from an opinion that some of them would have been as much enraged when their bills were sent in, had credit been given them.

I had also difficulties of another nature to encounter. When I first began to sell very cheap, many came to my shop prepossessed against my goods, and of course often saw faults where none existed; so that the best editions were, merely from prejudice, deemed very bad editions, and the best bindings said to be inferior workmanship, for no other reason but because I sold them so cheap; and I often received letters from the country to know if such and such articles were *really* as I stated them in my catalogues, and if they *really* were the best editions, if *really* in calf, and *really* elegantly bound, with many other *reallies*. I was afraid, for some years, that I should be really mad with vexation. But these letters of *reallies* have for years happily ceased; and the public are now really and

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thoroughly convinced that I will not assert in my catalogues what is not *really* true. But imagine what I must have felt on hearing the very best of goods depreciated, on no other account whatever but because they were not charged at a higher price!

It is also worth observing that there were not wanting, among the booksellers, some who were mean enough to assert that all my books were bound in sheep; and many other unmanly artifices were practised; all of which, so far from injuring me, as basely intended, turned to my account; for when gentlemen were brought to my shop by their friends to purchase some trifling article, or were led into it by curiosity, they were often very much surprised to see many thousands of volumes in elegant and superb bindings. The natural conclusion was, that if I had not held forth to the public better terms than others, I should not have been so much envied and misrepresented.

‘To Malice, sure, I’m much obliged,
On every side by Calumny besieged;
Yet, Envy, I could almost call thee friend.’

So that, whether I am righteous or not, all these afflictions have worked together for my good. But my temporal salvation was not effected without ‘conditions.’ As every envious transaction was to me an additional spur to exertion, I am therefore not a little indebted to Messrs Envy, Detraction, and Co. for my present prosperity; though I can safely say this is the only debt I am determined not to pay.

In the first three years after I refused to give credit to any person, my business increased much; and as the whole of my profit, after paying all expenses, was laid out in books, my stock was continually enlarged, so that my catalogues in the year 1784 were very much augmented in size. The first contained twelve thousand, and the second thirty thousand volumes. This increase was not merely in numbers, but also in value, as a very great part of these volumes was better; that is, books of a higher price.

When I was first initiated into the various manœuvres practised by booksellers, I found it customary among them (which practice still continues), that when any books had not gone off so rapidly as expected, or so fast as to pay for keeping them in store, they would put what remained of such articles into private sales, where only booksellers are admitted, and of them only such as were invited by having a catalogue sent them. At one of these sales I have frequently seen seventy or eighty thousand volumes sold after dinner, including books of every description, good, bad, and indifferent: by this means they were distributed through the trade.

When first invited to these trade-sales, I was very much surprised to learn that it was common for such as purchased remainders to destroy one-half or three-fourths of such books, and to charge the

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full publication price, or nearly that, for such as they kept on hand ; and there was a kind of standing order amongst the trade, that in case any one was known to sell articles under the publication price, such a person was to be excluded from trade-sales ; so blind were copyright-holders to their own interest.

For a short time I cautiously complied with this custom ; but I soon began to reflect that many of these books so destroyed possessed much merit, and only wanted to be better known ; and that, if others were not worth six shillings, they were worth three, or two, and so in proportion, for higher or lower priced books. From that time, I resolved not to destroy any books that were worth saving, but to sell them off at half, or a quarter, of the publication prices. By selling them in this cheap manner, I have disposed of many hundred thousand volumes, many thousands of which have been intrinsically worth their original prices—greatly, of course, to the dissatisfaction of the trade.

It may be supposed I could not carry on this large business, in which I had frequently to write catalogues, without some knowledge of literature. This knowledge I gained by dint of application. I read extensively in all branches of literature ; and in order to obtain some ideas in astronomy, geography, electricity, pneumatics, &c., I attended a few lectures given by the eminent Mr Ferguson, the very ingenious Mr Walker, and others ; and for some time several gentlemen spent two or three evenings in a week at my house, for the purpose of improvement in science. At these meetings we made the best use of our time with globes, telescopes, microscopes, electrical machines, air-pumps, air-guns, and other philosophical instruments.

My thirst was, and still is, so great for literature, that I could almost subscribe to the opinions of Herillus the philosopher, who placed in learning the sovereign good, and maintained that it was alone sufficient to make us wise and happy. Others have said that ‘learning is the mother of all virtue, and that vice is produced from ignorance.’ Although that is not strictly true, yet I cannot help regretting the disadvantages I labour under by having been deprived of the benefits of an early education, as it is a loss that can scarcely be repaired in any situation. How much more difficult, then, was it for me to attain any degree of proficiency, when involved in the concerns of a large business !

‘Without a genius, learning soars in vain ;
And without learning, genius sinks again ;
Their force united, crowns the sprightly reign.’

To reading and study I added a gradually increasing knowledge of mankind, for which I know of no school equal to a bookseller's shop. A bookseller who has any taste for literature, may be said to feed his mind as cooks and butchers' wives get fat by the

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smell of meat. If the master is of an inquisitive and communicative turn, and is in a considerable line of business, his shop will then be a place of resort for persons of various nations, and of various capacities and dispositions. To talk to these different inquirers after books has given me much pleasure and instruction, so that I have sometimes compared my shop to a stage.

In my progress from penury to wealth I had occasion to make many discoveries. I by and by found that lodging in town is not so healthy as it is in the country. Gay's lines were then repeated :

‘Long in the noisy town I’ve been immured,
Respired in smoke, and all its cares endured.’

The year after, my country lodging, by regular gradation, was transformed into a country-house ; and in another year, the inconveniences attending a stage-coach were remedied by a chariot :

‘My precious wife has ventured to declare,
’Tis vulgar on one’s legs to take the air.’

For four years, Upper Holloway was to me an elysium ; then Surrey appeared unquestionably the most beautiful county in England, and Upper Merton the most rural village in Surrey ; so now Merton is selected as the seat of occasional philosophical retirement. In these various improvements in my means and position, it was unpleasant to find that I was pursued with envy and malevolence ; but I consoled myself with the observation of Dr Johnson, that ‘it is no less a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends.’ All sorts of stories injurious to my reputation were circulated by those who envied me my success. Whatever was said as to my means of attaining opulence, I can affirm that I found the whole of what I am possessed of in—*small profits*, bound by *industry*, and clasped by *economy*.

In conducting my business, I have ever kept an exact account of my profits and expenses, and regulated my mode of living accordingly. In 1791 the profits of my shop amounted to four thousand pounds, since which time they have yearly increased. My business being large, and branching into different departments, in 1793 I sold to Mr Robert Allan, who had been brought up in my shop, a fourth share of the business ; and as the trade is constantly increasing, I suppose I shall be obliged to take another partner very soon ; for we now sell more than one hundred thousand volumes annually. The time also approaches when I must retire, on account of the bad health which both Mrs Lackington and myself labour under.

In these latter years, while still in trade, I have made several professional tours into Scotland and various parts of England. One of my most amusing excursions has been to Bristol, Exbridge, Bridgewater, Taunton, Wellington, and other places, where I called on my former masters, and astonished them by pretending to seek

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employment as a shoemaker, while sitting in my carriage. On telling them who I was, all appeared to be very happy to see me, and they enjoyed the humour of my address. Among a great number of poor relations I distributed means of comfort.

Lackington here closes his Memoirs, which bring his life down to 1793, when his business, one of the largest in London, was conducted in a shop of very large size, called the 'Temple of the Muses,' at the corner of Finsbury Square. The Memoirs abound in severe, and we have no doubt most unjust, remarks on the Methodists both as to life and doctrine, and these Lackington afterwards repented having written. Uniting himself again to the Wesleyan society, he endeavoured to obviate the injustice of his sarcasms by publishing a confession of his errors. Much of what he had stated he acknowledged to have taken on trust; and many things he now discovered to have been without a proper foundation. These *Confessions*, which appeared in 1803, never altogether accomplished their purpose; so difficult is it to recall or make reparation for a word lightly spoken. In sincere humiliation of spirit, Lackington retired to Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire, where he built and endowed a chapel, and performed various other acts of munificence, and spent the conclusion of his days. He died on the 22d of November 1815, in the seventieth year of his age.

THOMAS HOLCROFT

WAS born in London in the year 1745, at which time his father wrought as a shoemaker, and his mother dealt in greens and oysters. His father, who seems to have been a person of unsettled habits, though a well-meaning and upright man, knew very little of his business, to which he had not been regularly bred, and, in spite of the exertions both of himself and his wife, his affairs were not by any means prosperous. When about six years of age, the family removed from London to a place in Berkshire, where Thomas was fortunate in getting a little schooling, and also in gaining the friendship of a kind-hearted lad, his father's apprentice. The acquisition of the art of reading opened up a world of delight to young Holcroft. 'One day,' says he in his Memoirs, 'as I was sitting at the gate with my Bible in my hand, a neighbouring farmer, coming to see my father, asked me if I could read the Bible already. I answered yes; and he desired me to let him hear me. I began at the place where the book was open, read fluently, and afterwards told him that, if he pleased, he should hear the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. At this he seemed still more amazed, and wishing to be convinced, bade me read. After listening till he found I could really pronounce the uncouth Hebrew names so much better and more easily than he supposed to be within the power of so young a child, he patted my

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head, gave me a penny, and said I was an uncommon boy. It would be hard to say whether his praise or his gift was most flattering to me. Soon after, my father's apprentice, the kind-hearted Dick, who came backward and forward to my father on his affairs, brought me two delightful histories [the *History of Parismus and Parismenes*, and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*], which were 'among those then called Chapmen's Books. It was scarcely possible for anything to have been more grateful to me than this present. *Parismus and Parismenes*, with all the adventures detailed in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, were soon as familiar to me as my catechism, or the daily prayers I repeated kneeling before my father.'

The misfortunes of the family soon caused a removal from their home in Berkshire, and they now may be said to have been fairly abroad in the world. They adopted a wandering life, the mother turning pedler, and hawking her wares through the outskirts and neighbourhood of London, while her son trotted after her; and the father, after a vain attempt to obtain some regular employment, in a short time joining the party, who now extended their peregrinations to remote parts of the country. While leading this life, they endured the greatest hardships, and upon one occasion were so severely pressed, that Thomas was sent to beg from house to house in a village where they happened to be. At length the father managed to buy two or three asses, which he loaded with hampers of apples and pears, and drove about through the country. But this apparent improvement in their circumstances afforded no alleviation to the sufferings of the unfortunate Thomas. 'The bad nourishment I met with,' says he, 'the cold and wretched manner in which I was clothed, and the excessive weariness I endured in following these animals day after day, and being obliged to drive creatures perhaps still more weary than myself, were miseries much too great, and loaded my little heart with sorrows far too pungent ever to be forgotten. By-roads and high-roads were alike to be traversed, but the former far the oftenest, for they were then almost innumerable, and the state of them in winter would scarcely at present be believed.' In one instance, he mentions that he travelled on foot thirty miles in one day; and he was at this time only a child of about ten years old. During all this time he made little or no progress in reading. 'I was too much pressed,' he says, 'by fatigue, hunger, cold, and nakedness.' Yet as he continued to repeat his prayers and catechism morning and evening, and to read the Prayer-book and Bible on Sundays, he at least did not forget what he had formerly learned. On one occasion, too, he states that the ballad of *Chevy-chase* having fallen into his hands, his father, who was very proud of what he conceived to be his son's talents, and particularly of his memory, set him to get by heart the whole song, by way of task, which he performed, in the midst of his toils, in three

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days. His father gave him a halfpenny for the achievement, which made him think himself at the time quite a wealthy man.

From the mean and distressing circumstances in which he was plunged, he at length made a slight advance upwards. When twelve years of age, he was taken to the Nottingham races, and here he was so much struck by the contrast between his own mean and ragged condition, and that of the clean, well-fed, and well-clothed stable-boys, that he determined to try if he could not find a master to engage him in that capacity in Newmarket. After much perseverance, and being turned off upon a short trial, first by one master, and then by another, from the little knowledge he was found to have of riding, he was at last taken into the service of a person who was considerate enough not to expect him to be a finished groom almost before he could have ever mounted a horse. He very soon began to distinguish himself by his expertness in his new occupation; and the language in which he speaks of his change of circumstances forcibly paints his sense of the miseries from which he had been extricated. Alluding to the hearty meal which he and his companions were wont to make every morning at nine o'clock, after four hours' exercise of their horses, he says: 'Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast: what, then, may not be said of mine, who had so long been used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found the means of satisfying it! For my own part,' he adds, 'so total and striking was the change which had taken place in my situation, that I could not but feel it very sensibly. I was more conscious of it than most boys would have been, and therefore not a little satisfied. The former part of my life had most of it been spent in turmoil, and often in singular wretchedness. I had been exposed to every want, every weariness, and every occasion of despondency, except that such poor sufferers become reconciled to, and almost insensible of, suffering; and boyhood and beggary are fortunately not prone to despond. Happy had been the meal where I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, nay, gorgeously; for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected that there was disgrace in it. I fed voluptuously, not a prince on earth perhaps with half the appetite and never-failing relish; and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish, obstinate, and despised among our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind. Was not this a change such as might excite reflection even in the mind of a boy?'

Passing over the account which he gives of his life as a stable-boy, interesting as are many of the particulars, we proceed to notice his love of reading, which followed him throughout all his early career.

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This taste brought him in contact with persons of a superior order of mind, however humble were their circumstances; and by one of these he was occasionally lent an old but entertaining volume. Among other works which this individual put into his hands were *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Spectator*, with which, the former especially, he was much delighted. He mentions also the *Whole Duty of Man*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and other religious books as at this time among his chief favourites. As he was one day passing the church, he heard some voices singing, and was immediately seized with a strong desire to learn the art. Having approached the church door, he found the persons within engaged in singing in four parts, under the direction of a Mr Langham. They asked him to join them, and his voice and ear being pronounced good, it was agreed that he should be taken into the class; the master offering to give up the entrance-money of five shillings, in consideration of his being but a boy, whose wages could not be great, and the others agreeing to let him sing out of their books. 'From the little,' he proceeds, 'I that day learned, and from another lesson or two, I obtained a tolerable conception of striking intervals upwards or downwards, such as the third, the fourth, and the remainder of the octave, the chief feature in which I soon understood; but of course I found most difficulty in the third, sixth, and seventh. Previously, however, to any great progress, I was obliged to purchase Arnold's *Psalmody*; and, studious over this divine treasure, I passed many a forenoon extended in the hay-loft.'

It will afford an idea of the zeal with which young Holcroft improved himself, when we mention that, out of a wage of four pounds a year, he paid five shillings a quarter to his singing-master; and upon Mr Langham offering to give him lessons in arithmetic also for as much more, he agreed to the proposal, and attended him daily for three months. In that time he got as far as Practice and the Rule of Three. 'Except what I have already related,' says he, 'these three months, as far as others were concerned, may be truly called my course of education. At the age of two or three and thirty, indeed, when I was endeavouring to acquire the French language, I paid a Monsieur Raymond twenty shillings for a few lessons; but the good he did me was so little, that it was money thrown away. At Newmarket, I was so intent on studying arithmetic, that, for want of better apparatus, I have often got an old nail and cast up sums on the paling of the stable-yard.' Who will not allow that 'where there is a *will* there will always be a *way*?' Those who complain of wanting the apparatus of learning, should remember Holcroft's old nail and paling.

Our hero remained at Newmarket for about two years and a half, when he determined to go to London once more to join his father, who now kept a cobbler's stall in South Audley Street. 'My mind,' he says, 'having its own somewhat peculiar bias, circumstances had

rather concurred to disgust me than to invite my stay. I despised my companions for the grossness of their ideas, and the total absence of every pursuit in which the mind appeared to have any share. It was even with sneers of contempt that they saw me intent on acquiring some small portion of knowledge; so that I was far from having any prompter, either as a friend or a rival.' He was at this time nearly sixteen. For some years he continued to make shoes with his father, and at last became an able workman. But he grew every day fonder of reading; and whenever he had a shilling to spare, spent it, we are told, in purchasing books. In 1765, having married, he attempted to open a school for teaching children to read, at Liverpool; but was obliged to abandon the project in about a year, when he returned to town, and resumed his trade of a shoemaker. Besides his dislike to this occupation, however, on other accounts, it brought back an asthmatic complaint he had had when a boy; and every consideration made him resolve to endeavour to escape from it. Even at this time he had become a writer for the newspapers, the editor of the *Whitehall Evening Post* giving him five shillings a column for some essays which he sent to that journal. He again attempted to open a school in the neighbourhood of London; but after living for three months on potatoes and butter-milk, and obtaining only one scholar, he once more returned to town. Having acquired some notions of elocution at a debating-club which he had been in the habit of attending, he next thought of going on the stage, and obtained an engagement from the manager of the Dublin theatre, at a poor salary, which was very ill paid. He was so ill treated, indeed, in this situation that he was obliged to leave it in about half a year. He then joined a strolling company in the north of England, and wandered about as an itinerant actor for seven years, during which time he suffered a great deal of misery, and was often reduced almost to starving. In the midst of all his sufferings, however, he retained his love of books, and had made himself extensively conversant with English literature.

We must now follow the struggling young man to London. He arrived in the metropolis in 1777, and, as a first resource, gained some employment at Drury Lane Theatre. Engaged with theatricals, he bethought himself of writing a farce, which he called *The Crisis*; and this proving fortunate, turned out the commencement of a busy and extended literary career. The farce, although only acted once, was well received, and it soon encouraged him to new efforts of the same kind. Yet he continued for many years involved in difficulties, from which it required all his exertions to extricate himself. The remainder of Mr Holcroft's history, with the exception of a short but stormy period, during which he was subjected to very severe usage on account of certain political opinions which he was supposed to hold, is merely that of a life of authorship. He never became a good actor, and after some time dedicated himself

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entirely to literary occupation. His industry in his new profession is abundantly evidenced by the long list of his works, which comprise several of high talent and established popularity. In his maturer years, besides many other acquirements, he made himself master of the French and German languages, from both of which he executed several well-known translations. This ingenious and enterprising man, whose life affords some useful lessons for the young, died in 1809.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

THIS individual, who was latterly associated with one of the chief periodical publications of the day, had as humble an origin as Lackington and Holcroft, and, like them, at one time wrought at the craft of shoemaking. Gifford was born in 1755, at Ashburton, in Devonshire, and for several years led the miserable kind of life which is common among the children of a drunken and reckless father. This worthless man died when only forty years of age, leaving his wife with two children, the youngest little more than eight months old, and no available means for their support. In about a year afterwards his wife followed; and thus was William, at the age of thirteen, and his infant brother, thrown upon the world in an utterly destitute condition.

The parish workhouse now received the younger of the orphans, and William was taken home to the house of a person named Carlile, his godfather—who, whatever might have been his kindness in this respect, had at least taken care of his own interests, by seizing on every article left by the widow Gifford, on pretence of repaying himself for money which he had advanced to her in her greatest necessities. The only benefit derived by William from this removal was a little education, Carlile sending him to school, where he acquired the elements of instruction. His chief proficiency, as he tells us, was in arithmetic; but he was not suffered to make much progress in his studies, for, grudging the expense, his patron took him from school, with the object of making him a ploughboy. To the plough he would accordingly have gone, but for a weakness in his chest, the result of an accident some years before. It was now proposed to send him to a storehouse in Newfoundland; but the person who was to be benefited by his services declared him to be too small, and this plan was also dropped. 'My godfather,' says William, 'had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist anything. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats. I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.'

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In this vessel he remained for nearly a twelvemonth. 'It will be easily conceived,' he remarks, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description except the *Coasting Pilot*.'

While in this humble situation, however, and seeming to himself almost an outcast from the world, he was not altogether forgotten. He had broken off all connection with Ashburton, where his godfather lived; but 'the women of Brixham,' says he, 'who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers.' They often mentioned him to their acquaintances at Ashburton; and the tale excited so much commiseration in the place, that his godfather at last found himself obliged to send for him home. At this time he wanted some months of fourteen. He proceeds with his own story as follows:

'After the holidays, I returned to my darling pursuit—arithmetic. My progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on these occasions, it raised a thought in me that, by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year when I built these castles. A storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

'On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so indeed he had); he added that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me, without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound, till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

'At this time,' he continues, 'I possessed but one book in the

world : it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure ; but it was a treasure locked up ; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's *Introduction* : this was precisely what I wanted ; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own, and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one ; pen, ink, and paper, therefore, were for the most part as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource ; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrote my problems on them with a blunted awl ; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.'

Persevering under these untoward difficulties, he at length obtained some alleviation of his poverty. Having attempted to write some verses, his productions were received with applause, and sometimes, he adds, 'with favours more substantial : little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine—it was subservient to other purposes ; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.'

Gifford's master having capriciously put a stop to these literary recreations, and taken away all his books and papers, he was greatly mortified, if not reduced to a state of despair. 'I look back,' he says, 'on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction : it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability. By degrees I sank into a kind of corporeal torpor ; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me.'

Fortunately, this despondency in time gave way to a natural buoyancy of his disposition ; some evidences of kindly feeling from those around him tended a good deal to mitigate his recklessness ; and especially as the term of his apprenticeship drew towards a close, his former aspirations and hopes began to return to him. Working with renewed diligence at his craft, he, at the end of six years, came under the notice of Mr William Cookesley, and, struck with his

talents, this benevolent person resolved on rescuing him from obscurity. 'The plan,' says Gifford, 'that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome. My handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man. He procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart. It ran thus: "A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence; enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.'

Pleased with the advances he made in this short period, it was agreed to maintain him at school for an entire year. 'Such liberality,' says Gifford, 'was not lost upon me: I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.' In two years and two months from what he calls the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced by his master to be fit for the university; and a small office having been obtained for him, by Mr Cookesley's exertions, at Oxford, he was entered of Exeter College, that gentleman undertaking to provide the additional means necessary to enable him to live till he should take his degree. Mr Gifford's first patron died before his protégé had time to fulfil the good man's fond anticipations of his future celebrity; but he afterwards found, in Lord Grosvenor, another much more able, though it was impossible that any other could have shewn more zeal, to advance his interests.

Gifford was now on the way to fame, and he may be said to have ever afterwards enjoyed a prosperous career. On the commencement of the *Quarterly Review* in 1809, he was appointed editor of that periodical, and under his management it attained a distinguished success. After a useful literary career, Mr Gifford died in London on the 31st of December 1826, in the seventy-first year of his age. Reversing the Latin proverb, it might be justly observed, that in him *a shoemaker happily went beyond his last.*

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NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.

NOAH was born in 1758 at Hollis, New Hampshire, United States, where some of his ancestors had been ministers; but his father was a farmer. In early life he received very little education, and the greater part of his time was consumed working as a labourer in the fields. He afterwards became a soldier; but, horrified with the vices of that profession, and the slaughter which he saw take place at Bunker's Hill, he abandoned it for ever, and betook himself to farming. He now commenced a course of self-instruction; and to lose no time while so engaged, he employed himself in shoemaking. His diligence was unrelaxing. At the end of his bench lay his books, pens, ink, and paper; and to these he made frequent application. In this way he acquired much useful learning; and a pamphlet which he wrote had the effect of recommending him to a body of ministers, by whom he was advanced to the clerical profession.

In a short time an opening occurred for a preacher in a small town in the neighbourhood, and to this he was promoted by universal consent; yet in a worldly sense it was a poor promotion. His salary scantily supported life, being only two hundred dollars (about £45); and as many could ill afford to pay their proportion of even that small sum, he was accustomed, as the time of collecting it drew nigh, to relinquish his claims, by giving to the poorer among them receipts in full. The relief granted in this way sometimes amounted to a fourth, or even a third part of his salary. He was thus made to continue still dependent for his support in a great measure on the labour of his hands, partly on the farm, and partly in making shoes. But he was far from fancying this scantiness of pay and necessity of toil any exemption from his obligation to do the utmost for his people. On the contrary, he was ready to engage in extra labour for them; and when it happened, for example, as it sometimes did, that the provision for a winter school failed, he threw open the doors of his own house, invited the children into his study, and gave them his time and care as assiduously as if he had been their regularly appointed teacher.

This is an engaging picture of a self-sacrificing country minister; but we shall not advert farther to his pastoral life, nor shall we allude to the progress of his religious opinions, but must content ourselves with a notice of those efforts in favour of peace by which he acquired a lasting reputation.

His short experience of soldiering gave him, as has been said, a horror of war, and against this scourge he preached with untiring zeal. In 1814 he gave vent to his whole soul in that remarkable tract, *A Solemn Review of the Custom of War*, one of the most successful and efficient pamphlets of any period. It has been

translated into many languages, and circulated extensively through the world. It is one of the chief instruments by which the opinions of society have been affected within the present century. The season of its publication was favourable; the world was wearied with battles, and longed for rest. 'Such was the impression made by this work,' says Dr Channing, 'that a new association, called the Peace Society of Massachusetts, was instituted in this place (Brighton, Massachusetts, whither he had removed in 1813). I well recollect the day of its formation in yonder house, then the parsonage of this parish; and if there was a happy man that day on earth, it was the founder of this institution. This society gave birth to all the kindred ones in this country, and its influence was felt abroad.' He conducted its periodical, which was commenced in 1819, and was published quarterly for ten years. It was almost entirely written by himself, and is remarkable not only for its beautiful moral tone, but for fertility of resource and ingenuity of illustration. He wished it to be inscribed on his tombstone, 'He wrote the *Friend of Peace*.' Eight years after he began to write the *Solemn Review*, he declares his belief that the subject of war had not been absent from his mind, when awake, an hour at a time during that whole period. This concentration of all the powers of an earnest and vigorous mind enabled him to produce a greater effect than perhaps any other individual. Many are entering into the fruits of his labours by whom his name is unknown.

Dr Noah Worcester died in 1837, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Of his character, Dr Channing thus speaks: 'Two views of him particularly impressed me. The first was the unity, the harmony of his character. He had no jarring elements. His whole nature had been blended and melted into one strong, serene love. His mission was to preach peace, and he preached it not on set occasions, or by separate efforts, but in his whole life. . . . And this serenity was not the result of torpidness or tameness, for his whole life was a conflict with what he deemed error. He made no compromise with the world; and yet he loved it as deeply and as constantly as if it had responded in shouts to all his views and feelings.

'The next great impression which I received from him was that of the sufficiency of the mind to its own happiness, or of its independence on outward things.' Notwithstanding his poverty and infirmities, 'he spoke of his old age as among the happiest portions, if not the very happiest, of his life. In conversation, his religion manifested itself more in gratitude than any other form.' His voice was cheerful, his look serene, and he devoted himself to his studies with youthful earnestness. 'On leaving his house, and turning my face towards this city, I have said to myself, how much richer is this poor man than the richest who dwell yonder! I have been ashamed of my own dependence on outward good. I am always happy to

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express my obligations to the benefactors of my mind; and I owe it to Dr Worcester to say, that my acquaintance with him gave me clearer comprehension of the spirit of Christ and of the dignity of a man.'

JOHN POUNDS.

ALL hail to the name of this worthy denizen of the 'gentle craft!' Obscure during his life, he shall be so no longer! John Pounds was born of parents in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the royal dockyard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoemaking craft. The instructions he received in this profession, however, did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was diffident in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a weather-boarded tenement in St Mary Street in his native town.

John was a good-natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence; and, like all other benevolent self-helpful people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, he was favoured with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother; and, to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little boy, with his feet overlapping each other, and turned inwards. This poor child soon became an object of so much affection with John as thoroughly to divide his attention with a variety of tame birds which he kept in his stall. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted, he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and set him fairly on his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew to read, and this he undertook also as a labour of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better if he had a companion—in which, no doubt, he was right, for solitary education is not a good thing—and he invited a poor neighbour to send him his children to be taught. This invitation was followed by others; John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain. 'His humble workshop,' to follow the language of his memoir,* 'was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or shewing up their sums; others seated around

* A small pamphlet, published by Green, Newgate Street, London.

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on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared, to the observer from without, to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection, from among several subjects or candidates, for his gratuitous instruction ; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the town quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front-door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his' own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired ; and in ciphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say : "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say : "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it ; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent ; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.'

Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labours, nor did he ever receive any ! Of no note or account, his weather-boarded establishment was like a star radiating light around ; but of the good he was doing, John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times, also, he was encouragingly noticed by the local authorities ; but we do not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would doubtless have been considered a public benefactor, and honoured accordingly ; but

being only an amateur schoolmaster, and a reclamer from vice, John was allowed to find the full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbours, did this hero—for was he not a hero of the purest order?—spend a long and useful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more good to others. On the morning of the first of January 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, when looking at the picture of his school, which had been lately executed by Mr Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was felt severely. ‘The abode of contented and peaceful frugality became at once a scene of desolation. He and his nephew had made provision on that day for what was to them a luxurious repast. On the little mantelpiece remained, uncooked, a mugful of fresh sprats, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honour of the New-year. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow: some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.’ John Pounds was, as he had wished, called away, without bodily suffering, from his useful labours. He is gone to await the award of Him who has said: ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.’

In drawing these biographic notes to a conclusion, the remark naturally arises, that no position in life, however humble, is an actual bar to intellectual or moral improvement—that where there is a *will* there is sure to be a *way*! Independently of all chance of rising in the world, which is at best a secondary consideration, the self-examining and self-instructing youth will eagerly strive to improve his mental capacities, on the plain consideration that it is his duty to do so, as well as from the reflection, that the ignorant and the demoralised can never attain anything like pure enjoyment even in the present life. Besides, as in the case of the worthy John Pounds, how much satisfaction will arise from the consciousness of devoting acquirements to a purpose useful to our fellow-creatures!





DOLMEN.—'THE GIANT'S GRAVE' AT KILTERNAN, COUNTY DUBLIN.



Burgh-Moussa.

MONUMENTS OF UNRECORDED AGES.



THE time during which man has lived in Western Europe has been divided by antiquaries into four periods, characterised by the different materials of which weapons and tools were made. Taking them in ascending order, they are named the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, the Neolithic or Later Stone Age, and the Palæolithic or Primitive Stone Age.

It is natural to suppose that among a rude or savage people, stone, being more easily fashioned, would come into use before any kind of metal; and that of metals, copper, being oftener found ready for the hammer, would be used before iron, which has always to be smelted before it can be wrought. These assumptions—which, in so far, are only in accordance with what has actually been observed among uncivilised races—have been made from a very early date. Lucretius, writing in the century before the Christian era, has recorded them with his usual vigorous precision :

Man's earliest arms were fingers, teeth, and nails,
And stones, and fragments from the branching woods ;
Then copper next ; and last, as later traced,
The tyrant iron.

More than one antiquary of the last century appears to have suggested the distribution of archæological objects into eras of stone, of copper or bronze, and of iron. But the proposed classification received scarcely any attention until about forty years ago, when it was

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adopted and developed by Mr C. J. Thomsen, superintendent of the Ethnographical and Archæological Museum of Copenhagen.

Since this classification was first proposed by the northern antiquaries, more recent explorations have led to the division of the Stone Age into two periods—a later and a more ancient. In



Fig. 1 : *a*, Rude Flint Axe ; *b*, Polished Stone Axe.

examining the stone implements collected in any museum, it will be observed that some are rude and merely chipped into shape, while others are ground and polished and more or less elegant. Now, among the numerous flint implements found in the caves of Devonshire and the south of France, and in the gravel-beds or drift of the valley of the Somme, there are no marks of grinding or polishing. It is the period when these were made and deposited—when man occupied Europe along with the Mammoth, the Cave-bear, and other extinct animals, and evidently under conditions as to climate and geology considerably different from what they are now—that has been distinguished as the Palæolithic Age ; while the remainder of the Stone Period, after men had hit upon the expedient of making their stone tools more efficient by grinding and polishing them, but before they had discovered the use of metal, is styled the Neolithic or New Stone Age.

The proofs of the vast antiquity of the human race upon the globe afforded by the relics of the Palæolithic or Drift Period, as it is sometimes called, have been considered in No. 76 of this series, entitled *The Ancient Cave-men of Devonshire* ; and we propose in the present paper to describe some of the more remarkable traces of man's existence belonging to the subsequent ages, and before the beginning of written records. But as we shall frequently have to speak of the Neolithic, the Bronze, and the Iron Ages, it may be well to explain more fully what is implied by these terms. Some deny the reality of the distinction, or, at all events, the possibility of making any use of it in determining questions of time. But nearly all the

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objections brought against it turn upon a misconception of what is meant. The objectors argue as if it were maintained that hard and fast lines are visible between the different classes of deposits, and that the introduction of improved weapons and tools put a sudden end to the use of the ruder kind. But this would be both unreasonable to suppose, and contrary to the observed facts. Bronze instruments, for example, when first introduced, would of necessity be very expensive, so that their use would be confined to the rich, and the great majority would still have to use the ruder materials. Even iron did not at once supersede the use of stone weapons; for we know that many of the Anglo-Saxons fought with stone-mauls at Hastings, as did also the Germans in the Thirty Years' War. All that is maintained is, that there is abundant evidence of a time when sticks, stones, horns, and bones were the only implements with which men knew how to furnish themselves; that the next stage of advance is marked by the appearance of bronze weapons and tools, mixed with implements of the old kind, but without any traces of iron; and that at last iron takes the place of bronze for weapons and tools, the use of the latter metal, however, being continued for objects of art and other purposes in which hardness was not important. Another limitation requires to be made. It is by no means implied that the transition from one stage to another took place everywhere at the same time. Isolated tribes would long remain in the rudest stage; in fact, many savage tribes of modern times, such as the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego and of the Andaman Islands, are now, or were very lately, in an age of stone. Nevertheless, there are many indications that the extent of intercourse and traffic, even in the most primitive ages, was considerable; and thus any valuable discovery, such as that of the use of metal, would pretty soon spread throughout the chief races inhabiting Europe.

No precise dates can be assigned to the epochs in question; their value as measures of time is only relative. We cannot determine by their means how old any particular monument or relic is, but only whether it is older or more recent than some other monument or relic. Attempts have indeed been made to assign their value in terms of years, but these attempts do not pretend to be more than wide approximations. In the paper of this series on *The Cave-men of Devonshire*, irresistible evidence is given that, at the time this people lived, the winter temperature of Middle Europe was from twenty to thirty degrees lower than the present; in other words, the Palæolithic Age verged on what geologists call the Glacial Era. Now, astronomers have attempted to estimate in a rough way the distance of this era. They think they see cause for alternations of climate on our globe in the varying shape of the earth's orbit, taken in conjunction with the circumstance, that for certain periods the summer in either hemisphere happens when the earth is nearest

the sun, and for other periods while it is farthest off. By comparing the cycles of these changes, they find that there was a concurrence of circumstances about 200,000 years ago, which, as they estimate, would have made the mean of the coldest month in London about 2° Fahr. Whatever value this speculation may have, would go to shew that the Palæolithic Age is removed from us by at least two thousand centuries.

The calculations regarding the date of the Neolithic Age are founded on the time necessary for the formation of certain deposits. The Abbey of St Jean was founded on the shore of the Lake of Bienné, in Switzerland, 750 years ago; it is now about 375 mètres (a mètre = 39 inches English) from the shore, the lake having been silted up to this extent in the interval. This process has evidently been going on for ages, for, more than 3000 mètres farther up the valley, remains have been found of one of those lake-dwellings once so abundant in Switzerland. The remains belong to the later Stone Period, that is, there are polished stone implements without any traces of metal. Now, the head of the lake must once have been at this spot; and if the silting up of the lake has gone on all this time at the same rate as for the last 750 years—and there is no reason for believing otherwise—we should have a minimum antiquity of 6750 years for the existence of this Neolithic settlement. The examination of a deposit formed at the mouth of a torrent that enters the Lake of Geneva near Villeneuve affords nearly the same result. ‘These two calculations, then, appear to indicate that, 6000 or 7000 years ago, Switzerland was already inhabited by men who used polished stone implements; but how long they had been there . . . we have as yet no evidence to shew.’*

The date of the introduction of bronze is equally uncertain. Gold must have been the first metal to attract the attention of man; but as it could only serve for ornament, it was of little or no importance in the early stage of civilisation. Of the two most useful and abundant metals, copper and iron, the former, being the more pliable and easily wrought, would naturally come first into use. But the discovery—which was likely made by accident—that a mixture of copper and tin produces an alloy different from, and harder than, either, was more important than the use of these metals themselves. From this point, in fact, we may consider that permanent civilisation began. It is remarkable that, in Europe at least, implements of copper are extremely rare, and absolutely none of tin have been found; from which it has been inferred, that the discovery of bronze had been made in some other part of the world, and introduced into Europe, probably by a conquering race, while yet its inhabitants were ignorant of metals altogether.

If we cannot say exactly when iron was discovered, we can

* *Prehistoric Times*, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., 1869.

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approximate the time when it had come into partial use, but had not yet superseded bronze. In the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, bronze is represented as the common material of arms and instruments; iron is mentioned much more rarely. Yet iron was well known, for the Greek word for it, *sideros*, was even then synonymous with a sword. The superiority of iron over bronze is so great, that we may wonder why it did not at once supersede it; but we must remember how intractable iron must have been found in the then rude state of metallurgy. Bronze instruments were invariably cast, and hammering and welding were new arts. The difficulty of procuring iron weapons would thus prolong the use of bronze for a time, until the blacksmith's art was perfected and spread; and this transition period in Greece is represented by the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and by the poems of Hesiod. The date of these writings cannot be exactly determined, but we cannot be far wrong in assigning it to the eighth or ninth century before Christ. A similar state of things is indicated in the first four books of the Old Testament, where bronze (wrongly translated brass) is said to be mentioned thirty-eight times, and iron only four times. It is remarkable that bronze weapons and those of iron are seldom if ever found mixed. Where large quantities of bronze tools and weapons have been found together, iron weapons are altogether wanting; and in like manner bronze weapons are entirely absent from the great 'finds' of the Iron Age. This would suggest that before iron was introduced into the north of Europe—where these explorations have chiefly been made—the art of working the metal had been so far advanced that it at once took the place of the inferior material. Be this as it may, there is abundant evidence that iron had supplanted bronze for weapons in the north for centuries before our era. The soldiers of Brennus the Gaul, who invaded Rome four centuries before Christ, had iron swords; and even the Caledonians were found by the Romans similarly armed.

Bronze and iron not only mark stages of progress of themselves, but they are accompanied by other signs of advancement. After the introduction of bronze, the stone weapons that continued to be



Fig. 2.—Bronze Razor Knife.

used are better made, and the articles of bronze are often of great beauty. 'The pottery tells the same tale. The potter's wheel,

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indeed, seems to have been unknown during both the Bronze and Stone Ages, but the material of which the Stone Age pottery is composed is rough, containing large grains of quartz, while that



Fig. 3.—Pottery Fragments of Stone Age.

used during the Bronze Age is more carefully prepared. The ornaments of the two periods shew also a great contrast. In the Stone Age they consist of impressions made by the nail or the finger, and sometimes by a cord twisted round the soft clay. The lines are all straight, or, if curved, are very irregular and badly drawn. In the Bronze Age, all the patterns present in the Stone Age are continued, but in addition we find

circles and spirals; while imitations of animals and plants are characteristic of the Iron Age. 'So again the distinction between the Bronze and Iron Ages does by no means rest merely on the presence of iron. The pottery is different, the forms of the implements and weapons are different, the ornamentation is different, the knowledge of metallurgy was more advanced, silver and lead were in use, letters had been invented, coins had been struck. The entire absence of silver, of coins, and of inscriptions in the bronze-finds is very remarkable.'—*Lubbock*.

Having thus settled, as far as is possible, the chronology of the ages under consideration, we will now describe some of the more remarkable structures that the men of those pre-historic times have left as monuments of their activity. They may be arranged under the heads of (1.) Memorial Structures and Graves; (2.) Dwellings and Forts.

MEMORIAL STRUCTURES AND GRAVES.

A mound of earth, a heap of stones, a large stone set on end, or a group of such stones—these, in the absence of writing, are the simplest and most obvious expedients for trying to perpetuate the memory of a person or an event. The surface of the earth, in all quarters of the world, is studded with these rude memorials. They probably began with the very beginnings of society, and their use continued down into historic times, until the art of writing and the advance of architecture transformed them into the elaborate mausoleum, the sculptured and lettered pillar or tablet, or the statue.

In speaking of these monuments, antiquaries apply a variety of

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terms in a special or technical sense, which it will be well to explain at the outset. *Tumulus* (literally, a swelling) is merely the Latin word for a mound. A heap of stones piled up as a monument is known by the Gaelic name *cairn* or *carn*, meaning a protuberance. When a mound or cairn marks the resting-place of the dead, as is mostly the case, it is often called a *barrow*, from an Anglo-Saxon root signifying to cover or protect. The term *megalithic* (Gr. *megas*, great, and *lithos*, a stone) is applied to monuments consisting of large unhewn stones. A single standing stone is sometimes called a *menhir* (Celt. *maen*, stone, and *hir*, long), and a circle of standing stones is a *cromlech* (Celt. *crom*, circle, and *lech*, a stone). A *dolmen* (Celt. *daul*, a table, *maen*, a stone—table-stone) consists of two or more unhewn stones set upright in the earth and a single stone resting upon them horizontally, and forming a kind of cell or chamber. In Britain, it has been common to misapply these terms, and to call what is properly a dolmen, a cromlech, and *vice versâ*. A good deal of confusion has arisen from this loose nomenclature.

Mounds, Cairns.—By far the greater number of mounds were clearly sepulchral, that is, were raised over the remains of the dead. In others there are no traces of interment, and these we may conclude to have been intended as memorials of some event, or as seats of justice (moat or moot hills; Ang.-Sax. *mot*, a meeting, a court; Gael. *mod*, a court). This coincides with what we know of those later mounds erected since history began. Sepulchral mounds or barrows of the simpler kind usually enclose either a rude stone vault or chamber, or a stone chest, called a *kistvaen*; in other cases, a grave cut out more or less below the natural surface, and lined, perhaps, with stone slabs; in this receptacle the body was deposited, either perfect or after being burned to ashes. Along with the remains, weapons and utensils were often deposited, although by no means in all cases. It is from these deposits that the relative ages of the monuments are determined, some being assigned to the Neolithic, some to the Bronze, and others to the Iron Age. It is evident that old sepulchral mounds had often been used as burial-places by tribes of later times; but these *secondary* interments are easily distinguishable from the primary, being usually situated either above them or in the sides of the tumulus. The place was considered sacred, and the original occupant was seldom disturbed. This reverence for ancient burial-mounds survived into the middle ages; Charles the Great enacted that the bodies of Christian Saxons should be buried in the churchyards, and not in the tumuli of the pagans.

Extensive observation has established an interesting fact regarding the modes of burial in past ages—it is, that in the Neolithic or later Stone Age the body was buried in a sitting or contracted posture; that in the Bronze Age it was burned; and that in the Iron Age it was laid extended. There are a good many apparent exceptions to

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this rule; but that these modes are generally characteristic of the three stages of civilisation in question, seems indisputable.

Early history makes frequent mention of the erection of tumuli. Laban and Jacob erected a 'heap of witness' to the agreement made between them. When Achan and his family were stoned to death and burned for their disobedience to the divine order regarding the spoil, the children of Israel 'raised over him a great heap of stones unto this day.' This is not the only instance of a monument being raised to commemorate a crime. Mushat's Cairn, in the Queen's Park at Edinburgh, shews the spot where a wife was murdered by her husband, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, in 1720. Herodotus describes a mound situated to the north of the ancient city of Sardis as one of the wonders of Lydia. It was said to have been raised over the body of Alyattes, king of Lydia, and father of Cræsus; and when Herodotus saw it, there were inscriptions commemorating what portions of the work had been raised by different classes of the inhabitants. It consisted of a mound of earth raised upon a foundation of great stones, and had a circumference of above two-thirds of a mile. This tumulus still exists; and Mr Hamilton found that, on the north side, it consists of the natural rock cut away so as to appear part of the structure. It took him ten minutes to ride round it.

The largest earth-mound in Britain, and one of the largest in the world, is Silbury Hill, in Wiltshire, which has a circumference at the base of more than 2000 feet, and a perpendicular height of 170 feet. It is evidently connected with the great stone circles and avenues of Abury (see page 16). Although it has been examined oftener than once, no primary interment has been found; hence it was probably not sepulchral, but either commemorative or a moot-hill. From the circumstance that the traces of the Roman road, which are visible to the east and west of the mound, run as if they passed under it, attempts have been made to shew that it must have been raised subsequent to the Roman occupation. Recent explorations, however, have proved that the Roman road bent abruptly to the south, to avoid it; from which there can be no doubt that it was there when the road was made, but for how long before no one can tell.

It seems to have depended upon the nature of the soil whether a tumulus should be of earth or of stones. Where loose surface-stones were abundant, a cairn would be more easily constructed than an earthen mound, as it required only a multitude of people and no implements but the hands. Cairns abound in Scotland. On a flat stony moor in the parish of Rathen, Aberdeenshire, there were until lately three cairns, each about 300 feet in circumference and 40 feet high: one of them still remains. A cairn in the parish of Minnigaff, in Galloway, was 890 feet in circumference. The size of the heap, whether of earth or of stones, would depend, of course, on the

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consideration in which the person was held over whom it was erected. The complimentary expression is still current in the Highlands : ' I will add a stone to your cairn.'

Tumuli are now chiefly to be seen on downs and other uncultivated places. The pastoral plains of Wiltshire are studded with them, and in the Orkneys alone it is estimated that more than two thousand still remain. They are scattered over every plain and steppe of both Europe and Asia, and in America they are ' numbered by thousands and tens of ' thousands.' As only the rich and powerful could have commanded the necessary labour, we may, as a rule, look upon every such mound or cairn as marking the resting-place of one of the great ones of the earth.

Some of the larger tumuli have a passage or gallery leading to a central chamber. In Scandinavia, mounds of this kind are known as *Ganggraben*, or ' passage-graves.' The passage, which is composed of great blocks of stone, opens towards the south or east. In a mound of this kind, opened in 1830, numerous skeletons were found sitting on a low seat round the walls of the chamber, each with his weapons by his side. Several of the large tumuli of Brittany have been found to be ' chambered' in the same way.

The explorers of those sepulchral chambers have been struck with their resemblance to the ' winter-houses' of the Esquimaux, and the ' yurts' of the Siberians. A yurt is described as consisting of a central chamber, sunk a little in the ground, and, in the absence of great stones, formed of timber, while earth is heaped up on the roof and against the sides, reducing it to the form of a mound. Round the sides of the room, against the walls, the floor is raised for a width of six feet, and on this elevated part the inmates sleep at night and sit at work by day. This resemblance, taken along with the fact, that several savage tribes have a superstitious reluctance to use anything which has belonged to a dead person, and that in some cases this applies to his house, which is either deserted or used as a grave, has led Professor Nilsson, the Swedish archæologist, to throw out the suggestion, that these *Ganggraben* are a copy, a development, or an adaptation, of the dwelling-house; that the ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia, unable to imagine a future altogether different from the present, or a world quite unlike our own, shewed their respect and affection for the dead, by burying with them those things which in life they had valued most : with women their ornaments, with warriors their weapons. They buried the house with its owner, and the grave was literally the dwelling of the dead. When a great man died, he was placed on his favourite seat, food and drink were arranged before him, his weapons were placed by his side, his house was closed, and the door covered up—sometimes, however, to be opened again when his wife or children joined him in the land of spirits.

Some cairns, also, have a gallery and central chamber. Of three

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large ringed cairns at Clava, on the banks of the Nairn river, near the battle-field of Culloden, one was found to contain a gallery, about 2 feet wide, leading from the south side of the cairn to a circular chamber in the centre, about 15 feet in diameter, built of unhewn and uncemented stones, each course overlapping the other so as to meet at the top in that sort of rude dome which has received the name of the 'bee-hive house.' The Boss Cairn, on the moor of Dranandow, in the parish of Minnigaff, had two galleries crossing each other—each 80 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 3 feet high.

But of all the 'chambered' cairns, the most remarkable is that at New Grange, on the banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda, in Ireland. It is 400 paces in circumference, and about 80 feet high, and is supposed to contain 180,000 tons of stones. In 1699, it was described by Edward Llhwyd, the Welsh antiquary, as 'a mount or barrow, of very considerable height, encompassed with vast stones, pitched on end, round the bottom of it, and having another, lesser, standing on the top.' This last pillar has disappeared; of the outer ring of pillars, ten still remain, placed at about ten yards one from another. 'The cairn,' says Mr Wakeman in his *Archæologia Hibernica* (Dublin, 1848), 'in its present ruinous condition, presents the appearance of a grassy hill partially wooded; but, upon examination, the coating of earth is found to be altogether superficial, and in several places the stones, of which the hill is entirely composed, are laid bare. The opening [which is nearly square, and lined by large flags] was accidentally discovered about the year 1699. The gallery, of which it is the external entrance, communicates with a [dome-roofed] chamber or cave nearly in the centre of the mound. This gallery, which measures in length about 50 feet, is, at its entrance, 4 feet high; in breadth about 3 feet. Towards the interior, its size gradually increases; and its height, where it forms the chamber, is 18 feet. The chamber is cruciform, the head and arms of the cross being formed by three recesses—each containing a basin of granite. The sides of these recesses are composed of immense blocks of stone, several of which bear a great variety of carving, supposed by some to be symbolical. The majority of these carvings must have been executed before the stones had been placed in their present positions, for they are not confined to the exposed surfaces, but extend round the stones, on the faces now inaccessible. The length of the passage and chamber from north to south is 75 feet, and the breadth of the chamber from east to west 20 feet. Of the urns or basins in the recesses, that to the east is the most remarkable. It is formed of a block of granite, and appears to have been set upon, or rather within, another of somewhat larger dimensions.'

The famous chambered mound of Maeshowe, in Orkney (of which an exterior view is given on page 25, fig. 13), has a considerable resemblance to that at New Grange. Great interest was recently excited by the discovery of runic inscriptions in the interior of

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the chamber. These inscriptions have not been yet satisfactorily interpreted ; but the conclusion arrived at is, that the structure was erected as a sepulchral vault in remote times ; that Scandinavian rovers, in the hope of finding buried treasure, opened it, and subsequently used it as a resort or hiding-place ; and that the inscriptions are the work of these recent intruders.

The Pyramids of Egypt are nothing but the primitive mound or cairn developed into an architectural form (see No. 63). The same is true of the Topes of India, erected to preserve relics of the Buddha.

All over the central parts of North America, more especially in the basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries, are scattered earthen mounds and other traces of man's operations, many of them of vast dimensions, and of unknown antiquity. The present Indian tribes have no history or tradition respecting their origin. They imply a much denser population than is consistent with savage life, and indeed the country bears evident traces of extensive tillage. Although the builders of these mounds were acquainted with the use of copper, they may be said to have been in an age of stone ; for they quarried the copper native, and used it as stone, never smelting it, but hammering it cold into ornaments, arrow-heads, and the like. They were ignorant of the art of hardening it by making it into bronze, and thus their implements could never have been very effective. In pottery, they had attained to a considerable degree of perfection. Many of the pipes found are spirited representations of human heads, or animals, or monsters.

The earth-works of the Mississippi Valley consist of enclosures, some of which are evidently defensive ; sepulchral mounds ; temple-mounds ; 'animal' mounds ; and others of a miscellaneous character. One defensive enclosure in Ohio is described as a parallelogram, enclosing 111 acres, and having close to it a perfect square of about 16 acres ; it is estimated that 3,000,000 of cubic feet of earth had been used in this work. There is in the Scioto Valley a group of square and circular enclosures, with avenues formed by parallel walls, which covers an area of four square miles.

The sepulchral mounds, varying from 6 to 80 feet in height, are generally situated outside the enclosures, and usually cover a single body, buried in a contracted posture, but sometimes burned. There are other mounds in which the house with its hearth would seem to have been finally made a sepulchre by covering it over, as in the case of the chambered barrows of the Old World.

The so-called 'temple mounds' are pyramids, sometimes rising in stages, and always having flat tops, like the Teocallis of Mexico.

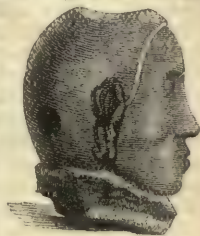


Fig. 4.—Portrait Mound Pipe.

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One of these in Illinois is said to be 700 feet long, and 500 feet wide at the base, and 90 feet high.

Animal Mounds.—But the most remarkable of those ancient American monuments are the ‘animal’ mounds, as they have been called. They are most abundant in the state of Wisconsin, where they occur in thousands. They consist of gigantic figures of men and animals formed in what is called basso-relievo, or low relief, on the surface of the soil. Men, buffaloes, otters, birds, serpents, turtles, are represented. The figures are raised from one to six feet above the surface, and the length sometimes extends to hundreds of feet. Several of them have been opened, and some entirely removed; but nothing has been found to indicate the purpose they were made for. The most remarkable of all these symbolic or imitative earth-works is that known as ‘The Great Serpent’ of Adams County, Ohio. It is thus described in Wilson’s *Prehistoric Man*. ‘At the junction of a small rivulet with Bush Creek, a tributary of the Ohio, a crescent-formed spur of land has been left between the two water-courses, rising abruptly from the level of the stream to a height of 150 feet. At the extreme point of the promontory is an oval earth-work of perfectly regular outline, measuring 160 feet in greatest diameter, and 80 feet, or exactly one-half, in least diameter. A circular heap of large stones, marked strongly by the action of fire, formerly occupied the centre, but its site is now indicated only by a slight elevation. The point of the hill on which this oval earth-work rests appears to have been cut to a conformity with its outline, leaving a smooth external platform ten feet wide, with an inclination towards the embankment on every side. Immediately outside the inner point of this oval enclosure is the Great Serpent’s head, with distended jaws, as if in the act of swallowing what, in comparison with its huge dimensions, is spoken of as an egg, though it measures, as has been said, 160 feet in length. Conforming to the summit of the hill, the body of the serpent winds back for 700 feet, in graceful undulations, terminating with a triple coil at the tail. The figure is clearly and boldly defined, the earth-wrought relievo being upwards of five feet in height by thirty feet in base at the centre of the body, and diminishing towards the head and tail. The entire length, following its convolutions, cannot measure less than a thousand feet. On either side of the serpent’s head two small triangular elevations extend, looking on the ground-plan like external gills, but they are so much obliterated as to render their original form uncertain. Unlike the great Alligator Mound, this remarkable monument stands alone.’

Among the most interesting traces of these mound-builders are the excavations they had made in digging for copper in the neighbourhood of Lake Superior. In the rubbish and soil now filling the trenches, multitudes of stone mauls and axes, as well as implements of copper, have been found. In one excavation, a detached mass of

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native copper was found weighing six tons. It rested on an artificial cradle of black oak, partly preserved by immersion in water. Over these trenches, as well as over many of the earth-works just described, successive generations of forest trees have grown, fallen, and decayed; implying that at least two or three thousand years have elapsed since they were formed.

Dolmens.—A dolmen, as already observed, is properly a large stone resting more or less horizontally on two or more upright stones. But the name is sometimes applied to structures where several blocks are raised upon pillars, so as to form a sort of gallery. One of the most remarkable monuments of this kind is the *Pierre Couverte*, about a mile and a half from Saumur. It is 64 feet long, about 15 feet wide, and about 6 feet high. It has four stones on each side, four on the top, and one at each end. The stone at the east end has fallen down; all the others appear to be as they were originally placed. Some of them are of great size, one on the roof measuring 24 feet in length, and more than 2 feet in thickness. In the days when all megalithic monuments were ascribed to the Druids, these table-stones were supposed to have been the altars on which the Druid priests sacrificed their victims. The prevailing opinion now is, that they were originally sepulchres, although they may have afterwards been used as altars. 'In fact,' says Sir John Lubbock, 'a complete burial-place may be described as a dolmen, covered by a tumulus (or cairn), and surrounded by a stone circle. Often, however, we have only the tumulus, sometimes only the dolmen, and sometimes, again, only the circle.' Some antiquaries are of opinion that all dolmens were originally covered with earth or stones; but the evidence seems to shew that some at least were intentionally left exposed. There is much probability in the suggestion that these exposed dolmens, as well as the central chambers found in many tumuli and cairns, represent the dwelling-house. The original dolmen was perhaps a copy of the first rude shelters erected by men on the surface of the earth, or possibly the actual structure in which the living man had slept at night and sheltered himself from the storm or the sun, converted into his tomb when dead. Now, superstition, as has been well remarked, is extremely conservative; whatever has once become invested with sacred associations, especially with the dead, must never be changed; and thus the original rude form of dwelling would continue to symbolise the house of the dead, however domestic architecture might advance.

Dolmens vary much in appearance with the nature of the rock-formations from which the stones were taken. Fig. 5 represents one of the rudest and most primitive forms. It stands on an elevation called Craigmaddie, in Stirlingshire, and is known as 'The Auld Wives' Lift.' The table-stone is a huge block measuring 18 feet in length, 11 in breadth, and 7 in depth. There is a popular belief that persons who thrust themselves through the narrow

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triangular opening visible between the three stones, will escape the calamity of dying childless. A belief in the virtue of passing through similar crevices, or through holes bored in stones, is one of the most prevalent of superstitions ; it is as common in India now as it once was in western Europe. As recently as 1826, on one day, 'upwards



Fig. 5.—The Auld Wives' Lift.

of eleven hundred persons, both men and women—having removed the greater part of their clothes, and laid themselves flat on their faces—struggled through beneath St Declan's Rock,' in the county of Waterford, Ireland.

In Kent there stands a remarkable dolmen, known as Kit's Coty



Fig. 6.—Kit's Coty House.

House, formed of stones which naturally rise from their beds in more or less regularly shaped slabs, and which thus presents the appearance of a symmetrical cell, or rather of two cells, for the third upright forms a partition near the middle. This structure seems to furnish a transition to those symmetrical dolmens which abound in

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the Deccan, or southern part of Hindustan, most of which present the peculiarity of being closed on all sides. Fig. 7 represents one of these Indian dolmens, figured and described by Captain Meadows Taylor (in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. xxiv., p. 329), who obtained particulars of no less than 2129 dolmens in one district. The round hole in one of the slabs, with which they are mostly furnished, is supposed to have been for the purpose of introducing food for the dead. An exactly similar monument, furnished, too, with a circular hole in one of the upright slabs, is described by a traveller in Circassia.

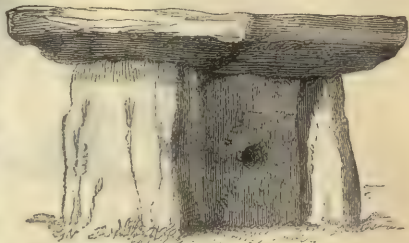


Fig. 7.

‘We must not, however,’ as Sir John Lubbock observes, ‘attribute too much importance to the similarity existing between the megalithic erections in various parts of the world. Give any child a box of bricks, and it will immediately build dolmens, cromlechs, and “triliths” like those of Stonehenge, so that the construction of these remarkable monuments may be regarded as another illustration of the curious similarity existing between the child and the savage.’ It can hardly fail, we think, to strike any one who looks at fig. 7, that we have here the prototype of the old-fashioned chest-like tombstone, of which Christian grave-yards present so many examples.

Cromlechs, or Stone Circles, and Avenues.—The best known, because best preserved, of the stone circles in the United Kingdom is Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire. The name has been usually explained as meaning the Hanging Stones, from the horizontal stones that are supported, as architraves, on the top of the uprights; but it is more probable that the original Anglo-Saxon word was *Stan-ing*, the field (*ing*) or place of stones. The fabric of Stonehenge, which was comparatively entire in the early part of the present century, has been so much defaced in recent times as to be at first view little more than a confused pile of moss-grown stones; but a minute inspection will still enable one to trace its original form. When entire, it consisted of two concentric circles of upright stones, enclosing two ellipses, the whole surrounded by a double mound and ditch, circular in form. Outside the boundary was a single upright stone, and the approach was by an avenue from the north-east, bounded on each side by a mound or ditch. The outer circle consisted of thirty blocks of sandstone, fixed upright at intervals of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and connected at the top by a

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continuous series of imposts, 16 feet from the ground. The blocks were all squared and rough-hewn, and the horizontal imposts dove-



Fig. 8.—Stonehenge.

tailed to each other, and fitted by mortise-holes in their under sides to knobs in the uprights. About 9 feet within this peristyle was the inner circle, composed of thirty unhewn granite pillars, from 5 to 6 feet in height. The grandest part of Stonehenge was the ellipse inside the circle, formed of ten or twelve blocks of sandstone, from 16 to 22 feet in height, arranged in pairs, each pair separate, and furnished with an impost, so as to form five or six 'trilithons.' Within these trilithons was the inner ellipse, composed of nineteen uprights of granite similar in size to those of the inner circle; and in the cell thus formed was the so-called altar, a large slab of blue marble. It is believed that the two circles of smaller unhewn stones, which are of a kind not found in the district, formed the original structure, and must have been brought from a distance, and that the outer circle and 'trilithons' had been erected at a later period. The stones forming these are of the same kind as the detached masses scattered over the plains in the neighbourhood. The fact of the great stones being hewn does not necessarily imply the use of iron tools; it has been proved by experiment that a flint tool will cut stone on which even bronze makes little impression. Stonehenge is generally believed to be the latest of the megalithic style of monument. From the remains found in the numerous tumuli with which it is surrounded, Sir John Lubbock assigns it to the Bronze Age. Avebury, again, is evidently older, and is probably of the Stone Period. Theories as to Stonehenge being a work subsequent to the Roman occupation of Britain are wholly untenable.

The circles and avenues the traces of which are still to be seen near the village of Abury or Avebury, also in Wiltshire, must have formed the grandest of the so-called Druidical monuments in Britain. Aubrey, the antiquary, speaking of it in 1648, says: 'Avebury does as much exceed in greatness the so renowned Stonehenge as cathedral doeth a parish church.' While the diameter of

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the outer circle of stones at Stonehenge is about 100 feet, that of Abury is nearly 1300 feet; the number of stones composing Stonehenge was 140, at Abury the position of 650 have been determined. Not above twenty of these are now standing; with a deplorable vandalism, the rest have been broken up, mostly to build the modern village, which stands within the enclosure. The dimensions of the stones were also greater than those of Stonehenge; they are of the sandstone which lies exposed in great blocks in the neighbourhood, and unhewn. The structure of Abury was in some respects peculiar. The whole was surrounded by a huge rampart, and, inside of it, a deep ditch; the slope from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the mound measures even yet, in some places, from 70 to 80 feet. The circular area thus enclosed contains upwards of 28 acres. Around the edge of this area stood a hundred massive unhewn pillars, 27 feet apart, and from 14 to 17 feet high. Within this outer circle were two other smaller circles, standing side by side; each was composed of a double ring of stones, the outer ring having a diameter of 270 feet, and consisting of thirty stones, the inner ring a diameter of 166 feet, and twelve stones. In the centre of one of the small circles stood a stone upwards of 20 feet high; and in the other, three such pillars with a flat stone on the ground in front of them, which is generally held to have been the altar. From this great enclosure there proceeded two stone avenues with gentle curves, one towards the south-east, the other towards the south-west. They were upwards of a mile long each, with a breadth of 45 feet; one of them, which terminated in a double oval, had 258 stones; the other appeared to terminate in a single stone. Nearly in the middle of the line joining the terminations of the avenues stands Silbury Hill, already spoken of, around the base of which, as explorations have shewn, there was also a circle of rude stones. All round, as far as the eye can reach, the ridges are covered with sepulchral tumuli; and not far from the great enclosure stands, or stood, a dolmen surrounded by a stone circle.

Next, in point of extent, of the British megalithic monuments are the famous Standing Stones of Stennis (Norse *Steinsnes*, the promontory of stones), in Orkney. The largest of the circles, known as the 'ring of Brogar,' is 340 feet in diameter, and consisted originally of sixty pillars, of which about the half remain, varying in height from 6 to 14 feet. Not far off there is a smaller circle, but of larger stones, and enclosing the remains of a dolmen.

At Callernish, in the island of Lewis, about 16 miles from Stornoway, there is a cromlech of a singularly elaborate design, of which the accompanying bird's-eye view will give a better notion than any description. It is the principal of four circles standing near one another. The avenue extends directly north from the circle to the length of 270 feet, the circle having a diameter of 40 feet. The stones, consisting of rude blocks of gneiss, are imbedded in the

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peat-moss to the depth of 4 or 5 feet, having a total height of 10 to 13 feet; the centre stone is at least 16 feet.

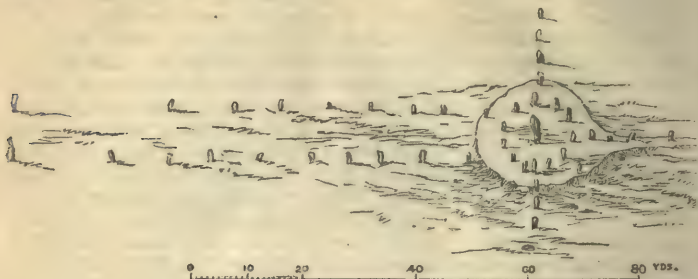


Fig. 9.—Callernish Circle.

These must suffice as specimens of the larger so-called Druidical circles; of the smaller kind, almost every parish, especially where there are still uncultivated eminences, furnishes one or more examples.

In the commune of Carnac, in the department of Morbihan (part of the old French province of Brittany), stand the remains of what must have been the largest megalithic monument yet discovered. It differs from those already described in having no circular nucleus, but consisting entirely of avenues. There are eleven rows of stones, making ten avenues; some of the stones are twenty-two feet above the soil, others are quite small. Only portions of the lines now remain, the rest having been demolished to make room for the plough; but the direction of the avenues in all the detached parts left standing is the same, shewing that they had at one time extended continuously for several miles. Twelve hundred stones, it is said, still remain; fifty years ago, there were 4000; and when the whole was complete, it is estimated that the number must have been 12,000, some say 20,000.

There has been a great deal of controversy as to the purpose of stone circles. Until recently, they used to be spoken of unhesitatingly as Druidical temples; but that theory has been rudely shaken. It may be said to have been first brought into vogue by Stukeley about the middle of last century, and subsequent writers have indulged their fancy in filling up the details of the mode of worship and the rites practised in these supposed fanes. But antiquaries of the modern school are not so easily satisfied as their predecessors, and they can find no direct evidence whatever of the Druids having had anything to do with these stone monuments. We really know very little about the Druids and their religion, beyond the few facts mentioned by Cæsar; and one of these is, that their

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religious rites were performed, not in stone circles, but in groves. Besides, stone circles are found in countries and among races with which the Druids can have had no connection—in India, in Syria, among the Esquimaux. Even in Australia—in the colony of Victoria—they are to be seen in numbers, sometimes circle within circle, as at Avebury, and without any tradition among the natives as to their origin. It is thus not improbable that the cromlechs of Europe, part of them at least, may have been built by those Turanian races, as they have been called, which we know from other evidence to have occupied the West before the appearance of the Celts. We may thus dismiss the notion that there is anything peculiarly Celtic or Druidical about stone circles. But the question of their purpose still remains—were they originally erected as sepulchral monuments or as places of worship? The smaller cromlechs or rings of stone that surround dolmens, mounds, and cairns, and are sometimes enclosed within the heap, are so manifestly parts and pendicles of the tombs, that their original sepulchral purpose is admitted, even by those who hold the larger circles to have been temples. Now, unfortunately for the latter opinion, it is impossible to draw any line between the two classes. Every fresh exploration that is made adds to the evidence that even the larger monuments were used as sepulchres. The great circle at Callernish has, to all appearance, as much claim to be considered a temple as Stonehenge; yet, when it was explored some years ago, under the direction of Sir James Matheson, on ‘digging near the base of a great pillar in the centre of the circle, two rude stone chambers were found, approached by a narrow passage of the same character as those found in chambered cairns. In these chambers were found fragments of incinerated human bones, imbedded in an unctuous substance apparently composed of peaty and animal matter.’ This is not absolutely conclusive of the question; there are multitudes of graves to be found in Christian churches, and yet we know that they were not built as sepulchres. But the advocates of the sepulchral theory do think themselves entitled to say to their opponents: Here is abundant proof that these structures served the purpose of places of interment; many of them were unquestionably erected for this end; and it is reasonable to hold that this was the original purpose of them all, unless there were some positive evidence that they were ever used for any other purpose. Such direct evidence seems never yet to have been adduced; although the advocates of the temple theory are not without many facts and arguments in favour of the probability of their views. Those who wish to enter farther into the question will find these facts and arguments ably and interestingly marshalled in Colonel Forbes-Leslie’s *Early Races of Scotland*; while the case for the sepulchral origin is exhaustively discussed in the second volume of the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, edited for the Spalding Club by Dr Stuart. The circumstance that comes nearer to positive

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evidence in favour of the temple theory than any other, is the fact adduced by Colonel Forbes-Leslie, that in the south of Hindustan there may be frequently seen rude fanes, composed of small stones arranged in circles, newly erected to the worship of some local god. On the other hand, we learn from Dr Hooker's *Himalayan Journal*, that among the Khasias 'the funeral ceremonies are the only ones of any importance, and are often conducted with barbaric pomp and expense; and rude stones of gigantic proportions are erected as monuments, singly or in rows, circles, or supporting one another like those of Stonehenge, which they rival in dimensions and appearance.'

It may help to reconcile the conflicting facts in this matter if we call to mind what seems to be the chief element, if not the essential germ, of the religious notions and rites of rude peoples; namely, the veneration of the dead—the offering of food and drink to the souls of departed friends. These rites would naturally be performed where the remains of the dead were deposited, around which the surviving principle was believed to hover. Thus, the tomb, whether of earth or stone, whether a barrow or a dolmen, was the original altar. As to the immediate purpose of the stone circle, if a dolmen was meant to symbolise a house, might not the ring of stones represent the palisade or fence so necessary in lawless times, especially around the dwelling of a patriarch or chief, as a rallying point for the tribe? It might thus have something to do with the rank of the deceased. Be this as it may, it would become intimately associated with the common worship of the tribe, which would consist of meeting within the enclosure, offering sacrifices or other gifts on the table-stone of the tomb or on the mound, and making processions around it. This is the very form that the veneration of the Buddha retains to this day, and it is argued with great plausibility that the carpenter-like stone railing that surrounds the Buddhist tope, and within which the pious walk in procession, is only a refinement on the ring of rude stones that surrounded the earthen mound, which was the prototype of the tope itself. The stone circle would thus become a sacred notion, from its association with worship; and as tribes developed into nations, and religious ideas advanced beyond the souls of deceased mortals to beings of a superior order, it is natural to suppose that the larger enclosures necessary for worship would be constructed after the hallowed type, the central dolmen or mound giving place to a simple altar-stone.

In many cromlechs, paved spaces have been found in digging; and the frequent occurrence also of traces of charring has suggested that on these paved places the bodies were burned before being placed in the urns. The theory has even been advanced that Avebury and Stonehenge, instead of being temples, were great national *burning-places*. This would account for the multitude of barrows gathered round them, giving the country the appearance of a vast grave-yard.

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It has always excited wonder how such immense masses of stone could have been transported and raised with the rude appliances then at command. But the hill-tribes of India perform similar feats at this day with the simplest means. The transport is effected on rollers, consisting of round trees cut to the required length; and an inclined plane of earth serves to raise the blocks into the desired position, the earth being cleared away when the structure is finished.

Menhirs, stone pillars, or single standing stones, are also believed to have been in their origin monumental, the greater part being simply tombstones, others commemorative of particular events, or serving to mark boundaries. Boundary-stones are known in Great Britain as 'hare,' 'haer,' or 'hair stones;' there are also 'haer-cairns.' Stone pillars have also been objects of worship in all countries. In fact, idols or images of the gods, which the Greeks carried to such artistic perfection, seem to have begun with the simple stone pillars with rude heads carved on them, which were known as *hermæ*, and served to mark boundaries; and it is significant that many cairns in Greece which also served as boundary marks were called *hermæa*, both words being from the same root, signifying a heap. It is not improbable that the association of pillar-stones with the dead and with boundaries (a very sacred idea in primitive times) brought them to be looked upon as symbols or representatives of the unseen powers. The obelisk is only a refinement on the unhewn menhir. The finest specimen of the menhir in Britain stands in the churchyard of the village of Rudston, Yorkshire; counting the 12 feet to which it is sunk below the surface, its height is $41\frac{1}{2}$ feet. But the largest unhewn monolith known is that at Loc-Maria-Ker, not far from the stone avenues of Carnac. It lies prostrate, and broken into four pieces, which together measure upwards of 60 feet, and are calculated to weigh 260 tons.



Fig. 10.—Menhir at Loc-Maria-Ker.
From Colonel Forbes-Leslie's *Early
Races of Scotland*.

One class of pillar-stones, known as 'the Sculptured Stones of Scotland,' have attracted a good deal of attention from the singular figures cut on them. As a general rule, the megalithic monuments are unhewn, and without sculpture or ornament, although some

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instances of very archaic engravings have of late been observed both on stone pillars and rocks. They consist almost solely of geometrical figures, without any attempt to represent objects of any kind. Fig. 11 will give an idea of the prevailing patterns. They



Fig. 11.—Rock Sculptures : Scotland.

From stone near the Moonbutts, parish of Cargill, Perthshire.

have been observed in Scotland, the north of England, and Ireland. They occur abundantly on the stones forming the central chamber at New Grange (p. 10). But the figures on the 'Sculptured Stones,' although still rude and simple, are a great advance on this archaic style, and evidently belong to a much later stage. The most



Fig. 12.—Symbols on Sculptured Stones.

characteristic portions of these sculptures are a number of symbols, which constantly recur in different combinations. The symbols consist of objects of common use, such as the comb, mirror (*a*), and

shears; of figures of animals—the bull, horse, boar, fish, dog's head, serpent (see tail-piece), and elephant (*b*); and of a set of unfamiliar objects—the so-called 'spectacle-ornament' (*c*), 'crescent' (*d*), 'sceptre,' 'horse-shoe' (*e*); and some others.

Nothing at all resembling these sculptures has been observed in any other country; and even in Scotland, they are confined to the eastern lowlands north of the Forth. As this district, at the time when history opens, was the abode of the Picts, the sculptures are probably the work of that race. The stones on which they occur are of two kinds. One class consists of dressed slabs in the form of crosses, or having crosses and other Christian emblems sculptured on them, along with the peculiar Pictish symbols. These, of course, cannot be older than the introduction of Christianity into Pictland, which was in the seventh century A.D.; though in some instances Christian symbols appear to have been cut on stones of an older heathen character. The other class are unhewn slabs or pillar-like masses, and the symbols on them are cut in simple outlines; whereas on the cross-slabs they partake of the ornamentation with which the crosses and other figures are overspread. There can thus be little doubt that these ruder monuments are more ancient than the other, and that the emblems were those of a pagan people, and were continued in use for a time after Christianity was accepted.

The purpose and meaning of these pillars and sculptures have occasioned much speculation. Some look upon them as having a religious purpose, and consider the figures to have been emblems or hieroglyphs of attributes and ideas connected with planetary or other worship. Dr Stuart, the editor of the two magnificent volumes on this subject got up by the Spalding Club, comes to the conclusion that, like all other megalithic monuments, the 'Sculptured Stones' were simply tombstones; and that 'the comb, mirror, brooches, "spectacles," "crescents," and associated figures, were all objects of personal ornament or use, and that when they appear on our pillar-stones, they are to be regarded as symbols representing the dignity, office, or descent of individuals.' The so-called 'spectacles,' 'crescents,' and horse-shoe, he holds to represent ornaments of the nature of buckles or clasps; and the 'sceptre,' which never occurs alone, but united with these (*c* and *d*, fig. 12) and one or two other objects, to be some kind of contrivance for fastening the ornament to the dress. Such ornaments might serve as devices, marking personal distinctions; and it is well known that the practice of using figures of animals as badges of particular tribes or families, has prevailed in all times. It is easy, then, to conceive, that by a combination of such insignia, a pillar-stone might be made to tell effectively the tribe or family, the dignity, or the office or occupation of him whose ashes lay beside it; although we may be now ignorant of the conventional rules of the rude heraldry by which the combination was to be interpreted.

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DWELLINGS AND FORTS.

The ordinary dwellings of prehistoric times were, we may easily imagine, of too perishable a nature to leave any permanent traces, consisting, as they must have done, of rude structures of logs and wattles, or of loose stones and turf. Such frail huts, or, at all events, those of the chief men of the tribe, were huddled together within those circular ramparts, traces of which yet crown so many eminences. Though many of those intrenchments are possibly older than the advent of the Celts, it is by the Celtic names *dun*, *rath*, and *caer* that they are now mostly known. They consist, according to the nature of the soil, of earth or of uncemented stones, or of a mixture of both. It seems as if almost every commanding eminence in the country had at one time been occupied as a place of defence.

In countries where caverns abound, there is evidence that these were used as places of shelter and concealment; in other situations, artificial subterranean refuges were constructed, many of which have been discovered. In Ireland and Scotland, where they have been chiefly observed, they are known by the names of *earth-houses*, *Picts' houses*, *bee-hive houses*, and *weems* (Gael. caves). It is difficult to distinguish many of these structures from the chambered mounds above described. The earth-house, in its simplest form, is a single irregularly shaped chamber, from four to ten feet in width, from twenty to sixty feet in length, and from four to seven feet in height, built of unhewn and uncemented stones, roofed by unhewn flags, and entered from near the top by a rude doorway, so low and narrow that only one man can slide down through it at a time. When the chamber is unusually wide, the side-walls converge, one stone over-lapping another, until the space at the top can be spanned by stones of four or five feet in length. In its more advanced form, the earth-house shews two or more chambers, communicating with one another by a narrow passage. There are instances in which one of the chambers has the circular shape and dome-roof to which archæologists have given the name of the 'bee-hive house.' Occasionally, as many as forty or fifty earth-houses are found in the same spot, as in the moor of Clova, not far from Kildrummy, in Aberdeenshire. They appear to have been almost invariably built in dry places, such as gravelly knolls, steep banks of rivers, and hill-sides. They are generally so near the surface of the ground, that the plough strikes upon the flagstones of the roof, and thus leads to their discovery. The object most frequently found in them is a stone quern, or hand-mill, not differing from that which continued to be used in remote corners of Scotland within the memory of living men. Along with the quern are generally found ashes, bones, and deer's horns; and more rarely

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small round plates of stone or slate, earthen vessels, cups and implements of bone, stone celts, bronze swords, gold rings, and the like. Occasionally, the surface of the ground beside the earth-house shews vestiges of what are supposed to have been rude dwelling-houses, and folds or enclosures for cattle. This, with other things, would indicate that the earth-houses of Scotland and Ireland (for they are found also in that island) were put to the same purpose as the caves which, as Tacitus (writing in the second century) tells us, the Germans of his day dug in the earth, as store-houses for their corn, and as places of retreat for themselves during winter, or in time of war. Some earth-houses have been erected on the natural surface of the soil, and have been buried by a mound heaped over them.

An advance on the bee-hive house is the Pictish tower or 'burgh,' which abounds in the north of Scotland. The best example of this class of monuments is Burgh-Mousa, on the island of Mousa, Shetland (see page 1). It is composed of flat slabs of clay-slate, which have been easily piled together in a compact mass without the aid of mortar. In exterior figure, the tower is round, inclining inwards about half-way up, and then bulging out near the top. Near



Fig. 13.—Maeshowe.

the foundation, its circumference is 158 feet, and it measures about 40 feet in height. On the side next the sea, there is a doorway, and that is the only exterior aperture. Entering the doorway, we find the wall sixteen feet thick, and looking upwards, feel as if we were at

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the bottom of a well, for the circular interior has no flooring, and the top is open to the sky. Opposite the doorway, there is an entrance to a passage and stair, which wind upwards, within the thickness of the wall, to the summit of the building. At different places, there are recesses, or galleries, leading off from the stair, lighted by apertures to the interior; such dismal holes being all that we find in the way of apartments. It is customary to speak of an outer and inner wall; but the two walls, if we so distinguish them, are so firmly bound together by the stair and otherwise, as to afford a united resistance to assault. Obviously, the structure was used as a retreat in case of attack from foreign enemies, against whom missiles could be showered down from the species of battlement formed by the top of the well-knit walls. These structures are believed to be anterior to the incursions of the Northmen, but whether they reach back to the Bronze Age cannot be determined.

It is striking to find in the island of Sardinia the ruins of numerous edifices of almost identical appearance and structure. These *nuraghe*, as they are there called, are 30 or 40 feet high, with two or three stories of domed chambers connected by a spiral staircase. Although 3000 of them exist, none are perfect. Nothing



Fig. 14.—View of the Nuraghe of Goni, in Sardinia.

is known of their purpose, or when or by whom they were built. Skeletons and other marks of sepulchral use have been found in them; but this may have been secondary to their original purpose.

Belonging probably to the same stage of civilisation as the monuments now spoken of, are those ancient city-walls or fortresses in Greece and Italy that have got the name of Cyclopean, from their

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being fabled to have been built by the Cyclopes. They are composed either of large irregular masses of stone, having the interstices filled with smaller stones; or the blocks, without being squared, are so cut as to fit exactly into one another, and make a solid wall without mortar. The best known examples are those of Tiryns and Mycenæ in Greece, and Fæsulæ in Italy. Connected with the fortress of Mycenæ are subterranean conical vaults, reminding one of the 'bee-hive houses' of western Europe. They are believed to have been the tombs of famous chiefs.

Lake-dwellings.—A great addition has been made to our knowledge of the way of living in unrecorded times, by the recent exploration of the sites of ancient dwellings that had been built on small islands, or on piles, near the shores of lakes. The earliest notice of such lake-dwellings that has been observed is in the pages of Herodotus, who thus describes the dwellers on Lake Prasias, in Thrace. 'Their manner of living is the following. Platforms, supported upon tall piles, stand in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. At the first, the piles which bear up the platforms were fixed in their places by the whole body of the citizens; but since that time the custom which has prevailed about fixing them is this: They are brought from a hill called Orbelus, and every man drives in three for each wife that he marries. Now, the men have all many wives apiece, and this is the way in which they live. Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trap-door giving access to the lake beneath; and their wont is to tie their baby-children by the foot with a string, to save them from rolling into the water. They feed their horses and their other beasts upon fish, which abound in the lake to such a degree, that a man has only to open his trap-door, and to let down a basket by a rope into the water, and then to wait a very short time, when he draws it up quite full of them.' The Lake Prasias of the Father of History seems to be the modern Lake Takinos, on the Strymon, or Kara-su, a river which, rising on the borders of Bulgaria, flows southward through Roumelia, and, after expanding its waters into a lake, falls into the Gulf of Contessa. It appears that the fishermen of this lake still live in wooden cottages built over the water, as in the days of Herodotus.

The attention of antiquaries was first drawn to this subject in 1839, by a discovery made in Ireland by Mr W. R. Wilde. The small lake of Lagore, near Dunshaughlin, in the county of Meath, having been drained, a circular mound, which had been an island in its waters, was observed to be thickly strewed with bones. As these were to be carted away for manure, it was found to be an artificial structure. Its circumference, measuring 520 feet, was formed by upright piles of oak about 7 feet long, mortised into oak planks laid flat upon the marl and sand at the bottom of the

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lake. The upright piles were tied together by cross-beams, and the space which they enclosed was divided into compartments by oak beams, some of which had grooves, so as to allow panels to be driven down between them. The compartments thus formed were filled with bones and black peaty earth. Portions of a second tier of upright piles were observed rising from the first tier. The bones were ascertained to be those of several varieties of oxen, of swine, deer, goats, sheep, dogs, foxes, horses, and asses. Along with them were found a vast number of weapons, ornaments, and utensils, fashioned of stone, bone, wood, bronze, and iron. On reference to the ancient annals, in which Ireland is so rich, it was seen that, in 848 A.D., a hostile Irish chief 'plundered the island of Loch Gabhor' [as Lagore was then written], 'and afterwards burned it, so that it was level with the ground ;' and that again, in 933 A.D., 'the island of Loch Gabhor was pulled down' by the piratical Norsemen.

Mr Wilde's discovery at Lagore was followed by other discoveries of the same kind elsewhere in Ireland, so that in 1857 the existence of about fifty 'crannoges' had been ascertained ; and every succeeding year has seen an increase of the number. They shew several varieties of construction. The island at Lagore is a type of the purely artificial crannoge. But most frequently the crannoge was partly natural. An islet just level with the water, was raised artificially a foot or two above it. An islet too small to be a convenient habitation, or too easy of landing to be a place of defence, had its area artificially enlarged, or its banks artificially strengthened, generally by piles or stockades, but occasionally by heaps of stones. The accompanying wood-cut shews a section (on the scale of 1 inch to 20 feet) of the crannoge in Ardakillin Lough, near Stokestown,

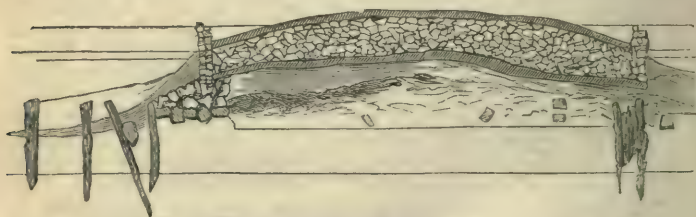


Fig. 15.—Section of Crannoge.

in the county of Roscommon. The uppermost line marks the highest level of the waters of the lake ; the middle line, the common winter level ; the third line, the common summer level. The upper surface of the crannoge was formed of a layer of loose stones, surrounded by a wall, partly supported by piles. The stones rested on the natural clay, peat, and boulders of the island, in digging

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through which strata of ashes, bones, and logs of timber were met with. The stockades were of oak; the oblique or slanting stockade shewn in the wood-cut represents a girdle of sheet-piling which quite encircled the crannoge. The Irish annals, it has been seen, make mention of crannoges as early as the ninth century, and they figure in history down to the middle of the seventeenth century, having been used as places of refuge and defence.

It was afterwards shewn that similar remains are to be found in almost every province of Scotland, and in records they are mentioned by the same name—crannoge (of uncertain meaning)—as in Ireland; as late as the end of the seventeenth century, the crannoge of Lochan-Eilean, in Strathspey, is spoken of as ‘useful to the country in time of troubles or wars, for the people put in their goods and children here, and it is easily defended.’

Although there is every probability that many of those sites were occupied from the earliest times, yet the circumstance of their continuing to be used till recently, makes it difficult to disentangle and interpret the evidence of the remains. It is in this way that the discovery of the Swiss *pile-buildings* was of such importance; for they had ceased to be used, and had entirely disappeared, before the dawn of history, not even a tradition of them having survived. The winter of 1853-4 was one of the driest that had been seen in Switzerland, and the lakes sank to a lower level than was ever known before. The inhabitants of the village of Meilen, on the Lake of Zürich, took advantage of this unusual subsidence to reclaim a piece of land from the lake. As the work went on, a learned antiquary, Dr Ferdinand Keller, discovered the remains of rows of deeply driven piles, and, imbedded in the mud around them, found heaps of primitive weapons, tools, and utensils, made of stone and bone. Closer examination satisfied him that the piles had supported a platform; that on this platform huts had been raised; and that after being thus occupied, probably for centuries, the structure had been destroyed by fire. The discovery in the Lake of Zürich of these *Keltische Pfahlbauten* (Celtic pile-buildings), as Dr Keller called them—*habitations lacustres* (lake-dwellings), as other Swiss archæologists have termed them—was followed almost immediately by the discovery of erections of the same kind in other lakes of Switzerland. The site chosen for these lake-dwellings was generally a sunny and sheltered bay, with a gently shelving bottom of mud or clay. The piles, from 4 to 10 inches in diameter, were rudely fashioned of whatever wood was at hand. They were driven in a depth of not less than six or seven feet of water, at a distance of from 100 to 300 feet from the shore. They were ranged generally from 1 to 2 feet apart, in the form of a narrow parallelogram, having its longest side in a line with the edge of the lake. At Wangen, on the lower Lake of Constance, the piles, from 30,000 to 40,000 in number, extend about 700 paces in length, and about 120 in breadth.

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At Morges, on the Lake of Geneva, the piles stretch 1200 feet in length, by 120 feet in width, so that they would have supported a

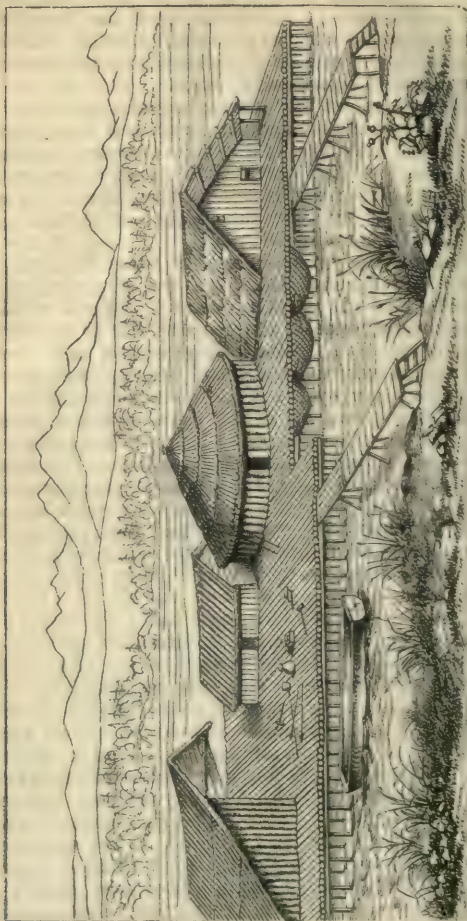


Fig. 16.—Crannoge restored.

platform with an area of about 18,000 feet, sufficiently capacious, according to the calculations of M. Frederic Troyon of Lausanne, to

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contain 316 huts, with a population of 1264 persons. The huts, it would seem, were for the most part circular in shape, measuring from 10 to 15 feet in diameter; they were of wattles, plastered with clay, masses of which hardened by fire, still bearing the marks of the wattles which it had received when wet and soft, have been recovered from the beds of the lakes. In at least one instance, the remains of a bridge or gangway, leading from the platform to the shore, have been discovered. Many small boats, hollowed out of the trunks of trees, have been found; and one large vessel of the same kind, 50 feet long, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, has been observed at the bottom of the Lake of Bienné. Fig. 16 shews the *Pfahlbauten*, as the Swiss archæologists believe them to have been in their original state.

The lake-dwellings of Switzerland have obviously much more resemblance to those of Lake Prasias, described by Herodotus, than to the crannoges of Ireland. But the Swiss at the same time can shew examples of the Irish type.

Altogether more than 200 settlements have already been discovered in the Swiss lakes; in Lake Bienné, 20; in the Lake of Geneva, 24; in Lake Constance, 32; in Neuchâtel, as many as 49. 'Of those already known,' says Sir John Lubbock, 'some few belong to the Iron Age, and even to Roman times; but the greater number appear to be divided in almost equal proportions between the age of Stone and that of Bronze.' Among the marks by which the two last are distinguished from one another, is the way in which the piles have been pointed. 'They (the piles) must have had a length of from 15 to 30 feet, and they were from 3 to 9 inches in diameter. The pointed extremity which entered into the mud still bears the marks of the fire and the rude cuts made by the stone hatchets. The piles belonging to the Bronze period being prepared with metal axes, were much more regularly pointed, and the differences between the two have been ingeniously compared to those shewn by lead pencils well and badly cut. Moreover, a cut by a stone axe is necessarily more or less concave, whereas those made with metal are flat.' When we learn that at one settlement alone, that of Wangen, 50,000 piles must have been used, and when we consider that all these had to be cut down, dragged to the lake, pointed, and driven into the bottom, by a handful of men with stone tools, it raises our notions of the capacity and patient endurance of those primitive races.

Although skins of animals formed the chief material of their clothing, yet there is evidence that even in the Stone Age the arts of spinning and weaving were practised; for not only are spindle-whorls abundant, but in several settlements not a few remnants of rude fabrics (see fig. 17) have been found. Among the animals then existing in Switzerland, were two species of wild oxen, the urus and the bison, as well as the elk—all now extinct. The red deer and the boar appear to have formed an important article of food to the

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lake-dwellers. It is doubtful if the horse existed in the Stone Age, but he is not unfrequent in that of Bronze. The lake-dwellers must, like many other races, have had a prejudice against the hare, the bones of which, although, doubtless, it then existed in the country, are entirely absent from the débris of their settlements. The common fowl, the domestic cat, the common mouse, and our two species of rats, are also absent. The lake-dwellers were not ignorant of agriculture, for carbonised grain has been found in considerable quantities, and even pieces of bread, seemingly unleavened. The grains

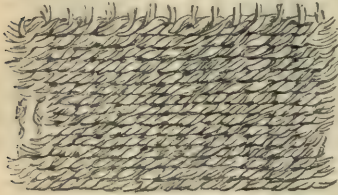


Fig. 17.—Piece of Tissue from Robenhause.

found are chiefly wheat, barley, and millet. Oats seem to have been unknown in the Stone Age, though cultivated in that of Bronze. Rye also is absent, and so is hemp, although flax was used. A remarkable parallel to this has been pointed out in the early books of the Bible and in Homer, where, although wheat, barley, and flax are often mentioned, oats, rye, and hemp appear to have been unknown. The lake-settlements belonging to the Stone Age are found all over Switzerland; those of the Bronze Age are mostly confined to the western parts of the country; and it is only in the lakes of Bienne and Neuchâtel that evidences of the Iron Age occur.

Such are a few specimens of the revelations that antiquarian science is daily making as to the condition of man in times long gone by—restored pages, as it were, of human history which had been looked upon as lost beyond recovery.



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IN the ancient saying, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich,' is found one of the truest principles of social economy. Riches are the visible testimony of diligent industry—the tangible result of painstaking and consistent labour. Houses, clothing, articles of elegance and utility, public works of all kinds, private wealth, are all products of skilful and persevering industry. Some one has worked for them. Money is only a variety of wealth: it is an article representing the accumulated fruits of past labour. The industry which tends to an increase of wealth by labours useful to society, or which aims by honest means at mere personal subsistence, is usually blest, and is, at all events, always respectable. Unfortunately, there is a dishonest as well as an honest course of industry. Dishonest industry is that kind of labour which attempts to acquire riches at the expense of another, without the intervention of useful services, or without increasing in any way the general resources of the country. This vicious and worthless species of industry is exemplified in two ways—by robbing and gambling. A man may be very industrious in robbing his neighbours by means of artifice or violence. As striking at the foundation of society, theft and robbery of every kind are the subject of severe legal chastisement in all civilised communities. Gambling may be said to be robbery under a different form. Two parties engage to stake a sum of money on the precarious turn of a die, the winner to pocket the stake of his antagonist. It is evident that the gaining of money by this means is not reputable. The only difference between it and robbery is, that chance is substituted for artifice or violence. It is a mutual agreement of two persons to try to rob each other, the robber to be the party whom chance happens to favour. Besides being disreputable, gambling is worthless in every sense. It adds nothing to general resources. A party of men might gamble with each other for a whole year, and yet at the end, amongst them all, there would not be any more property than at the beginning. Some would be rich, but others would be poor. All would likewise be demoralised. Besides being conscious of having misspent their time, their minds would be perverted to mean pursuits, and any former relish for habits of honest industry would have vanished. Thus, gambling, though not considered so great a crime as robbery, is held in almost as great detestation.

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So injurious is gambling to the interests of society, that it has been rendered illegal in most countries, and is now little heard of as a vice openly practised. At the same time, other kinds of enterprise, which it is difficult to separate abstractly from chance money games, have been always less or more practised, much to the loss and scandal of the general community. We here allude to certain great public schemes of adventuring money in joint-stock concerns. The union of capital, by shares, in order to execute undertakings of a useful kind, which the wealth of no single individual could accomplish, is one of the valuable inventions of modern times ; and to it do we owe nearly all banks, life and fire insurance establishments, canals, railways, and many other economic arrangements and institutions. But everything good is liable to abuse. Besides carefully considered and every way desirable joint-stock projects, schemes of the most visionary nature have been originated and supported. Sometimes the schemes, though visionary, were got up from no bad intention, being merely a consequence of inconsiderate enthusiasm ; but in others, if not originating in deception, they were continued with a reckless disregard of consequences, and evidently for the sake of immediate and unjustifiable returns. They were, in fact, equivalent to the worst species of gambling.

The avaricious desire of being speedily rich is at the foundation of these hideous speculative manias ; and national embarrassment, besides individual impoverishment, has been the invariable consequence ; yet so little does one generation profit by the errors and sufferings of its predecessors, that a mania for speculation has become almost of periodical occurrence. Believing that it may be useful to describe the rise, and progress, and results of a few of the principal manias which have taken place in Europe, the following particulars have been collected ; commencing with an account of the Darien Scheme, which, however, had a fair commercial basis, and is not to be classed with projects of a dishonest character.

THE DARIEN SCHEME.

THE history of this scheme extends from 1695 to 1701, in the reign of William III. The scene was Scotland, a country at the time emerging from civil strife into the tranquillity of industrious occupation. The founder of the project was William Paterson, a man of sagacity and genius. The oblivion into which everything regarding Paterson had fallen, beyond his connection with the Darien expedition, is remarkable, seeing the part he undoubtedly played in many of the transactions of his time. Even the tradition that he was born in Scotland, seemed unsupported by any evidence. But

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an indefatigable explorer has, of late years, brought to light a number of authenticated particulars in his career;* and another admirer of his character has conclusively settled the point of his birthplace and parentage.† William Paterson, then, was born in the year 1658, in the parish of Tinwald, Dumfriesshire, where his father, John Paterson, was a farmer. He was destined for the church; but before he was twenty years old, he had betaken himself to England, having, according to a tradition, become involved in the religious troubles then agitating Scotland. Be that as it may, it is certain that before he was thirty he was a London merchant, carrying on considerable transactions with the West Indies and with the north of Germany. It would even appear that he made one or more voyages to the West Indies; although there is no foundation for the stories, circulated later by his detractors, that he pursued for a time the career of a buccaneer. It was probably through his mercantile connection with this part of the world that Paterson, being a man of education and of an inquiring turn of mind, gained a thorough acquaintance with the geography of the great isthmus which connects North and South America, with the nature of the soil and its productions, and with the manner in which the various tribes who inhabited it stood related to each other and to the Spaniards. The advantages of the Isthmus of Darien, as the site of a great commercial capital, could not fail to strike him. He believed that it would be quite possible to make the narrow isthmus a channel of trade with the Pacific, and thus bring into a focus the commerce of the East Indies in connection with his native country. Animated with this idea, he proposed the scheme of a Company to various parties in Scotland, England, and the continent; but with no effect. At length his project gained the favourable consideration of the celebrated Fletcher of Salton, a patriot, and a man inclined to take extreme views. The two Scotchmen became acquainted with each other in London; Fletcher listened attentively to Paterson's explanation of his scheme, and in a short time became as sanguine and enthusiastic in regard to it as himself. Resolved, however, to secure the whole benefits of the project for his native country, he persuaded Paterson to accompany him to Scotland, where he introduced him to the Marquis of Tweeddale, then minister for Scotland, to Lord Stair and Mr Johnston, the two secretaries of state, and to the lord advocate, Sir James Stewart. At this time, public feeling in Scotland was much excited regarding the recent massacre of Glencoe; and both King William and the minister Stair, who had been implicated in the bloody transaction, were exceedingly unpopular. Paterson's scheme, it was conceived, would divert the

* *William Paterson, his Life and Trials.* By S. Bannister. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1858.

† *The Birthplace and Parentage of William Paterson.* By W. Pagan. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1865.

attention of the Scotch from this unfortunate occurrence ; and if the king were to afford it his countenance, his popularity would revive. Accordingly, Stair supported the scheme with all his influence and eloquence, as one from which Scotland would reap incalculable benefits ; and in June 1695, the Scottish parliament passed an act establishing ‘a Company trading to Africa and the Indies, with power to plant colonies, and build cities, towns, or forts, in places not in the possession of any other European power, with the consent of the natives’—the Company to have an exemption for twenty-one years from all duties and impositions. The king was prevailed on to grant a charter in the terms of this act.

The Darien Scheme having thus received the sanction of public authority, Paterson opened the subscription. Instantaneously the whole country was thrown into a ferment. ‘The frenzy of the Scotch nation to sign the Solemn League and Covenant did not exceed the rapidity with which they ran to subscribe to the Darien Company. The nobility, the gentry, the merchants, the people, the royal burghs, without the exception of one, and most of the other public bodies, subscribed. Young women threw their little fortunes into the stock ; widows sold their jointures to get the command of money for the same purpose. Almost in an instant £400,000 were subscribed in Scotland, although it is known that at that time there was not above £800,000 of cash in the kingdom.’ Extensive premises were built in the neighbourhood of Bristo Port, Edinburgh, to serve as an office for the Company, and as warehouses in which to store up the rich merchandise, the silks, the gold, the spices which the Company’s ships were to bring from across the Atlantic.

The frenzy was not confined to Scotland. Colonel Erskine, son of Lord Cardross, and Mr Haldane of Gleneagles, both men of character and fortune, being deputed to receive subscriptions in England and on the continent, such was the eagerness for shares that in a few days the English subscribed £300,000, and the Dutch and Hamburgers £200,000, although the scheme had been rejected when offered to them by Paterson a short time before.

The Darien Scheme was therefore launched with fair auspices. Its prospects, however, were soon overcast. The English merchants, and especially the East India Company, took the alarm, and began to manifest the utmost jealousy against the proposed expedition. The national antipathy between England and Scotland was not yet extinct ; and the absurd idea was generally entertained, that any increase of prosperity to Scotland arising from an increase of trade, must inflict a positive damage on England. To such a height did these narrow views reach, that on the 13th of December 1695, the Houses of Lords and Commons presented a joint address to King William, expostulating with him on the establishment of the Darien Company, declaring that it would be detrimental, if not altogether fatal, to the interests of the East India Company. Scotland, they

said, will become, as it were, one free port for East Indian goods ; the Scotch will then be able to undersell us ; capital will all rush northward into Scotland, and England will languish and pine away. Nor was this all. The House of Commons went so far as to impeach some Englishmen who had taken part in the establishment of the new Company ; and, more ridiculous still, to impeach some Scotchmen, among whom was Lord Belhaven, although these, as subjects of another realm, were beyond their jurisdiction. This decided opposition on the part of the two Houses was successful. The king, in his answer to the address, expressed his sympathy with its views, and said ‘that the king had been ill served in Scotland, but hoped some remedies might still be found to prevent the evils apprehended.’ To shew that he really meant what he said, William immediately dismissed his Scotch ministers, and sent instructions to the English envoy at Hamburg to present a memorial to the senate, in which he declared that the Darien Company had not his sanction, and warned the senate against having any connection with it. The independent Hamburg merchants returned the following spirited answer : ‘We look upon it as a very strange thing that the king of Britain should offer to hinder us, who are a free people, from trading with whom we please ; but we are amazed to find him wishing to hinder us from entering into engagements with his own subjects in Scotland, to whom he has lately given such large privileges by so solemn an act of parliament.’ ‘But merchants,’ says the old account, ‘though mighty prone to passion, are easily intimidated ;’ and the consequence of this illiberal interference with the Darien Scheme was, that the Dutch, the Hamburgers, and the English for the most part withdrew their subscriptions, and the Scotch were left to depend almost entirely on their own scanty resources for the planning of the projected colony on the Isthmus of Darien.

Instead of being dispirited by the withdrawal of such a large proportion of the subscriptions, the Scotch became more convinced of the soundness of the scheme, and regarded the opposition of the English merchants as a testimony in its favour. The old spirit of ill-will to the English incited them as strongly to persist in the enterprise as, a hundred and fifty years before, it had incited them to fight the English in the field. Moreover, Paterson’s vehement eloquence, and gorgeous descriptions of the spot where he proposed to found the colony, completely seized the national imagination. ‘Trade,’ he said, ‘will beget trade, money will beget money, the commercial world will no more want work for their hands, but will rather want hands for their work. Darien, the door of the seas, the key of the universe, will enable its possessors to become the legislators of both worlds, and the arbitrators of commerce. The settlers at Darien will acquire a nobler empire than Alexander or Cæsar, without fatigue, expense, or danger, as well as without incurring the

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guilt and bloodshed with which conquerors are usually chargeable.' With these golden prospects before them, who could hesitate? Six ships, of from thirty-six to sixty guns, were ordered to be built at Hamburg; for so resolute was the king against the scheme, that he refused to let the Company have the use of a ship-of-war then lying at Burntisland. Twelve hundred men, including three hundred youths of the best Scottish families, volunteered themselves as the first emigrants—the founders of the great future capital of the world. So universal was the enthusiasm, that even the most cautious politicians in the kingdom participated in it, and were shareholders in the Company.

On the 26th of July 1698, five ships, with twelve hundred men on board, and provisions for a year, set sail from Leith. 'The whole city of Edinburgh,' we are told, 'poured down upon Leith to see the colony depart, amid the tears, and prayers, and praises of relations and friends. Many seamen and soldiers, whose services had been refused because more had offered themselves than were needed, were found hid in the ships, and when ordered ashore, clung to the ropes and timbers, imploring to go, without reward, with their companions.' The fleet reached its destination in two months; and the colonists, disembarking, entered with spirit on their new duties. Had they chosen, they might, it is said, have marched from the most northern extremity of Mexico to the most southern extremity of Chili, and overturned the whole Spanish empire in America, so much superior were they in strength and discipline to the degenerate Spaniards; but cautious against giving a bad impression of their aims and intentions, they paid scrupulous attention to the claims which other nations made to certain parts of the American territory, sent friendly messages to the Spanish governors, and began to bargain with the native Indians for the lands on which they meant to settle. The country which they purchased they called New Caledonia. The name of the spot where they disembarked was Acta: this, which was to be the site of the new city, they called New Edinburgh, and a fort which they built in the neighbourhood they called St Andrew. A narrow neck of land which ran into the sea was cut through, so as to make the harbour more safe and convenient; and on a mountain behind the fort was placed a watch-tower, commanding a prospect of immense range. Here, it is said, the Highlanders, of whom there were a great many in the expedition, used to walk, to enjoy the mountain air, and think of their far-away Scottish hills. The colony having been thus constituted, its first public act was to issue a declaration of perfect freedom of trade, and perfect toleration in religious matters, to all the citizens of New Edinburgh, and all foreigners who should enter the port.

The news of the formation of the colony at Darien reached Edinburgh on the 25th of March 1699, and 'was celebrated with the most extravagant rejoicings. Thanks were publicly offered up to

God in all the churches of the city. At a public graduation of students, which the magistrates attended in their robes, the Professor of Philosophy pronounced a harangue in favour of the settlement, the legality of which was maintained in the printed theses of the students. It seems even to have been a common subject of declamation from the pulpit.*

These rejoicings were premature. The colonists, who, during the winter, found the climate of Darien sufficiently temperate, sank under the sickly influence of the returning summer. Their provisions, too, were soon exhausted; and as they were unable as yet to derive their own subsistence from the soil, they were obliged to depend for supplies upon the mother-country, or upon the British colonies in North America. They had not anticipated any difficulty in obtaining these supplies as soon as they became necessary. It was therefore with a feeling of mingled indignation and despair that they learned that King William had sent orders to the governors of the British colonies of Jamaica, Barbadoes, New York, &c. to issue proclamations in his majesty's name prohibiting all his majesty's subjects in these colonies from holding any correspondence with the Scottish colony at Darien, or assisting it in any shape with arms, ammunition, or provisions. That such orders should have been sent, that the king should have deliberately taken means to starve to death a colony of his own subjects, chartered by his own hand, is hardly credible; and yet the fact is certain. So strongly had he been prejudiced against the colony by the representations of the English merchants, that he disowned all connection with it, and treated the emigrants as mere runaway subjects, who were endeavouring to found a settlement against his will, and who were, therefore, to expect no countenance or protection from him. The poor colonists—sickly, disheartened, ill fed—waited long in expectation of supplies from their friends in Scotland. None, however, came; and at the end of eight months, during part of which they were indebted for subsistence to the charity of the native Indians, the colony broke up, the survivors either returning home, or dispersing themselves through those American settlements in which they could find a refuge. Paterson, who had been the first to step on board the vessel at Leith when the expedition set out, was the last to quit the darling soil on which his fancy had reared a city surpassing in wealth and beauty all the cities of the earth.

The Company at home was not aware of the full extent of the misery endured by the wretched colonists; and a second expedition was sent out from Scotland, under the charge of Captain Campbell of Finab, with three hundred men, raised from his own estate, whom he carried out in his own ship. Most of these men had served under his command in Flanders, where he had acquired a high military

* Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*.

reputation. As the colonists were beginning to be involved in hostilities with the Spaniards, the arrival of Captain Campbell with his body of tried men was very opportune.

The Spaniards had hitherto not offered any molestation to the colony at Darien; and jealous as they were of any encroachment upon their American dominions, it is probable that they would have continued to be on friendly terms with it; but seeing the colony disowned by its own king, and its founders treated as vagabonds and outlaws, they could not resist the temptation to attack it. Accordingly, about the time that Captain Campbell arrived at the colony, it was threatened with the approach of a Spanish land-force of sixteen hundred men, and a squadron of eleven ships. Captain Campbell having been unanimously chosen commander, marched against the land-force with a body of two hundred men, and completely broke and dispersed it. Returning to the fort, however, from this successful expedition, he found that the Spanish ships had in the meantime arrived in the harbour, and were investing the town. The siege lasted for six weeks, the colonists defending themselves with the utmost bravery; but at length, provisions having been quite exhausted, and ammunition having become so scarce that the pewter dishes had to be melted down to make balls, they were obliged to capitulate. The Spaniards granted honourable terms to them all except Captain Campbell, who, thinking it impossible that they would forgive the injuries he had done them, had made his escape to New York, from which he took his passage for Scotland. The wretched remainder of the colonists were so weak, that they were unable to weigh the anchor of the vessel which was to carry them away without the assistance of the victorious Spaniards. Tossed about for many months, forced to take refuge in English and Spanish ports, they were so thinned by shipwreck, famine, and disease, that not more than thirty of them ever saw Scotland again. Paterson, crushed by the sense of the awful amount of misery of which he had been the unwilling, and certainly not the blameworthy cause, had become lunatic during his passage home after the failure of the first colony; but before the news of the total abandonment of New Caledonia reached Scotland, he had so far recovered as to receive the blow manfully, and even to make fresh proposals for starting the scheme again on a better footing.

Such was the end of the Darien Scheme—a scheme which, though probably far overrated by its sanguine projector, was really feasible enough, but which was ruined by the illiberal jealousy of the English merchants, who succeeded in prejudicing King William against it. Scotland was in a state of violent excitement; nothing could be heard but the sounds of lamentation and ill-suppressed wrath against the king, who was conceived to be the sole author of the national disaster. Whole families had been ruined, children deprived of their fortune, maidens made penniless—and all owing, as was thought,

to the same hand which had issued the orders for the massacre of Glencoe. The national indignation against William increased the feeling in favour of the exiled Stuarts. In Edinburgh especially, the commotion almost amounted to rebellion.

It was long before the Scotch forgot or forgave the ruin of their favourite project. At the union of the two kingdoms in 1707, some compensation was made to the losers by government, not nearly sufficient, however, to cover the national losses; and for more than eighty years the memory of William's conduct in the Darien Scheme rankled in the heart of the Scotch. Besides impeding the union itself, it contributed greatly to strengthen the Jacobite feeling which broke out in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. Even so late as the year 1788, when some gentlemen in Edinburgh proposed to erect a monument to commemorate King William and the Revolution of 1688, the affair was remembered; and an anonymous letter which appeared in the newspapers, proposing that the site of the intended monument should be the valley of Glencoe, and that there should be executed on one side of the base a representation in relievo of the massacre, and on the other a view of the Scottish colony on the Isthmus of Darien, produced such an impression that the gentlemen were obliged to abandon their scheme.

The activity of Paterson did not come to an end with the failure of his darling scheme. In fact, to plan, to write, to organise, was to him the breath of life; and Mr Bannister identifies his pen in several important publications, issued anonymously, on questions of commerce, colonisation, and national finance. While the Darien Scheme was yet in embryo, he had taken an active part in establishing (1690) the Hampstead Water-works Company; and it was he who, in 1694, projected the Bank of England, of which he was one of the original directors. When, in 1701, William resolved to carry the contest with Louis XIV. into the heart of Spanish America, Paterson was taken into the king's confidence, and but for that monarch's death, might have seen his dreams of Darien realised. He had a hitherto unsuspected hand in the union of Scotland with England; and notwithstanding the extreme unpopularity of the measure, he was elected to the first United Parliament by the Dumfries burghs; but the return being double, he was unseated. Of the indemnity granted by the Treaty of Union to the losers by the Darien Scheme, Paterson, strange to say, was manœuvred by his enemies out of all share; and it was not till 1715 that parliament, by a special act, awarded him the sum of £18,241. He did not live long to enjoy it, for he died on the 22d of January 1719. In his will, which yet exists, he leaves legacies to a number of collateral relatives to the amount of £7400, besides a probable surplus; but it would seem that the Scotch legatees, at least, were never paid—for the reason, perhaps, that the executor was unable to recover from the Treasury the full compensation money.

THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

AMONG the inhabitants of Edinburgh, during the time when the national enthusiasm for the Darien Scheme was at its height, was a youth, John Law, commonly called John Law of Lauriston. He was born at Edinburgh in 1671, his father being a rich goldsmith and banker in that city, who had purchased the lands of Randleston and Lauriston in the parish of Cramond. His father dying in 1684, left him his heir; and young Law, during the period of his education in Edinburgh, distinguished himself greatly by his mathematical abilities, and especially by his acquaintance with all matters relating to banking and finance, for which his father's profession had inspired him with a natural taste. On entering into manhood, he appeared to abandon these pursuits, and to be ambitious only of shining in society, for which he had the qualifications of a handsome person, and a great fund of wit and generous animal spirits. Removing to London, he plunged into all the gaities of the metropolis, and became one of the most successful gamblers of the fashionable clubs, being dignified, according to the custom in such cases, with the name of Beau Law. In 1694 he became involved in a quarrel with Beau Wilson, a noted personage of that period; and a duel ensuing, in which Wilson was killed, Law was tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death. On a representation of the case to the crown, a free pardon was granted to the offender; but a brother of the deceased having lodged an appeal against the pardon, he was detained in prison, and the issue might have proved serious, had he not made his escape to the continent. On the 7th of January 1695, an advertisement appeared in the *London Gazette*, offering a reward for his apprehension, but without effect. After spending a few years on the continent, during which he employed himself in adding to his previous stock of knowledge by personal observations in various countries, directed especially to the trade and manufactures which they carried on, and the systems of banking established in them, he returned to Edinburgh at the time when the mind of the nation was universally agitated by the Darien Scheme. Here Law found himself in his element; and he was one of the many projectors who busied themselves in inventing schemes for enabling the kingdom to bear up against the crash which followed the ruin of the colony at Darien. Fortunately, none of his projects was listened to, greatly owing to the active opposition of Paterson, who to the end of his life fought for the principle on which he had based the Bank of England—namely, that paper-money must be *payable in coin on demand*. Law, therefore, finding that he was still exposed to danger on account of the death of Wilson, again betook himself to the continent, travelling through Holland, Belgium, Italy, and France, and everywhere gaining the reputation of being

one of the ablest, best informed, and most agreeable gentlemen, and one of the most successful gamblers ever known. Although spending most of his time as a gambler and speculator for his own private behoof—an occupation to which no discredit was then attached—Law's mind was still busy with those great subjects of national economy, for which he considered himself to be, and for which he really was, gifted with an extraordinary natural capacity. Meeting on familiar terms with the highest personages in every city or state which he happened to visit, he was accustomed to throw out his ideas about finance in his conversation; and in this way his fame as a theorist extended itself far and wide. In France especially, owing to his intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, his reputation was high. It is even said that it was proposed to Louis XIV. by Desmarets, his finance minister, to adopt a plan offered by Law for remedying the disorders of the finances of the kingdom; but that Louis, on being informed that the schemer was a Protestant, and not a Catholic, refused to have anything to do with him. Law, indeed, appears to have been considered as a person somewhat too dangerous to be allowed to remain long in a country; he was banished both from Genoa and Turin. Proposing his scheme of a paper currency to the Duke of Savoy, afterwards king of Sardinia, that prince answered: 'No, Mr Law; I am by far too poor a potentate to be ruined; but, if I know the French, they are exactly the people with whom you will succeed.' Law eventually came to the same conclusion; and in 1714 he removed to Paris, and fixed his residence in the Place Vendôme, mingling again with the best society.

In 1715, Louis XIV. died, and the Duke of Orleans became Regent during the minority of Louis XV. The revenues of the kingdom were in a state of frightful confusion, and there seemed to be no way of avoiding a national bankruptcy. The national debt amounted to 3,111,000,000 livres, bearing an interest of 86,000,000 livres. The only means of paying this interest was out of the excess of the revenue over the expenditure; but as this amounted only to the small sum of 9,000,000 livres, it was insufficient to meet the demands of the state creditors. By means of strenuous exertions, the Regent contrived to reduce the national debt to 2,000,000,000 livres, and the interest to 80,000,000; further reduction was considered impossible, and the state was believed to be on the brink of ruin. (The *livre* was almost of the same value as the later *franc*, 25 of which are equivalent to a pound sterling; 100 livres were thus about equal to £4.)

At this crisis the Scottish theorist came forward, and offered to relieve France from her difficulties. In various ways, both by writings and by actual interviews with the Regent, he pressed his great idea—the establishment of a paper currency. Gold, silver, copper, or any other kind of coinage, he said, which a nation may agree to

use, are not real wealth; they are only signs or representatives of real wealth, and derive their value from public confidence. It does not matter, therefore, what the kind of coinage be which a nation agrees to use; a paper coinage or a leather coinage is as good as a metallic one. A metallic coinage does not constitute real riches, but is valuable only because the public choose to consider it valuable; and if the public will only do the same with paper notes, then paper notes will be on an equality with gold or silver coin. What is a louis-d'or but a bank-note, only made of gold; or a crown but a bank-note, only made of silver? It does not signify, therefore, what a nation chooses to consider money, be it even oyster-shells; for such will serve as a sign or representative of real wealth the same as a piece of metal.

This reasoning is correct only so far. Gold certainly does not constitute real wealth: it is not food, clothing, or the means of shelter, all which are so many items of real wealth; but it possesses a greater intrinsic value than paper, and therefore is not so completely at the mercy of public opinion. Apart altogether from its fictitious value as a coin, gold is a useful and a precious metal, for which there is a demand in the arts; and the cost of obtaining it from the bowels of the earth, and refining it, being great, every little piece of gold is, as it were, a condensation of a quantity of real wealth: paper, on the other hand, is a valuable commodity likewise; but the cost of its production being less, it really has less intrinsic value, and is more dependent upon public opinion. Paper can be procured as abundantly as we choose; but there is a limit to the production of gold. Gold and silver are dear substances in themselves; paper is a very cheap substance. The value of a metallic currency, therefore, is not so liable to fluctuation as one entirely of paper.

Not laying due stress upon these considerations, and others of a more profound nature, Law maintained that in a country 'where there exists no circulating medium but gold and silver, its riches may be greatly augmented by the introduction of paper money'—a proposition true only so long as what is issued represents real wealth, and does not go beyond the legitimate demands of the circulation. What Law proposed to the Regent was to establish a national bank, which should issue notes on the basis of landed property and of the royal revenues—the bank to be conducted in the king's name, but subject to the control of commissioners appointed by the States-general. The project having been considered by the council of finances, it was decided, on the 2d of May 1716, that 'the present conjuncture was not favourable for such an undertaking.' Law, however, obtained leave to set up a private bank, under the name of 'Law and Company,' the funds to be furnished by himself, and such as chose to become shareholders. The stock was to consist of 1200 shares, at 1000 crowns (£250) each, and was therefore to amount in all to £300,000. The bank was not to be allowed to

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borrow money, nor to engage in any kind of commerce. But the most peculiar feature of the establishment, and that which gave it favour in the eyes of the public, was, that its notes were to be payable at sight, *in specie of the same weight and fineness as the money in circulation at the period of their issue*. This was a novelty; for since the year 1689, the currency had been subject to constant alterations—the value of the livre to-day being perhaps not much more than half what it was yesterday. ‘On this account, as well as from the quickness and punctuality of the payments, and the orders given to the officers of the revenue in all parts of the kingdom to receive the paper of Law’s bank, without discount, in payment of taxes, the notes of the bank in a short time rose to great repute, and were by many preferred to specie, insomuch that they soon came to pass current for 1 per cent. more than the coin itself. The most beneficial effects were thereby produced on the industry and trade of the nation; the taxes and royal revenues being, by means of the notes, remitted to the capital at little expense, and without draining the provinces of specie. Foreigners, who had hitherto been very cautious in dealing with the French, now began to interest themselves deeply in this new bank; so that the balance of exchange with England and Holland soon rose to the rate of 4 and 5 per cent. in favour of Paris. The bank subsisted in high credit, to the no small profit of the proprietors, till the close of the year 1718, when the Duke of Orleans, observing the uncommon advantages resulting from the establishment, resolved to take it into his majesty’s hands, as at first proposed.’*

Law and the other shareholders apparently disliked this proposal, but they were obliged to yield; and on the 4th of December 1718 the bank was declared to be a Royal Bank, to be administered thenceforward in the king’s name, his majesty having reimbursed the former Company, and become answerable for the notes issued by them. Law was appointed director-general of this Royal Bank, and branches were immediately established at Lyons, Rochelle, Tours, Amiens, and Orleans. Various alterations in the mode of management were also introduced.

If the bank had continued to perform no other functions than those which are usually understood to belong to a bank, there is every probability that its establishment would have been a considerable advantage to the nation. But in the course of three years after its establishment, the bank had incorporated with itself many other schemes of various characters, so that, instead of continuing a mere bank, it became a gigantic commercial company. In 1717, an institution was established under the directorship of Mr Law, called the ‘Company of the West,’ or more commonly the *Mississippi Company*; to which a grant was made of the whole of that tract of

* Wood’s *Life of Law* of Lauriston.

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land on the American continent through which the river Mississippi flows—this tract at the time being French property. The stock consisted of 200,000 shares at 500 livres each. On the 4th of September 1718, the farm of Tobacco was made over to this Company for a consideration; three months afterwards it acquired the charter and property of the Senegal Company; and in May 1719, it obtained from the Regent a monopoly of trade with the East Indies, China, and the South Seas, on condition of paying the debts of the East India Company, then dissolved. Thus enlarged, the Company abandoned the name of the Company of the West, and assumed that of the 'Company of the Indies,' at the same time creating 50,000 additional shares at an increased price. Nor was this all. In July 1719, the Mint was made over to the Company of the Indies for a sum of money; in August following, the farming of the whole taxes of the nation was purchased by the Company; and the privilege of receiving other branches of the revenue quickly followed—so that before the end of the year 1719, the Company of the Indies had incorporated within itself nearly all the commercial enterprise of the nation. Law was thus the director and manager of two great national institutions—the Royal Bank, and the colossal trading company called the Company of the Indies. In February 1720, these two were united; and Law, the founder of both, became the most powerful man in France. Between the date of the incorporation of the two concerns and the 1st of May 1720, the bank ordered a fresh issue of notes to the amount of 1,696,400,000 livres—making the total quantity issued amount to the enormous sum of 2,696,400,000 livres.

The end of the year 1719 and the beginning of the year 1720 was a period of wild infatuation. Such was the confidence entertained in the system of Law, and such the avidity for wealth, that the shares of the Company of the Indies rose with unexampled rapidity, every one taking it for granted that the speediest way to realise a prodigious fortune was to become a shareholder to as large an amount as possible in the India Company. The frenzy extended to all ranks and classes. 'Clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, nay, even ladies who had, or could procure money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers, outbidding each other.' The shares soon rose to 5000 livres each. Prudent shareholders now began to sell out, and with the enormous fortunes which they had realised, to purchase houses and estates. The sight of opulence thus rapidly acquired increased the popular delirium, each man saying to himself: 'Why may not I realise a fortune, and purchase houses and estates too?' The state creditors, likewise, being paid in bank-notes, such a quantity of paper was thrown into circulation that it could be disposed of in no other way than by the purchase of East India stock; and the competition of these purchasers against each other increased the price of shares still more rapidly. In

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November 1719, they were sold at 10,000 livres each, or at twenty times their original price.

Innumerable anecdotes are told illustrative of the eagerness of all classes to become shareholders in the Company, of the intense anxiety which prevailed, arising from every fluctuation in the value of shares, and of the strange vicissitudes of fortune which were brought about during the frenzy. The street in which the stock-jobbers met at first was the Rue de Quinquempoix ; and the crowds which used daily to assemble there were so great that accidents were constantly occurring. The occupiers of this street reaped a golden harvest from the general excitement by letting their houses to the speculators. Houses whose rent was 800 livres a year were let at 6000 or 10,000 livres a month ; and even single apartments were let for a pistole (16s.) a day. A cobbler earned 200 livres a day by allowing ladies and gentlemen to sit in his stall, furnishing them with chairs and writing materials ; nay, one humpbacked man is mentioned as having acquired a fortune of 150,000 livres by allowing the jobbers in the street to use his hump as a writing-desk. M. Chirac, physician to the Duke of Orleans, was on his way to visit a lady, one of his patients, when he was informed that the price of shares was falling. His mind was so engrossed with the news, that while feeling the lady's pulse, he exclaimed in agony : 'Oh, it falls, it falls continually !' and the lady, alarmed, began to shriek, till he reassured her by telling her it was the Mississippi shares, and not her pulse, he referred to. No one was able to withstand the infatuation. Two of the ablest scholars and most learned men in France, the Abbé Tenasson and M. de la Mothe, were lamenting together the madness of the nation, and congratulating themselves on the fact that, being scholars, they had escaped the contagion. A few days after, the abbé, pushing through the crowd at the Rue de Quinquempoix, met M. de la Mothe pushing through it also—both having come to bargain in the stocks. In the whole court only five persons refrained from speculating, and those who did so were regarded as cowards or fools.

The Rue de Quinquempoix being found too narrow for the immense crowds who congregated daily for the purpose of speculating in the India stock, the traffic was transferred to the Place Vendôme. In a short time, however, this open space was also found inconvenient ; and Law, at an enormous price, purchased the Hôtel de Soissons, in whose gardens pavilions were erected for the accommodation of the public. Here the business was daily carried on.

Mr Law, as the author and dispenser of all the wealth for which the nation was struggling, became beyond comparison the principal personage in the kingdom. The levee of the Regent was forsaken ; and princes, dukes, peers, bishops, and judges crowded in the retinue of the Scottish projector. His antechambers were constantly

full of ladies waiting for an interview, that they might prevail on Mr Law to sell them a portion of stock. Troubled by such numbers of applicants, Law conducted himself with the utmost haughtiness, and would keep a peer of the realm waiting five or six hours before admitting him to an interview. Enormous bribes were given to his servants on condition merely that they should announce the name of the person waiting. It was to the French aristocracy that Mr Law behaved in this haughty way; to his own countrymen, and to persons coming on ordinary errands, he appears to have been exceedingly affable. 'The Earl of Hay, afterwards Duke of Argyll, going to wait upon Mr Law by appointment, found the antechambers filled with many of the highest quality in France; but being, by special orders, admitted into his private apartments, beheld the great man writing what, from the number and rank of those left to wait his leisure, he naturally concluded to be despatches of the utmost consequence. Upon mentioning these surmises to his old friend, it was with no small surprise his lordship learned that he was only writing to his gardener at Lauriston to plant cabbages in a particular spot! After this important epistle was concluded, he desired the earl to play a game at piquet, at which they continued for a good while, till at length the great man thought proper to give orders for the admission of his humble supplicants.' Many amusing anecdotes are told of the stratagems fallen upon by the ladies to procure an interview with Mr Law. A Madame de Boucher, being extremely anxious to possess some India stock, made every effort to procure an invitation to meet Mr Law at dinner at the house of Madame de Simiani, where she knew he was to be present; but as it was known Mr Law did not wish to see her, Madame de Simiani could not comply with her friend's request. Resolved, nevertheless, to gain her point, the lady ordered her carriage to be driven past the house; and when exactly opposite to it, she gave the alarm of fire. The guests, Mr Law included, rushed into the street. The lady jumped out of her carriage, and was hurrying up to him; but perceiving her design, he took to his heels and escaped. Another lady gave orders to her coachman to be on the watch for Mr Law in the streets, and the moment he saw him close at hand, to overturn the carriage. It was several days before the longed-for opportunity arrived; and then, the lady being the first to perceive the approach of the great man, called out to the coachman: 'Upset me now, you rascal!—upset me now!' The man did as he was ordered; Law flew to the lady's relief, and had her conveyed into the Hôtel de Soissons. Here the lady confessed her trick; and Law, as a reward for her ingenuity, was obliged to enter her name as a purchaser of stock.

So sudden and rapid was the rise of the price of shares, that enormous fortunes were made in the course of a few days. Many instances are recorded of persons in the lowest ranks of life suddenly realising immense wealth. One night, at the opera, all eyes were

attracted by a lady in a magnificent dress, sitting in a very conspicuous position; and no one could make out who she was, till a young lady whispered to her mother: 'Why, it is our cook Mary!' And it proved to be so: Mary had been speculating, and become rich. A footman had speculated so successfully as to be able to set up a carriage of his own; but when entering it for the first time, the force of habit was so strong, that he mounted into his accustomed place behind—excusing himself, as he jumped to the ground again, by saying he was trying how many lackeys would have room to stand on the board. Mr Law's coachman had made such a fortune, that he asked his discharge, which Mr Law gave him, on condition that, before going, he should supply him with another coachman as good as himself. The man brought two coachmen next day, recommended both as excellent drivers, and asked his master to choose one, as he meant to engage the other himself. Another speculator finding himself a rich man, gave orders to a coachmaker for a magnificent new berlin, leaving 4000 livres as a deposit. The coachmaker inquiring what arms were to be put on the carriage, 'Oh, the finest—the finest, by all means!' said the fortunate man. One Brignaud, a baker's son, having acquired an enormous fortune, and wishing to have a superb service of plate, went into a goldsmith's shop, and purchased the whole collection of articles exposed for sale at 400,000 livres.

Up to this time, Law's system had produced nothing but the most wonderful outward prosperity; and when the state of the nation was compared with what it had been at the death of Louis XIV., it appeared that the man to whose exertions the change was owing could be nothing less than a demigod. Money circulated in profusion, people in the lowest ranks indulged in luxuries previously unattainable, and the price of commodities rose without any injury to the people. The ell of cloth which had sold for fifteen livres, now sold for fifty; and the pound of coffee rose from fifty sous to eighteen livres. Wages rose correspondingly. In the course of three months, the silversmiths of Paris had received orders for, and manufactured above £7,000,000 worth of plate. Paris was crowded with foreign visitors, who had come to speculate in the stocks. No fewer than 305,000 strangers are said to have been living in Paris in November 1719, and many of these were obliged to live in granaries and lofts, there not being sufficient house-accommodation for them all. The promenaders in the streets were clothed in velvet and gold; and the winter of 1719-20 was more brilliant than the finest summer ever seen before.

Law was now the idol of the country, and the enthusiasm in his favour was greatly increased by his making a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion in December 1719. The only obstacle to his admission to political dignity being thus removed, he was declared comptroller-general of the finances in January 1720, a

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situation equivalent to that of prime-minister of France. About the same time the Academy of Sciences elected him an honorary member. Honours and applause were showered upon him; and, among the rest, the poets, 'a venal gang,' vied with each other in preparing compliments for the saviour of France. It was to be expected that the man who was enriching others by his scheme would grow wealthy himself; accordingly, Law is known to have realised an enormous fortune. He had purchased fifteen or sixteen large estates, together with houses and mansions, amounting altogether to the value of 7,000,000 livres. It is to be remarked, however, as a proof of Law's good faith and his confidence in his own system, that he invested all his money in landed property in France, which, in the event of a crash, would be completely lost to him, and did not send any sums out of the country, as he might easily have done. It appears, indeed, that he wished to purchase the estate of Errol, in Perthshire; but the bargain was never concluded. His generosity was equal to his wealth. On the occasion of his professing himself a Roman Catholic, he gave 500,000 livres to assist in completing the church of St-Roch; he distributed another sum of 500,000 livres among the English at St Germain-en-Laye, whose pensions had been suppressed; and his private liberalities were constant and munificent. Lauded and spoken of all over Europe, Scotland began to be proud of him, and contrived to let it be known that it was she who had given birth to such a genius. The city of Edinburgh transmitted him its freedom in a gold box. English and Scottish noblemen boasted of being acquainted with Mr Law; and it is even said George II., then Prince of Wales, condescended to dabble secretly in the Mississippi stock.

The bubble, however, was already full-blown. The credit of the bank and of the India Company was at its height in the months of November and December 1719, and January 1720, when shares in the Company were selling at 10,000 livres each. Such was the abundance of money in the bank, that it offered to lend sums of any amount, on proper security, at an interest of only 2 per cent. Now, however, a drain of specie from the bank began to be discernible. Numbers of persons possessed of stock in the Company—either foreseeing disaster, or haunted with a vague suspicion that so prosperous a state of things could not last long—began to sell out, and convert their shares into gold and silver, and other precious commodities, which they either hoarded up, or sent secretly out of the country. The Prince de Conti, offended at being refused a quantity of fresh shares, for which he petitioned, sent to the bank to demand specie for so enormous a mass of notes, that three waggons were required to carry the money from the bank to his house. Vernesobre de Laurieu, a Prussian, whom Mr Law had appointed a cashier in the bank, remitted nearly 40,000,000 livres to foreign countries, and then disappeared. Various stock-jobbers remitted hundreds of thousands

of louis-d'ors to England. These examples were imitated by others—for nothing is more contagious than fear—and in a short time 500,000,000 livres in specie were sent out of France.

To put a stop to this run upon the bank, which, from the immense quantity of notes in circulation, would be ruinous, a series of edicts were issued by the Regent in February and March 1720. By these edicts payments in specie were restricted to small sums (not exceeding 100 livres in gold and 10 livres in silver), while at the same time efforts were made to secure a preference for paper over specie, by declaring the value of the former to be invariable, while that of the latter fluctuated. People were also prohibited from converting their wealth into gold and silver plate without a royal license, the demand for plate having been one of the principal means of withdrawing the precious metals from circulation. The exertions thus made were for some time effectual; and numbers, seeing notes passing current at 5 or 10 per cent. above specie, hastened to convert all the specie in their possession into paper. There is, however, in the minds of men at such a time a natural preference for the metals over paper; and, accordingly, it was found that many were busy in secretly hoarding up gold and silver, and cautiously disposing of their paper in anticipation of the coming crash. Fresh edicts of a more stringent and arbitrary character were issued; one forbidding the use of specie altogether in payment, another forbidding any person to have in his possession more than 500 livres of coin, under the penalty of having the sum confiscated, and the payment of a fine in addition.

In an instant—so suddenly, in fact, that it is impossible to trace the steps of the process—the nation, which had been glorying in its good fortune, was struck with dismay and despair. The use of specie had been prohibited; but this could not restore confidence in Law's paper, and nobody would accept it willingly. It was felt universally that Law's scheme had been a *bubble*, and that it had now burst. Complaints and execrations arose everywhere against Law, the Regent, and all who had been concerned in originating the project. To crown Law's misery, many of the influential men of France, who had all along hated him, and been envious of his honour and reputation, but who had been restrained from shewing their ill-will by his success, now attacked him in the presence of the Regent, and accused him of plotting the ruin of France. The Regent even, who had hitherto been his intimate friend, and in compliance with whose solicitations Law had adopted some of his most questionable measures, turned against him.

All efforts to arrest the progress of the panic were in vain. In consequence of the decree ordering all payments to be made in paper, a fresh issue of notes had taken place; and in May 1720, the notes issued amounted to 2,600,000,000 livres, while the quantity of specie in the kingdom was estimated at 1,300,000,000, or only half as much. To equalise the paper with the specie, there were

two plans ; either to double the value of the specie, or to halve the value of the paper. Law advised the former, as being a thing to which the people were quite accustomed ; but his advice was overruled ; and on the 21st of May an edict was published, reducing the value of the paper by a gradual process, till it should be exactly half its present value—a note for 10,000 livres passing current for only 5000, and so on. This reduction of the value of the bank-notes was, it will be remembered, a violation of the original constitution of Law's bank, according to which it was faithfully promised that the notes should never fluctuate in value, but be always equal to a given quantity of specie of given fineness. If paper had been disliked before, the promulgation of this edict made matters a thousand times worse. Bank-notes were regarded as waste-paper ; and a person might have starved with 100,000 livres of paper-money in his pocket.

On the 27th of May, the bank stopped payment in specie ; and on the same day Law was dismissed from his office as minister of finance. There were riotings and mobbings in the streets ; and the various quarters of Paris were occupied by troops, to prevent an insurrection from bursting out. Law's life was several times in danger ; the Regent was under the necessity of giving him a detachment to guard his person, as he drove through the streets ; and at length, not safe in his own house, he took refuge in the Palais-Royal.

D'Aguesseau, who had been dismissed from the ministry in 1718, on account of his opposition to Law's projects, was now recalled ; and by his advice a decree was passed on the 1st of June, repealing the decree forbidding the amassing of specie. In order to assist in absorbing the immense mass of paper-money, an issue of 25,000,000 bank-notes took place, on the security of the revenues of the city of Paris, and bearing an interest of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The notes which this new issue was to be the means of withdrawing were to be publicly burned. On the 10th of June, the bank was re-opened for the payment of small notes—notes of 10 livres and a little upwards. As almost all the population of Paris rushed to the bank to exchange their small notes for specie, the avenues to the building were blocked up, and hardly a day passed in which five or six persons were not crushed to death and trampled under foot. Silver becoming scarce, the bank was obliged to cash the notes in copper ; and persons might be seen toiling along with immense loads of copper-money, which they had procured in exchange for notes—glad, however, that they had got anything at all. As the old notes did not come in so fast in exchange for the new ones as was expected, fresh measures were adopted to attract them. Upwards of 30,000,000 of perpetual annuities and 4,000,000 of life annuities were created, purchasable by notes ; and if the people had responded to the invitation, and purchased the annuities, about 2,000,000,000 of the notes would have been retired in this way ; but notwithstanding the eagerness that prevailed to get rid of the notes, the terms of the offer were so

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unfavourable that people still hesitated, and preferred keeping the notes, and taking the chance of what might yet occur. To counteract this hesitation, a decree was published on the 15th of August, declaring that all notes of 10,000 or of 1000 livres should have no currency except in the purchase of the annuities ; but as the hesitation still continued, another decree was passed, declaring that notes would be good for no purpose whatever after the 1st of November 1720. Numbers, however, kept their notes even after the specified time, in the vain hope of better terms ; and the consequence was, that large quantities of Law's notes remained in houses as family lumber, down even to the date of the French Revolution, when they were produced as curiosities, to be compared with the assignats.

For a while it was imagined that the India Company would still survive, and proceedings were adopted with a view to this end. It was proposed to invest the Company with new privileges ; the number of shares was extended ; a list of the original proprietors of stock was ordered to be made out, and such as still retained their shares were required to deposit them with the Company, so that they might not be able to dispose of them ; while those who had sold the whole or part of their shares were required to purchase as many as they had sold, at the rate of 13,500 livres each share, so that matters might be restored to their original footing. This last clause created great alarm among the stock-jobbers, who had made fortunes by getting rid of their shares in time, and were now in this way compelled to refund, and to connect themselves with a scheme which had lost all its reputation. Hundreds prepared to quit the country rather than submit ; and to prevent this, an edict was passed on the 29th of October, prohibiting any person from leaving the kingdom without express permission from the Regent, under pain of death. These compulsory measures could not restore credit to the Company ; the shares fell till their value was only a hundredth part of what it had been ; and at length, the management of the Mint and the administration of the revenues having been taken out of the Company's hands, it was degraded to a mere trading body.

Such was the end of the famous Mississippi bubble, by which a few individuals acquired large fortunes, while thousands of families were ruined, and the nation sustained a shock which it did not recover for many years.

Law obtained leave to quit France, where his life was not safe. Declining a sum of money which the Regent offered him, he proceeded to Brussels, almost a beggar ; his sole property being a diamond worth about £5000. He had invested all his enormous fortune in the purchase of French lands and securities, and these were confiscated the moment he left the country, not excepting an annuity which he had purchased on the lives of his wife and children. After travelling through various parts of the continent, he returned

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to England, where he resided four years, supporting himself by his talents for gambling. He died at Venice in 1729, in very embarrassed circumstances. His descendants formed alliances with many good families both in England and France.

THE SOUTH SEA SCHEME.

THE South Sea Company was founded by the celebrated statesman Harley, Earl of Oxford, in 1711, for political purposes; and so much admired was the ingenuity of the scheme, that it was called 'The Earl of Oxford's Masterpiece.' The Company, which consisted of merchants, undertook the payment of a large quantity of government debt, amounting to £10,000,000 sterling; and in return for this they were invested with numerous privileges, among which was a monopoly of the trade in the South Sea, now more usually called the Pacific Ocean. The idea was, that by means of commerce with Peru, Mexico, and other gold-producing countries, Britain would soon be filled with the precious metals. Owing, however, to the refusal of Spain to permit the commerce with her transatlantic dominions, no voyage was made under the Company's auspices till 1717, when a single ship set out; and even this slight thread of connection between Britain and the South Seas was snapped by the outbreak of a war with Spain in the following year.

Still the Company flourished as a monetary concern; and in 1720 it and the Bank of England made rival offers to government, contracting for the payment of the debts of the state, now amounting to about £31,000,000 sterling. The ultimate offer of the South Sea Company was, that in return for undertaking the discharge of the debt, it should be secured 5 per cent. interest for four years; after which government was to be at liberty to redeem the debt, paying only 4 per cent. interest till the redemption should be effected. After a warm discussion in the House of Commons between the friends of the South Sea Company and the friends of the bank, the offer of the former was declared the more advantageous, and leave given to bring in a bill to that effect.

Immediately the South Sea Company occupied the public eye; and every person who possessed capital desired to invest it in a concern of such splendid promise. The day after the passing of the above resolution, the Company's stock rose from 130 to 300; and notwithstanding all the predictions of the more prudent men of the nation, among whom was Mr Walpole, it continued to rise. The contagion of the Mississippi frenzy had reached England; and although by this time the failure of Law's scheme might have been evident, this did not hinder the English from rushing into a similar folly. Great efforts were likewise made by Sir John Blunt, the

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chairman of the Company, and other interested parties, to inflate the public mind with the most extravagant rumours and anticipations, with a view still further to raise the price of stock; and by the time that the bill—after passing the House of Commons by a majority of 172 to 55, and the House of Lords by a majority of 83 to 17—received the royal assent, the price had risen almost to 400. 'It seemed at that time as if the whole nation had turned stock-jobbers. Exchange Alley was every day blocked up by crowds, and Cornhill was impassable from the number of carriages. Everybody came to purchase stock. "Every fool aspired to be a knave."'

The apparent success of the South Sea Scheme led to many other projects equally extravagant. In all, the share-lists were speedily filled up, and an enormous traffic carried on in shares, while, of course, every means was resorted to to raise them to an artificial value in the market. These schemes soon received the name of bubbles—the most appropriate that imagination could devise. Persons of distinction, of both sexes, were deeply engaged in all these bubbles; those of the male sex going to taverns and coffee-houses to meet their brokers, and the ladies resorting for the same purpose to the shops of milliners and haberdashers. The Prince of Wales became governor of one company, and is said to have cleared £40,000 by his speculations. So great was the confusion of the crowd in the Alley, that shares in the same bubble were known to have been sold at the same instant 10 per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than at the other.

Unlike the Mississippi Scheme, which was a complicated affair, and really was founded on the reasoning of an able man, however false that reasoning may have been, the South Sea project was a pure and simple bubble, blown by the breath of knaves; and accordingly its explosion was instantaneous. When the price of stock had reached its highest, the chairman of the Company, Sir John Blunt, and other influential persons, sold out; and as soon as this became known, the fall commenced. On a sudden, stock fell from 1000 to 700. A public meeting of shareholders was then held, at which many speeches were delivered by the principal parties concerned, most of them scouting the panic as utterly groundless, and declaring that the affairs of the Company stood as well as ever. In vain were all these attempts to arrest the progress of the alarm. Down, down, down fell the stock; till, about the middle of September, it had reached 400! 'Various are the conjectures,' says Mr Broderick, M.P., in a letter to Lord Chancellor Middleton, 'why the South Sea directors have suffered the cloud to break so early. I made no doubt that they would do so when they found it to their advantage. Their most considerable men have drawn out, securing themselves by the losses of the deluded, thoughtless numbers, whose understandings have been over-ruled by avarice, and the hope of making mountains out of mole-hills. Thousands of families will be reduced

to beggary. The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond description, and the case altogether so desperate, that I do not see any plan or scheme so much as thought of for averting the blow, so that I cannot pretend to guess what is next to be done!’ Wherever any of the directors of the Company appeared in the streets, they were mobbed and insulted, and riots of a more serious character were apprehended.

The government, in the utmost alarm, sent despatches to the king, who was then in Hanover, requesting his immediate return; and endeavoured, with Mr Walpole’s assistance, to induce the Bank of England to come forward and support with its credit the sinking Company. The bank consented to a contract, by which it agreed to circulate the Company’s bonds; but finding that the agreement would prove ruinous to itself, it retracted it, and left the Company to its fate. Before the end of September, the demolition of the Scheme was complete; and South Sea stock was selling at 135. The rise, progress, and fall of the Scheme had occupied but eight months.

It would be impossible to compute the amount of suffering to which the South Sea bubble gave rise—the number of persons whose health and hopes were blasted—the number of families who were involved in ruin. We may allude to the case of Gay the poet. ‘Gay,’ says Dr Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, ‘had in that disastrous year a present from young Craggs of some South Sea stock, and once supposed himself to be master of £20,000. His friends persuaded him to sell his shares, but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase £100 a year for life, “Which,” says Fenton, “will make you sure of a clean shirt, and a shoulder of mutton every day.” This counsel was rejected; the profit and principal were lost; and Gay sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger.’

A cry now arose from all parts of the nation for vengeance against the directors of the Company, and all who had made themselves notorious by the support they had given to the South Sea Scheme. Members arose in their places in parliament and demanded the punishment of the guilty parties. ‘I look upon the contrivers and executors of the villainous South Sea Scheme,’ said Lord Molesworth, ‘as the parricides of their country, and should be satisfied to see them tied up like the Roman parricides in sacks, and thrown into the Thames.’ To appease the popular indignation, parliament was obliged to proceed hastily, and even perhaps cruelly, not distinguishing sufficiently between the innocent and the guilty. A bill was brought in to restrain the South Sea directors, and all officials of the Company, from leaving the kingdom, or from disposing of their effects for a twelvemonth; but notwithstanding this bill, Knight, the treasurer of the Company, contrived to escape to the continent with many important books and documents. The House of Lords,

after a long examination, passed a resolution declaring the conduct of certain of the officials of the Company to have been scandalous and fraudulent, and committed five of the directors, including the chairman, Sir John Blunt, to the custody of the Black Rod. The first proceeding of the House of Commons was to appoint a secret committee to inquire into the whole affair. At the instance of this committee, four members of the House, who were also directors of the South Sea Company—Sir Robert Chaplain, Sir Theodore Jannsen, Mr Sawbridge, and Mr Eyles—were unanimously expelled from parliament. About the same time, Mr Aislable, then Chancellor of Exchequer, who, it was discovered, had been implicated to a shameful extent in the Company's transactions, resigned office. On the 16th of February 1721, the secret committee gave in its Report, impeaching a number of persons as having been guilty of fraudulent practices in connection with the Company. The first of these who was brought to trial was Mr Charles Stanhope, who, it appeared, had been a gainer to the extent of £250,000. Great exertions were made in his behalf, and he was acquitted by a majority of three, to the great disappointment of the nation. Mr Aislable, who was tried next, was not so fortunate. Having been found guilty of disgraceful malpractices, he was ordered to be expelled the House of Commons, committed a prisoner to the Tower, and prevented from quitting the kingdom until he had furnished a correct estimate of his property, which was to be confiscated for the relief of his victims. This sentence gave universal satisfaction; many houses in the city were illuminated, and the mob kindled several large bonfires to testify their delight. Next day, Sir George Caswall, of the firm of Turner, Caswall, and Company, was expelled the House, and ordered to refund £250,000. The Earl of Sunderland, who was next brought to trial, was acquitted by a majority of 233 to 172. Mr Craggs, senior, died the day previous to that appointed for his trial, some said by poison administered by his own hand, but really in an apopleptic fit, brought on by grief, caused by his disgraceful situation, and the premature death of his son, Secretary Craggs, five weeks before. His property, amounting to £1,500,000, was confiscated. The directors of the Company were then tried one by one, and the whole property of each confiscated, excepting a small allowance which was left them to recommence life with. Sir John Blunt was allowed £5000 out of £183,000; Sir John Fellows £10,000 out of £243,000; Sir Theodore Jannsen £50,000 out of £243,000; Mr Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of Gibbon the historian, £10,000 out of £106,000; Sir John Lambert £5000 out of £72,000; and others in proportion.

Out of the funds procured by this large confiscation of property, some compensation was made to the sufferers; but altogether it did not amount to much. It was long before enterprise recovered the shock which it had sustained; and so terrible was the lesson, that

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to this day no national bubble has been blown at all comparable in magnitude to the South Sea Scheme. The year 1825 indeed was one of bubbles; and speculation ran dangerously high in 1836; but the South Sea Bubble is still, and may it long continue to be, without a rival in our history!

We have mentioned that, simultaneously with the South Sea Scheme, there were many other projects afloat, all attracting their groups of shareholders, and all giving rise to gambling and fraud. A list of eighty-three such projects, all of which were summarily extinguished by the privy-council at one sitting, is given by Mr Mackay in his work on *Popular Delusions*. Some of these are feasible enough, being schemes for insurance, or for encouraging various branches of commerce and manufacture; and might have succeeded and been useful in a calm state of the public mind; others are so wild and visionary, that we can scarcely believe that their projectors were in earnest in believing they would gather dupes. One is for supplying London with sea-coal—capital £3,000,000; another for effectually settling the island of Blanco and Sal Tartagus; another for encouraging the breed of horses in England, improving glebe and church lands, and building and repairing parsonage-houses; a fourth for trading in hair; a fifth for a wheel for perpetual motion—capital £1,000,000; a sixth for importing walnut-trees from Virginia; a seventh for purchasing and improving the fens in Lincolnshire—capital £2,000,000; an eighth for insuring masters and mistresses against losses they may sustain by their servants—capital £3,000,000; a ninth for erecting hospitals to take charge of illegitimate children. There was one for extracting silver from lead; and one for transmuting quicksilver into a fine malleable metal. In fact, whatever scheme was proposed, *took*. There was one projector, however, who outdid all the rest by a stroke of real genius: he proposed ‘a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is’—capital £500,000, divided into 5000 shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. The schemer opened an office in Cornhill to receive names; nearly one thousand dupes came forward in five hours, and deposited each his £2 per share; and next day the clever rascal was on the other side of the Channel with £2000 in his pocket.

THE TULIPOMANIA.

ABOUT the year 1634, a very remarkable mania broke out in Holland for buying and selling tulips, or, more properly, tulip roots. The cultivation of tulips had been carried to a high pitch in Holland, where the fineness of the soil and the climate, along with great personal care, conspire to bring the tulip to perfection. Holland, therefore, had become the great centre of the tulip trade. Roots

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were exported thence to all parts of the world, and at prices varying according to the state of the market and other circumstances.

In the above year, a factitious demand arose for tulips. People began to find, that by buying up particular sorts, they could dispose of them at very high prices. In the hope, however, of getting higher prices still, others bought and sold them again at a profit. Thus the trade of buying and selling over again at an advance became universal, and seemed to be without any assignable limit. The prices paid for the roots were generally regulated by weight; and a small weight called a *perit*, less than a grain, was employed for this purpose. The mania, therefore, took the direction of *perits* instead of *shares*, and that was all the real difference between the tulip and the joint-stock share mania. A seller would say he held four hundred *perits* of a certain tulip, and another would be heard asking for five hundred *perits* of a certain other tulip. With this preliminary explanation, we present an account of the Tulipomania from Beckmann's *History of Inventions*.

'Tulips, which are of no further use than to ornament gardens, which are exceeded in beauty by many other plants, and whose duration is short and very precarious, became, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the object of a trade such as is not to be met with in the history of commerce, and by which their price rose above that of the most precious metals. An account of this trade has been given by many authors; but by all late ones it has been misrepresented. People laugh at the Tulipomania, because they believe that the beauty and rarity of the flowers induced florists to give such extravagant prices: they imagine that the tulips were purchased so excessively dear, in order to ornament gardens; but this supposition is false, as I shall presently shew.

'This trade was not carried on throughout all Europe, but in some cities of the Netherlands, particularly Amsterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, Alkmaar, Leyden, Rotterdam, Hoorn, Enkhuysen, and Medemblik, and rose to the greatest height in the years 1634-37. Munting has given, from some of the books kept during that trade, a few of the prices then paid, of which I shall present the reader with the following. For a root of that species called the Viceroy, the after-mentioned articles, valued as below expressed, were agreed to be delivered: 2 lasts of wheat, 448 florins; 4 ditto rye, 558 florins; 4 fat oxen, 480 florins; 3 fat swine, 240 florins; 12 fat sheep, 120 florins; 2 hogsheds of wine, 70 florins; 4 tuns of beer, 32 florins; 2 ditto butter, 192 florins; 1000 pounds of cheese, 120 florins; a complete bed, 100 florins; a suit of clothes, 80 florins; a silver beaker, 60 florins: total, 2500 florins.

'These tulips afterwards were sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred *perits* of Admiral Leifken cost 4400 florins; 446 ditto of Admiral Von der Eyk, 1620 florins; 106 *perits* Schilder cost 1615 florins; 200 ditto Semper Augustus, 5500 florins; 410 ditto

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Viceroy, 3000 florins, &c. The species *Semper Augustus* has been often sold for 2000 florins; and it once happened that there were only two roots of it to be had—the one at Amsterdam, and the other at Haarlem. For a root of this species, one agreed to give 4600 florins, together with a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete harness. Another agreed to give for a root twelve acres of land; for those who had not ready money, promised their movable and immovable goods, houses and lands, cattle and clothes. A man, whose name Munting once knew, but could not recollect, won by this trade more than 60,000 florins in the course of four months. It was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, chimney-sweeps, footmen, maid-servants, and old clothes-women, &c. At first, every one won, and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained in a few months houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters in the land. In every town some tavern was selected, which served as a 'Change, where high and low traded in flowers, and confirmed their bargains with the most sumptuous entertainments. They formed laws for themselves, and had their notaries and clerks.

'During the time of the Tulipomania, a speculator often offered and paid large sums for a root which he never received, and never wished to receive. Another sold roots which he never possessed or delivered. Oft did a nobleman purchase of a chimney-sweep tulips to the amount of 2000 florins, and sell them at the same time to a farmer; and neither the nobleman, chimney-sweep, nor farmer had roots in their possession, or wished to possess them. Before the tulip season was over, more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had, which happened twice, no species perhaps was oftener purchased and sold. In the space of three years, as Munting tells us, more than ten millions were expended in this trade in only one town of Holland.

'To understand this gambling traffic, it may be necessary to make the following supposition. A nobleman bespoke of a merchant a tulip root, to be delivered in six months, at the price of 1000 florins. During these six months the price of that species of tulip must have risen or fallen, or remained as it was. We shall suppose that at the expiration of that time the price was 1500 florins; in that case the nobleman did not wish to have the tulip, and the merchant paid him 500 florins, which the latter lost and the former won. If the price was fallen when the six months were expired, so that a root could be purchased for 800 florins, the nobleman then paid to the merchant 200 florins, which he received as so much gain; but if the price continued the same, that is, 1000 florins, neither party gained nor lost. In all these circumstances, however, no one ever thought of delivering the roots or of receiving them.

‘ Henry Munting, in 1636, sold to a merchant at Alkmaar a tulip-root for 7000 florins, to be delivered in six months ; but as the price during that time had fallen, the merchant paid, according to agreement, only 10 per cent. “ So that my father,” says the son, “ received 700 florins for nothing ; but he would much rather have delivered the root itself for 7000.” The term of these contracts was often much shorter ; and on that account the trade became brisker. In proportion as more gained by this traffic, more engaged in it ; and those who had money to pay to one, had soon money to receive of another ; as at faro, one loses upon one card, and at the same time wins on another. The tulip-dealers often discounted sums also, and transferred their debts to one another ; so that large sums were paid without cash, without bills, and without goods, as by the *Virements* at Lyons.

‘ The whole of this trade was a game at hazard, as the Mississippi trade was afterwards, and as stock-jobbing is at present. The only difference between the tulip trade and stock-jobbing is, that at the end of the contract the price in the latter is determined by the Stock Exchange ; whereas in the former, it was determined by that at which most bargains were made. High and low priced kinds of tulips were procured, in order that both the rich and the poor might gamble with them ; and the roots were weighed by perits, that an imagined whole might be divided, and that people might not only have whole, but half and quarter lots. Whoever is surprised that such a traffic should become general, needs only to reflect upon what is done where lotteries are established, by which trades are often neglected, and even abandoned, because a speedier mode of getting fortunes is pointed out to the lower classes. In short, the tulip trade may very well serve to explain stock-jobbing, of which so much is written in gazettes, and of which so many talk in company without understanding it ; and I hope, on that account, I shall be forgiven for employing so much time in illustrating what I should otherwise have considered as below my notice.

‘ At length, however, this trade fell all of a sudden. Among such a number of contracts many were broken ; many had engaged to pay more than they were able ; the whole stock of the adventurers was consumed by the extravagance of the winners ; new adventurers no more engaged in it ; and many, becoming sensible of the odious traffic in which they had been concerned, returned to their former occupations. By these means, as the value of tulips still fell, and never rose, the sellers wished to deliver the roots *in natura* to the purchasers at the prices agreed on ; but as the latter had no desire for tulips at even such a low rate, they refused to take them or to pay for them. To end this dispute, the tulip-dealers of Alkmaar sent, in the year 1637, deputies to Amsterdam ; and a resolution was passed on the 24th of February, that all contracts made prior to the last of November 1636 should be null and void ; and that, in those

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made after that date, purchasers should be free on paying 10 per cent. to the vender.

‘The more people became disgusted with this trade, the more did complaints increase to the magistrates of the different towns; but as the courts there would take no cognisance of it, the complainants applied to the states of Holland and West Friesland. These referred the business to the determination of the provincial council at the Hague, which, on the 27th of April 1637, declared that it would not deliver its opinion on this traffic until it had received more information on the subject; that in the meantime every vender should offer his tulips to the purchaser; and, in case he refused to receive them, the vender should either keep them, or sell them to another, and have recourse on the purchaser for any loss he might sustain. It was ordered, also, that all contracts should remain in force till further inquiry was made. But as no one could foresee what judgment would be given respecting the validity of each contract, the buyers were more obstinate in refusing payment than before; and venders, thinking it much safer to accommodate matters amicably, were at length satisfied with a small profit instead of exorbitant gain; and thus ended this extraordinary traffic, or rather gambling.’

MODERN MANIAS.

UNDETERRED by the generally injurious effects of joint-stock manias, the public, by a strange fascination, after short intervals, commence afresh in the mad career, and do not stop till a distressing crisis ensues. In 1824-5, a joint-stock mania raged in Great Britain; and in 1845-6, a similar frenzy broke out, and lasted for about twelve months. In this latter case the mania was all for railways—more recently, the mania has been for joint-stock companies (limited). The success of a few leading railway concerns, and the idea, by no means unsound, that railway communication would be necessarily extended over the country, led to the hasty concoction of innumerable schemes, to carry the whole of which into operation within the time proposed, would have required the payment, within a limited period, of about *three hundred millions of pounds*—a sum which soared beyond the wildest imaginations of any previous era. The actual amount in the aggregate, however, was at the time of no moment to the projectors of the schemes. The general feeling, as usual, was, that the state of public confidence, and the tone of the money market, would insure the carrying through of any feasible concern; or, at all events, that there was no harm in making an effort. Speedily, therefore, were the newspapers filled with advertisements of proposed railways, and for a time as speedily were the shares taken up. We shall endeavour to describe how these projects originated and were conducted.

SPECULATIVE MANIAS.

Almost every scheme originated in the office of an attorney desirous of a job—anxious to get hold of a *good* railway affair like his neighbours. Whoever lost, *he* could not but win. Under the auspices of the attorney and two or three shrewd persons, a scheme was drawn up, in which the names of certain parties appeared as forming an interim committee. The procuring of these names was occasionally a matter of some difficulty, for it was important that they should be those of well-known and respected individuals; but in general, names were easily obtained, for on this point there is unfortunately a lax morality. A kind of public meeting is now held to consider the matter; the project is declared to be valid; the prospectus issued; and applications are requested to be made for shares. To facilitate these applications, printed letters with blanks are put into the hands of the sharebrokers. The capital of the company, we shall say, is set down at £50,000, in 5000 shares of £10 each—deposit or first payment, £1 per share.

As soon as the affair is thus started, applications for shares pour in. Men not worth £10 in the world will be seen asking for 100 shares; many seek 250; and a vast number will gladly take 20 or 30. Had the scheme been for fifty thousand instead of five thousand shares, there would have been demands for the whole. The committee meet to allocate shares among the craving multitude, reserving a certain number to themselves. An attempt is made to allocate to parties who will *hold*, but that is usually abortive. The allocation letters are issued. Now commences the gambling. An allocation letter for, say, twenty shares, requests the bearer, who is named, to pay in his deposit of £1 per share to a certain bank, for which a receipt will be given. The receiver of the letter, however, perhaps never intended to take the shares. He has not money to pay the deposit, and his object is to sell his allocation letter to a party who wishes his name to be concealed. For his allocation of twenty shares, therefore, he possibly pockets the miserable sum of 5s. During the mania of 1845, thousands of people thus disposed of their letters; and this new class of gamblers acquired the name of *stags*. Besides this set of wretches, vast numbers hesitate as to paying the deposit. Not having the most remote idea of taking up shares for the sake of keeping them, but merely for the purpose of selling them over again, they like to wait for a day or two, to hear if the stock is at a premium. If it is, they pay their deposits; if it is not, the allocation letters are thrown in the fire, and there is an end to the undertaking. To guard against this catastrophe is the prime duty of the committee. Nothing can be done without baiting the hook. Two sharebrokers in the confidence of the committee are instructed to buy, on the very day of issuing the letters, as many as five hundred shares, in small odd quantities, at a premium of from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per share. These sales are quoted in the share lists; the bait takes; next day all the deposits are paid, and the holders

rush away to sell. Nobody, perhaps, will buy; and the shares are therefore almost immediately at a discount. The committee, however, for the greater part, contrive to keep up the reputation of the stock; and for this purpose they resort to all sorts of tricks, buying and selling on their own account in an underhand way, and sometimes realising large sums. It is our belief, indeed, that almost all railways whatsoever have been primarily set on foot by some species of finessing and trickery.

After a short interval, the banker's receipts are taken in exchange for *scrip*; on which occasion the scrip-receivers require to sign a bond, engaging to pay up the whole amount of the shares which the scrip represents. The scrip is a piece of paper, resembling a bank cheque; and each is usually a voucher for five shares. Before the issue of the scrip, the gambling on the stock has perhaps been carried on to a great extent. Sometimes engagements are made to supply scrip far beyond what will be issued; and in this case the price rapidly rises, enriching certain knowing parties, and ruining those who have acted without the requisite caution. After the issue of the scrip, the gambling continues; and according as rumour or whim suggests, the stock rises and falls. Parties interested take care to propagate the most glowing statements as to the bill for the company getting the sanction of parliament; and, in short, no pains are spared to deceive the unwary, or at least to exaggerate every possible advantage. The mischief does not end here; nearly all the landholders through whose property the line goes require to be bought over to the cause; and thus enormous sums in name of parliamentary expenses are incurred. The mania of buying shares in the concern comes to an end by loss of the bill, by a sudden languidness in the money market, or some other circumstance. Not an uncommon accelerating cause of stoppage is a call on the holders of stock to pay a second deposit per share, a thing which few are inclined to do, even at the risk of forfeiting what has already been paid. Now occurs what is called a *panic*. Everybody wants to sell, but nobody wishes to buy; and down goes the price of the shares to par (their original issued value), or greatly below it. Many thousands of persons, the unfortunate last holders, are of course ruined.

Calmly considered, a share-speculation mania is, to all intents and purposes, gambling. Every one tries to take advantage of another's weakness or avarice, with a view to gain. The whole thing is a deceptive make-believe. Falsehoods and specious rumours are circulated to maintain the delusion. No one cares for the fate of his neighbour. Each basely regards only his own benefit or safety; and knowing that the bubble is about to burst, if not already exploded, he hastens to sell out, and leave those who are still in ignorance of the fact to be ruined in his stead. All this is immoral; it is dishonest; and worthy only of being classed with cheating at cards, or any other dishonourable method of playing at games of chance.



VALERIE DUCLOS:

SOME LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FRENCH PHYSICIAN.



HE revolutionary outburst at the end of the eighteenth century not only consumed the time-worn governmental institutions of France—shielded, hallowed, sanctified, as the dreamers of the world believed them to be, by the ‘awful hoar’ of many ages of traditional glory—but, in the intoxication and madness of sudden and unexpected triumph, snapped temporarily asunder many of the wholesome bonds by which society can alone be restrained and held together. Of this truth, the following incidents, drawn from the domestic history of France during that troubled period, furnish a vivid illustration. The *dress* of the story is alone changed: in its incidents and catastrophe it remains unaltered. The author has but paraphrased, as it were, a few leaves of a volume, every line of which is full of suggestive meaning.

I.

One afternoon towards the close of the month *Brumaire*, year 2, of the French Republic—November 1793 by Christian reckoning—Mrs Arlington, a recently widowed English lady, was engaged with her only remaining attendant, Annette Vaudry, an honest Bordelaise, in making preparations to quit Paris for the south-west of France, where she hoped to find means of embarking for England. Her

husband, whose long and painful illness, rendering his removal impossible, had detained them so many months in the distracted city, expired a few days before, and had been privately and hurriedly buried at Père-la-Chaise. He left his wife and child not only friendless in a land of strangers, but surrounded and in danger of being engulfed by the eddies of a sanguinary revolution. Full of terror as of grief had been the days and nights passed by Mrs Arlington at the bedside of her suffering husband—strange and appalling the *spectra* which had flitted past the sick man's windows. Early in the year the death-tumbrils conveying a king to execution had swept by; and but lately, the queen and Madame Roland, D'Orleans and the Girondists, with a host of minor victims, had followed to the same doom. Terror, all-potent Anarch of the time, was solemnly enthroned, and the very air pulsated with fear. The British government had replied to the announcement of the death of the king by a declaration of war; and if betrayed to the authorities as a long traitorously concealed countrywoman of 'Pitt'—the *bête noire* of Paris clubbists—as the widow of a gentleman known to have been on terms of intimacy with many of the fallen aristocrats, the fate of Mrs Arlington might, without the gift of prophecy, have been easily foretold. Fortunately, the persons with whom for the last ten months she had been domiciled—ardent republicans as they might be—were trustworthy and kind-hearted; and Annette Vaudry—the English servants had been sent off at the first intimation of danger—proved equally faithful and discreet. It was amid this terrible state of affairs that Mrs Arlington, having, to her joyful surprise, not only obtained in her assumed name of Le Bon a passport, but a certificate of civism, without which no one could pass the barriers, prepared for her dangerous journey to Bordeaux, the native city of Annette, where it was thought means of leaving France might be with less risk sought for and obtained than at nearer but more jealously watched ports.

Another and all-sufficing reason with Mrs Arlington for undertaking this long journey to the south, instead of attempting to escape by way of Havre or Calais, was her determination not to separate from her daughter, a child of scarcely three years of age, except in the last extremity. Annette Vaudry, as a native of Bordeaux, had not the slightest difficulty, on exhibiting her passport at the Hôtel-de-Ville, to get it *visé*, or indorsed, in order to be enabled to return to the place of her birth. There was no danger that she would excite the slightest suspicion; and Mrs Arlington resolved, with the view of insuring, in all eventualities, the safety of her child, that it should pass during the journey as Annette's. It had also been determined, in the event of Mrs Arlington being detained, or of any other misfortune befalling her, that Annette should as speedily as possible pass over to England with her precious charge. The mistress and servant were to travel in the

same diligence, but there was to be no apparent acquaintance between them. Their places had been secured by different messengers, and they were to arrive separately at the office from whence the vehicle took its final departure from Paris. Annette Vaudry was also necessarily intrusted with a large sum of money in gold and jewels.

Mrs Arlington's preparations were at length complete; Annette and the little Julia were already gone; and bidding her kind hosts an affectionate farewell, she left her place of refuge, disguised as a French countrywoman of the humbler classes, and escorted by a porter, who had undertaken to carry her purposely scanty luggage. Evening had set in, and a cold drizzling rain was falling, but the ill-lighted, dirty streets were nevertheless alive with groups of men and women eagerly engaged in discussing the politics and most stirring incidents of the day. Not the humblest *fiacre* could proceed any considerable distance without the inmates, if any, undergoing the rude scrutiny of suspicious patriotism; and Mrs Arlington tremblingly congratulated herself on having followed Monsieur Henri's earnest advice, to walk rather than ride to the barrier. Arrived at the bureau of the diligence, a still more perilous scrutiny awaited her from the agents of the commune, in attendance to deprive suspected persons of all chance of escape. Deadly pale, and wholly unable to master the betraying emotions which agitated her frame, Mrs Arlington tendered her papers for the principal official's inspection.

'Approche, donc, citoyenne,' said the man somewhat coarsely; 'let us see if the writer of these papers is a good hand at a likeness. Humph! "Twenty-three years of age, light-brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion"—not absolutely incorrect, certainly, but still conveying a very poor impression of the charming original, who is, I must say, the most splendid specimen of a *bonne bourgeoisie* travelling to the Gironde on family affairs I ever had the honour of meeting. Entrez, citoyenne,' continued the official with a malicious grin; 'we must have some further conversation together.—You, conducteur, may proceed; this good Madame Le Bon will scarcely pass the barrier to-night.'

A cry of despair, impossible to repress, broke from the terrified lady, and she turned instinctively towards the diligence, as if to snatch one last embrace of her child.

'This way, citoyenne,' cried the officer, rudely seizing her by the arm.

'How now, Rigaud,' suddenly broke in a fierce authoritative voice; 'what do you mean by arresting my *compagne de voyage*? Are you mad?'

The speaker was a handsome young man in the uniform of a dragoon officer, who, unperceived by Mrs Arlington, had followed her from her lodgings, and without whose aid, in reassuring the

suspicious *bonnets rouges* and *tappe-durs*, but half-satisfied by the explanations of the porter, she would scarcely have reached so far.

'Your travelling companion, Captain Duplessis?'

'Certainly.—Madame,' continued the stranger, respectfully addressing Mrs Arlington, 'allow me to apologise for this man's rudeness, and at the same time to hand you to your seat.'

'Monsieur Henri!' ejaculated the bewildered lady.

'Not a word, madame,' he hurriedly whispered as he closed the door, 'as you value your own and your child's safety.'

'Well, but, capitaine!' persisted the somewhat mystified official.

'*Ah ça*, no impertinence, Rigaud: here are my papers; they are *en règle*, I believe. Or is it, perchance,' added the officer with simulated vehemence, perceiving that Rigaud still hesitated, 'that you, notoriously one of the Danton faction, affect doubts you do not really feel, in order to annoy or delay the friend and messenger of Saint Just?'

'Not at all, not at all,' hurriedly replied the official, in his turn a little alarmed, for in those days no man's head felt quite firmly on his shoulders; 'but this person is evidently no Bordeaux bourgeoisie, as she is designated in these papers; and with all proper deference to you, she must remain here till further inquiry be made. Saint Just is not a man to screen plotters or aristocrats.—Please to descend, madame,' he continued, at the same time reopening the door of the diligence, and seizing Mrs Arlington by the arm. 'Descend, if you please, and at once!'

'*Scélérat!*' shouted Duplessis, unable to restrain himself, and hurling Rigaud with stunning violence against the door of the bureau. Half-a-dozen fellows sprang forward to the assistance of their chief, and the affair would no doubt have terminated fatally, not only for the lady, but, possibly at least, for her chivalrous protector, had it not been for the opportune arrival of a youngish man, who, wrapped comfortably in a stout cloak, was stepping briskly along, and humming, as he went, a light joyous air, as if in defiance both of the times and the weather.

'Camille,' exclaimed Duplessis, struggling fiercely in the grasp of the guardians of the barrier, 'is that you?'

'Assuredly! And you? What, Cousin Henri! What is the meaning of this?—Why, Rigaud, you must be crazed!'

'I think not, Citoyen Desmoulins,' replied that officer, addressing Danton's friend and intimate with great respect, and at the same time, by a sign, releasing Duplessis; 'but this gentleman persists in passing an *élégante* through the barrier in the disguise of a *paysanne*.'

'How is this, Henri?'

'A word in your ear, Camille,' said Duplessis, drawing his friend and relative out of the hearing of Mrs Arlington. 'This lady, Camille, is'—— The rest of the sentence was whispered in his cousin's ear.

‘What, *la belle Marguerite*? And a runaway match too! Why, I understood she was as cold as snow. O you sly fox!’ and the gay-spirited editor of the *Vieux Cordelier* laughed prodigiously.—‘Rigaud, you must permit the lady to pass. It is an affair of the heart—you understand? At all events, I will be answerable for the consequences, and that, I suppose, will suffice.’

‘As you please, citizen,’ muttered Rigaud. ‘But’——

‘Enough, enough. Let there be no further delay, for this weather is frightful.—Adieu, Henri. My compliments to the lady. Call on us directly you return; Lucile will be delighted to see you both: I shall remember you to her. *Au revoir!*’ The diligence rumbled through the barrier, and Camille Desmoulins, glad to have extricated his cousin from an unpleasant scrape, passed gaily on, humming:

‘Ou peut-on être mieux
Qu’au sein de sa famille.’

‘Excellent!’ murmured the dissatisfied official, as the coach pursued its way. ‘A wedding-trip, no doubt; and the bridegroom, I see, prefers riding outside in this bitter weather to being seated within beside the bride! One would not lightly offend Camille; still, this affair must be sifted.—Where is the man who brought the lady’s luggage? Oh, there you are. Step this way, friend, if you please; I must have a word or two with you.’ The porter obeyed, and they passed together into the bureau de police.

The officer whose energetic interference thus saved Mrs Arlington from arrest and its too surely fatal consequences was Henri Duplessis, captain in a dragoon regiment attached to the Army of the North. Saint Just, in his frequent hurried visits to that army, for the purpose of insuring the faithful and energetic execution of his own and Carnot’s instructions, had more than once witnessed with admiration the young officer’s conduct; and a close friendship, quite irrespective of politics, had, in consequence, sprung up between them. Duplessis had been lately summoned to the capital to give evidence before the Committee of Public Safety on various military details, and whilst there, had happened to call upon his maternal uncle, M. de Liancourt, just as this eminent physician received a note from Madame Le Bon—Mrs Arlington—requesting his immediate attendance on her husband, with whom life seemed rapidly closing, in consequence of a renewed effusion of blood.

M. de Liancourt, or rather Citoyen Liancourt, was a physician in high practice; affecting ardent republicanism before the world, but to his intimates holding very different language.

‘Henri,’ said he, rising as soon as he had finished the perusal of Mrs Arlington’s note, and seizing his hat and gloves, ‘if you have a fancy to look upon a beautiful *aristocrate*—a rare sight now in

France, thanks to the sharp practice of your friends—come with me. You are not in uniform, and I will introduce you as an assistant. *Allons !*

‘Le Bon is a very aristocratic name truly,’ said Duplessis as they emerged into the street.

‘Merely a disguise: her name is Arlington, and she is a native of “perfidious Albion.”’

‘An Englishwoman! What misfortune can have detained her here?’

‘The sudden illness of her husband, who imprudently delayed his departure in order to effect the arrangement of a heavy pecuniary claim he had against D’Orleans, contracted, I believe, when that very estimable personage was in England.’

‘This Englishwoman, is she so very beautiful?’

‘Singularity so; even for that land of female loveliness. You know I resided there several years.’

‘And an *aristocrate*?’

‘By birth, feeling, education, manners—*yes*; though in a sense quite opposite to our use of the term. But here we are.’

The apartment into which the physician and his nephew were stealthily ushered was a large and apparently handsomely furnished one, as far as could be discerned by the dull light of a cloudy November day, struggling through the heavy and partially closed window-curtains. The glance of Duplessis became riveted, the instant he entered, upon the pale, patrician features of a gentleman but little more than his own age, who was reclining upon a sofa, with his head supported by pillows. Death, he saw at once, had set his fatal signet there; and soldier as he was, and custom-hardened to such sights, an emotion of profound pity swept across his mind at the contemplation of the premature end of one so young, so eager for life, as a man loved by the beautiful being bending over him in tearful grief must necessarily be. Mrs Arlington, who had been reading to the patient, rose as De Liancourt softly advanced, and questioned with the mute eloquence of her radiant eyes—which sorrow seemed but to gem with a diviner lustre—the oracle from whose lips the words of fate were about to fall. Not so her husband. The agitation of a feverish hope no longer fluttered the spirit of the dying man. His glance continued fixed upon the countenance of his wife with an expression of anxious tenderness, as if the stroke which he felt could not be long averted must needs fall on her with greatest force; and that look deepened in its unselfish love when De Liancourt, in the low, calm accents of professional decision, said: ‘My fears, often expressed, are verified. Life with you, my dear sir, is near, very near its close.’

A cry of uncontrollable grief burst from the young wife at this confirmation of her worst fears. She threw herself on her knees

beside the couch of her dying husband, and kissed his pale thin hands with vehement emotion.

'Julia, beloved friend—companion—wife,' murmured Mr Arlington, 'you promised to bear this visitation with a Christian's patience, with the devotedness and hope of a mother whose child is still spared to her.' He was answered only by convulsive sobs, and presently continued: 'Now that our excellent De Liancourt is with us, let us not, dearest, waste the brief moments remaining to me in unavailing lamentations. I shall soon be beyond the reach of man's violence and enmity, but you—our child'—

He paused, and his anxious look was turned towards the physician. De Liancourt's countenance fell.

'Have you made the inquiries we spoke of?' said Mr Arlington with an expression of dismay which the announcement of inevitable and almost immediate death had not been able to produce.

'I have, and fear that some delay must still be endured. The scrutiny to which all persons who attempt to pass the barriers are subjected becomes daily more stringent, so that'—

'God of heaven!' interrupted the dying man, 'this is indeed to taste of the full bitterness of death!'

Mrs Arlington, panic-stricken by a new terror, started wildly to her feet, snatched a beautiful child, sleeping on an ottoman beside her, with passionate eagerness to her arms, and for the first time afforded Duplessis a full view of her person and countenance.

He felt his heart beat tumultuously, and his eyes fill with irrepressible emotion as he gazed upon that pale, yet queenly and brilliant vision, with its Madonna attitude and grace, and subduing tenderness of sorrowful expression.

'We must still trust,' continued De Liancourt soothingly, 'in the merciful Providence which has so long shielded'—

'I have influence, madame—sir,' broke in Duplessis, recovering his voice, and speaking with a confused and hurried earnestness; 'influence with my friends Saint Just, Carnot. I will insure the safety of the lady, of the child, at the hazard of my life—my life!'

'Who is this gentleman, De Liancourt?' asked Mr Arlington.

'My nephew Henri,' replied the physician. 'He has, as he says, some influence at head-quarters, and will, I doubt not, willingly exert it.'

'His *friends* Saint Just and Carnot of the "Salut Public!" But that you, De Liancourt, vouch for him'—

'My nephew is not the friend, my dear sir, of those persons in the sense you apprehend; and I would pledge my life upon his faith.'

'Enough, De Liancourt—your word suffices.—And you, sir, will, I trust, excuse the momentary doubt of a person anxious for the safety of a wife and child. If you *can* aid them to escape from this place of violence and crime, the prayers and blessings of a dying man will be yours.'

Duplessis reiterated his offers of service in a calmer and more coherent manner than before ; and then, at the suggestion of De Liancourt, who feared that the excitement of such a conversation might hasten the fatal crisis, which, however, could not be long delayed, the conference terminated—the physician promising, as he left the apartment, to look in again early on the morrow.

‘Henri,’ said De Liancourt gravely, as he shook hands with Duplessis at his own door, after a silent walk from Mr Arlington’s, ‘the task you appear so anxious to undertake is full of peril, and, moreover, one that must not be entered upon from any motive unworthy of the son of my sainted sister. Forgive me, Henri,’ he added, in a mild deprecatory tone, in reply to his nephew’s glance of fire, ‘it is for you that I chiefly fear.’

Mr Arlington died the day after this visit. The beauty, the multiplied perils which environed the bereaved young wife, excited, as we have seen, a tumult of emotions in the chivalrous breast of Duplessis—soon to be resolved into a fervent, devoted, but, as he instinctively felt, hopeless passion. He at once determined to save her, or to share her fate if unsuccessful. It was he who procured her passport and certificate of civism, and by his influence with Saint Just, he obtained for himself leave of absence from Carnot to proceed to the Gironde on affairs, as he stated, of family importance.

As intimidated by the official guardian of the barrier, Duplessis rode on the outside of the diligence, protecting himself as he best might with his cloak from the inclemency of the weather. Throughout the entire journey he scrupulously abstained from intruding upon Mrs Arlington’s presence, save when her safety required that he should do so. That lady no doubt divined the nature of the emotions which influenced the conduct of the young officer—for quickly comes such knowledge—but however impossible she might feel it to reciprocate his sentiments, she could not feel the less grateful for services so hazardous and so unselfish. The heroic feeling which prompted a lover to risk his life to facilitate the departure of the adored object from the country with which his own destinies were indissolubly bound up, could not but be gratefully appreciated by a generous, high-minded woman such as Mrs Arlington. More than that was not in her power.

II.

The journey was a long and anxious one. The shadow of the terrible régime enthroned in Paris enveloped the entire land of France. Suspicion, unquiet, terror, pervaded every town and village through which they passed. At Châteauroux, where the passengers were rudely questioned by a busy official, Mrs Arlington’s defective accent and irrepressible air of hauteur would unquestionably have

caused her arrest, but for the bold bearing and ready assurance of the dragoon officer. At Limoges, a similar peril was encountered, and with still greater difficulty evaded.

When the lumbering vehicle drew near Bordeaux, there were no other passengers inside than Mrs Arlington and her servant and child. 'Annette,' said she, after covering the lips, the forehead, the cheeks of her daughter with passionate kisses, 'remember not to lose a moment, should any misfortune befall me, in obtaining a passage to England.' The dreaded barrier was reached at last, and at the invitation of the officer in command, Mrs Arlington descended from the diligence.

Annette's papers were the first examined. There was no difficulty with her: she was personally known to several of the municipal soldiers, and after replying to one or two unimportant questions, she passed forth.

'Marie Le Bon,' said the officer, turning abruptly towards Mrs Arlington, 'your journey ends at Bordeaux. To-morrow, probably, you will appear before the representatives of the sovereign people. This night you pass in prison.'

'What outrage is this?' exclaimed Duplessis, overwhelmed with consternation.

'Outrage, *mon capitaine!*' coolly replied the officer. 'Nothing of the kind. Rigaud was not quite so credulous as you would have wished. Thanks to his researches, and the speed with which the agents of the Republic travel, I have now the honour of arresting Madame Arlington, foreign *intrigante*, and spy in the service of the detestable Pitt.'

Expostulations, denials, entreaties, were alike useless, and the unfortunate lady, almost unconscious from excess of terror, was hurried off to prison. Duplessis accompanied her to the gate, and would have entered with her, but was thrust back by the guard.

On the fourth day from her arrest, Mrs Arlington was placed for judgment before Isabeau and other satellites of the victorious Montagne. Duplessis was by her side, and, reckless of his own safety, inveighed with passionate vehemence against the injustice and cruelty that would sacrifice an innocent and helpless stranger to the groundless suspicions of a vindictive faction. Loud and ominous murmurs from the crowd which composed the audience frequently interrupted his audacious denunciations. Silence having at length been enforced, the helpless lady was, with brief form, doomed to the scaffold. She was then reconveyed to prison, to await the next day's *fournée*, or batch of victims; and Duplessis rushed from the hall of death in wild distraction. There was but one resource left, and that he must without delay invoke.

At this period, a young Spanish lady, Doña Theresa Cabarus, otherwise Madame de Fontenay, reigned, by the influence of her dazzling beauty, supreme over the heart of Tallien, the dictator

governing Bordeaux in the name of the Republic. All testimonies agree that this remarkable woman chiefly used her power to mitigate the ferocity of the decrees which would otherwise have decimated the devoted city. She was an angel of mercy to the unfortunate citizens of Bordeaux. According to the historian of the Girondists, 'Tallien no longer desired power but that she might partake of it, grandeur but to raise her to it, glory but to cover her with it.' This was the lady—'beautiful brown woman,' Carlyle calls her—whose letter, some months later, addressed to Tallien from the Paris dungeons, where she lay in hourly expectation of death, precipitated the fall of Robespierre, by determining Tallien to attack him in the Convention without delay.

With headlong haste, Duplessis sought her residence. She was fortunately at home, having just returned from a drive; and with the help of a considerable bribe to the domestic in waiting, he obtained immediate access to her presence. She was seated on a sofa, attired fantastically, but not unbecomingly for her style of face and figure, in a light, classical Grecian costume. Duplessis threw himself at the feet of the all-powerful beauty, and with earnest eloquence besought her aid.

Dofia Theresa seemed affected by his passionate appeal. She gently raised him, and motioned to a seat a few paces from her.

'This lady is very beautiful, I hear?'

'As the stars of heaven! As your own beauteous self!' added Duplessis with better tact after a moment's pause, 'though of a different type of loveliness.'

'And you, captain, are a favoured wooer?'

Duplessis' cheek flamed involuntarily to hear the lady, whose image was crowned in his imagination with a halo of purity and grace, so glibly alluded to by La Cabarus; and he coldly replied: 'A stranger, madame, and a widow but of yesterday, could be to me, or to any other honourable man, but as a sister.'

Madame de Fontenay coloured, and a slight frown contracted her lustrous forehead.

'After all, Captain Duplessis, if the lady be, as the tribunal has decided, an *intrigante*, an emissary of Pitt, it would ill become either of us, as sincere friends of our glorious Republic, to aid her escape from the doom she has so recklessly incurred.'

'Believe it not, madame,' exclaimed Duplessis with wrathful energy. 'She is as innocent as yourself of plotting against the Republic. She remained in Paris to smooth the pillow of her dying husband; and who will not admit that that is woman's highest, holiest duty?'

Awkward Duplessis! The ominous frown deepened, and a bright flush, certainly not arising from any pleasurable feeling, tinted the clear olive of Dofia Theresa's complexion.

'I am afraid, Captain Duplessis,' said she, rising, as if to terminate

the interview, 'that I cannot successfully interpose in favour of this person.'

'Not successfully interpose, madame !' cried the captain, painfully aware that he had committed some blunder, but, from his ignorance of the lady's history, not certain of what kind. 'Have I not heard that you are omnipotent with him whose will is fate in this unhappy city? Can it be that such transcendent beauty could plead *in vain* to any being of earth's mould? Impossible ! And will you, whom the inhabitants of Bordeaux, of all ranks, degrees, and opinions, pronounce with one voice to be as heroically tender in heart and disposition as you are radiantly beautiful in person, hesitate to exercise that all-subduing power in behalf of a helpless being of your own sex exposed to the cruelties of ruthless men?'

'Well, Citoyen Duplessis,' replied Madame de Fontenay with a brilliant smile, 'if you are not a successful lover, you, I am sure, deserve to be one. I will not disparage in your eyes the opinion the good people of Bordeaux have, you say, formed of me. The lady is safe, take my word for it, as if her foot already touched her native soil. Wait for me here. Representative Tallien resides but two doors off : I shall return in a few minutes.'

Duplessis poured forth a torrent of incoherent thanks, amidst which the senora gracefully sailed out of the apartment.

She was some time absent, and when she returned, Duplessis, judging from the excited expression of her glowing countenance, feared that some difficulty had arisen which she had not been able to surmount.

'Alas, madame, all is, I fear, lost !'

'Reassure yourself, Monsieur Duplessis. There has been considerable difficulty, in consequence of the peremptory instructions from Paris regarding this lady ; but I am not accustomed to sue in vain. Here is the order for Madame Arlington's liberation. It were well she departed at once. You do not accompany her?'

'No, generous lady ; I remain to share the fortunes of the Republic. May He, madame, whom so many of us are too apt in these times to disregard, bless and reward you for this holy deed !'

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Mrs Arlington was at liberty. As Duplessis, after leaving Madame de Fontenay's house, was hastening towards the prison, he was accosted by a man having the appearance of a tradesman, who informed him that Annette Vaudry had sailed a few hours previously for England. Important as was this intelligence, he was at the moment too much agitated to yield it the attention it deserved. Neither could he afterwards remember the man's name ; nor, indeed, whether he had been told it. Mrs Arlington, as well as himself, concluded he was a relative of Annette, deputed to communicate the news of her departure ; and the subject was with some effort dismissed from both their minds.

'Captain Duplessis,' said Mrs Arlington in a voice full of emotion,

as she stood, late on the following evening, on the deck of a large fishing-vessel, hired at an enormous price—the produce of some jewels she had successfully concealed in her dress—‘I have no words to express the deep gratitude I feel for your generous, your heroic kindness towards me; but if, when this unhappy war shall have terminated, you visit our shores’—— The death-like paleness of the features of Duplessis flushed with a sudden hectic, and he gazed with burning eyes upon her face. ‘If,’ she continued, slightly averting her head—‘if you should then visit England, be assured that nothing that I or my relatives could do to testify our esteem, our gratitude, our respect’——

A deep sigh arrested her words, and she paused in painful embarrassment. The sudden light had faded from the young officer’s face, and he was again deadly pale. The coldness of the lady’s manner, more than her words, had chilled and disenchanted him.

‘A dream, madame,’ he rejoined in a low, sad voice, ‘in which it were mere folly to indulge. Farewell! May all good angels guard and bless you!’ He jumped into the boat which was waiting alongside, and was swiftly rowed ashore. A few minutes afterwards, the fishing-vessel was gliding down the Garonne on its course to the Bay of Biscay, where it was hoped a British vessel might be met with which would take Mrs Arlington on board; but, failing which, the master was bound, at all risks and hazards—so ran the bargain—to make for the nearest English port.

III.

The man who accosted Duplessis, and announced Annette Vaudry’s departure for England, was Pierre Duclos, a working jeweller by ordinary profession, but since the Revolution had practically abolished those appendages to luxury and *culottism*, a zealous Public Safety committee-man, at forty sous a day. His wife, Marie Duclos, was a distant relative of Annette; and it was consequently in his house that she sought shelter for herself and the child confided to her. Her fair-speaking relatives easily obtained the confidence of the simple-hearted woman; and Pierre readily undertook the very difficult, as well as perilous task, of negotiating her passage to England. The gold and jewels with which she had been intrusted, Annette, in the guileless pride of her heart, exhibited as an unmistakable proof of the trust reposed in her by the foreign lady whom she so loved and mourned. The glittering treasure elicited one irrepressible flash of hell-fire from Duclos’ eyes; and then, as if afraid of betraying himself, he jumped up from his chair, and hastily quitted the room.

The only surviving child of Pierre and Marie Duclos was a pretty, interesting girl of about nine years of age, named Valérie. In her was centered all of kindliness of heart, all of healthy moral life which

long and impatiently borne adversity, with other demoralising influences peculiar to the time, had left them. Valérie was the sole oasis which shone upon them from amidst the dreary sterility of the past, or relieved the bleak mistiness of the future—the only object which in this world or the next they contemplated with either joy, or hope, or fear. They had both—but the husband more especially, for in woman the divine instincts of faith and love are perhaps never wholly obliterated—accepted with sullen indifference the sad dogmas through which the fanatics of that period proffered to man a safe equality with brutes in lieu of a possibly perilous immortality. These changes had been chiefly wrought in them since Annette had left Bordeaux. Had she been aware of her relatives' moral condition, she would in all probability have preferred taking up her abode with persons somewhat less untrammelled with old-world prejudices than they. Pierre's look, when she displayed the money and precious stones, somewhat disquieted her, but the half-discovery came too late.

On the same night that Mrs Arlington quitted the shores of France, and at about the same hour, Pierre and Marie Duclos sat down to a supper of much greater profusion than they had for several years been accustomed to. The husband ate heartily; but the wife, after one or two efforts to follow his example, pushed the plate from before her with an expression of impatience and disgust. The mind of Madame Duclos seemed, judging from her restless demeanour and changing countenance, strangely ill at ease. Presently she started up, and paced hurriedly up and down the apartment, pausing occasionally to listen at the door which shut in the stair leading to the room where slept Annette Vaudry, Valérie, and little Julia Arlington. She was rather a good-looking woman, of about six-and-thirty years of age; but the unquiet expression of her large dark southern eyes too plainly intimated that peace dwelt not with the spirit which gleamed through them. At last she stopped in her agitated walk, hastily swallowed a draught of wine, sat down, and resumed the conversation her rising had interrupted in the same low undertone as before.

'What have you done with the—the *médecine*, Pierre?'

'Here it is, Marie. Believe me, it is the only genuine elixir for the woes of life, and silent but unerring guide to the regions of eternal repose.'

'Hush! Speak lower, Pierre. Annette is perhaps by this time awake. I will step and see.'

Madame Duclos was some time gone, and when she re-entered the room, her face was paler, her agitation even more violent than before. Her husband again handed her wine, which she eagerly swallowed. It appeared to somewhat calm her, and she sat down.

'*Must* this be done, Pierre? Is there no hope for us save in this dreadful deed?'

‘None—none—none!’ replied Duclos gloomily. ‘Even this supper has been purchased with part of the money given me to secure her passage. And what is there in such an act that should startle us? The guillotine daily shears away, amid the applause of all good patriots, the lives of scores of persons, unoffending, harmless, and innocent as she’——

‘You should see Valérie, Pierre,’ said the wife, interrupting his scarcely heeded reply—‘you should see Valérie asleep with that beautiful child embraced in her white arms. Their sweet lips touch each other, and they look in the bright moonlight like two angelic spirits sent down from heaven to teach all who look upon them the loveliness of innocence and truth. O Pierre! you and I were children once, as pure, as innocent as they, and now—— O God! to think that Valérie, perhaps through our example, may become as wretched and as lost as we!’

‘Is it not mainly for the sake of Valérie,’ rejoined Duclos, ‘that we have resolved upon the deed which you now so strangely boggle at? Would you see *her* houseless, a beggar, cast perhaps a few years hence upon the streets’——

‘No—no—no! But, O Pierre, if but a part of what used to be told us in the abolished churches should, after all, prove true, and this crime-purchased wealth become not a blessing, but a curse not only to us, but to her!’

‘Mere superstitious folly, Marie. I hoped these dreams of a barbarous age had been banished from the minds of all reasonable beings. Do you think the enlightened patriots now occupied in regenerating France have not well weighed all such matters in their powerful minds? What said Tallien but yesterday at the banquet of Fraternity? “The journey of life is over a vast plain teeming with flowers and fruits, for the delight and sustenance of the wayfarers, who, if they are wise, will gather and enjoy them as quickly as they may; for ever nearer and nearer to them gather the moving sands of fate and chance, which a little sooner or a little later will inevitably roll over them, and of their graves make new and smoother paths for succeeding generations—all destined, like their predecessors, to flutter for a while in the sunshine, and then sink into a dreamless slumber, from which no archangel’s trump, as priests have fabled, shall ever waken them.”’

‘Woe! woe! if it indeed be so, to the wayfarers—for those especially who are mothers, doomed never to behold again their little ones, untimely snatched from their embraces into eternal night, never, never, never to behold them more!’

‘Take another cup of wine, Marie,’ said Duclos; ‘you are not yourself to-night.—There, that will do more to fortify you against imaginary terrors than all the preaching in the world. This philosophy, I say, this religion of men who refuse to be dupes, bids us enjoy, at every cost, the present life; commands us to seize, in the

best way we can, all the means of happiness which chance may place within our reach. A golden opportunity now presents itself, and, thanks to our emancipation from childish prejudices, we shall seize it, and thus extricate ourselves, extricate Valérie, from the gulf of poverty into which we have fallen.'

He paused, but his wife not replying, he continued, still in the same low cautious tones in which the conversation had been throughout maintained: 'The money intrusted to Annette, with the jewels, of the value of which you know I am a good judge, will amply suffice to establish us handsomely in business at Paris, as soon as order is restored, and then what but a life of comfort and luxury awaits us? Valérie, instead of being a miserable outcast, earning scanty bread by miserable, ill-requited toil, will have her fine talents cultivated, and will shine forth an ornament of the circles she must otherwise serve for coarse food and insufficient raiment.'

Madame Duclos' countenance gradually assumed, under the combined influence of the wine and her husband's sophistries, a less pallid and unquiet aspect. A silence of several minutes succeeded the last speech, broken at last by the wife: 'She will not suffer much, Pierre?'

'Not at all: she will sleep, and not wake again—nothing more.'

'Hélas! Only for Valérie: truly, as you say, this grinding burden of poverty—which the Revolution was to cure, but has not—becomes heavy and crushing in proportion to the number of loved ones who help to bear it. Pierre, promise me once more that Valérie shall never be corrupted—enlightened as I have been'—

'I do promise, Marie. Hark! you are called.'

Madame Duclos rose and tottered towards the door. The summons was repeated, and she ascended the stairs. She soon reappeared.

'Annette is awake. The pain in her side is a little easier, but she wishes to take the medicine at once—in some wine.'

'Good—excellent! Pour some into this cup. Morbleu! you waste it half: give it me.'

'Pierre,' said the wife in a hoarse whisper, 'no harm must befall the child. We will rear it tenderly'—

'As you will; but be quick.'

Madame Duclos took the cup mixed by her husband, and made two or three steps towards the door, then stopped irresolutely, and replaced it on the table.

'I cannot give it her, Pierre: I should betray myself.'

'Then place it by her side; that will do. You do not need a light.'

The hellish errand was at last accomplished. The half-slumbering woman swallowed the potion, and then, murmuring thanks to the wretch, who watched her from the half-opened door, sank back upon the pillow. Was it fancy, or did Valérie's soft eyes unclosed, and for an instant rest upon her guilty, trembling mother? Duclos and his

wife crept stealthily—as if they feared the very sound of their footsteps might betray them—to bed, to sleep, if sleep were possible.

IV.

Nine years of fratricidal strife had passed heavily away when the peace, or rather the truce of Amiens afforded the wearied, trampled world a few months' breathing-time. Mrs Arlington had remarried, and was now Lady Ormsby. Duplessis had attained the rank of general. Time had swept over both of them with healing wings, assuaging the mother's grief for her child—supposed to have perished with Annette Vaudry at sea—and filling the aching void in the soldier's heart with a new idol—glory! But what had the strong hours done for the Duclos family?—what had the seasons in their change brought *them*?

All, it should seem, that, in the dark days of adversity, they had pined and sinned for—competence, wealth, luxury; the consideration and esteem of the world; a respected position in society—all these they possessed. M. Duclos, the goldsmith and jeweller of the Rue Vivienne, was recognised by the *élite* of the Paris *bourgeoisie* as a thoroughly respectable citizen; his wife as a pattern of grave, conjugal propriety; and his only child, the pretty light-hearted Valérie—already contracted to Auguste le Blanc, eldest son of the Sieur le Blanc of the Boulevard des Italiens, one of the richest notaries of Paris—as the most charming and amiable of daughters. Happiness, then, if happiness consist in the things they so eagerly desired, is obtained, however foully played for. One would suppose so; and yet it can scarcely be content and peace that have so early changed the thick black tresses of the wife to scanty gray, and stamped those heavy furrows on the husband's haggard face!

The love of both father and mother for their graceful Valérie had also grown and strengthened, until it amounted almost to idolatry. The only happiness they knew—and that but fitful and evanescent—was in contemplating hers. Scrupulously had they concealed from her the creed of despair by which their own minds had been dwarfed and perverted—their own lives stained and debased. Valérie at least should have a future, if but an ideal one. Existence should not be with her an avowedly objectless journey ending in a tomb. So natively good and kind was the disposition of Valérie, that even the doting indulgence which anticipated and gratified every whim or wish she formed, failed of corrupting her unselfish nature. Gentle, pious, affectionate, gay-hearted, she shed a light of gladness around her, which mitigated, if it could not subdue, the gloom which—Valérie's only grief—constantly enshrouded her parents.

The deep tenderness and love which Valérie had always manifested for the beautiful orphan, who had dwelt with them since the sad death of Annette Vaudry, was one of the most amiable traits of

her character. Julia or Julie, as she was called—she passed with the world as Valérie's cousin—who was now more than twelve years of age, gave promise of a beauty as radiant and exquisite as that of her mother, and her talents for drawing, music, even dancing—that apparently intuitive faculty of Frenchwomen—were far superior to her own; but not one emotion of jealous inferiority ruffled the placid bosom of Valérie. On the contrary, one of her chief pleasures was to dilate upon the fresh graces and beauties which, according to her, were daily springing up and expanding in her beloved companion and protégée. Happy was it for Julie to be so loved by one so potent in the household as Valérie. Both husband and wife, but Pierre Duclos especially, instinctively dreaded and disliked her. 'How,' he would frequently mutter, 'how can we hope for peace whilst that living memorial of the past haunts us with her accusing presence? If Valérie were not so bound up in her'— And then evil thoughts would flit across his brain. The suggestions of his clouded mind did not as yet fortunately harden into shape and action; and Julie, nestled and sheltered in the arms of Valérie, slept in peace and safety.

Julie had been told by Valérie that she was the daughter of English parents of high degree, one of whom—so Annette Vaudry had said—was buried at Père-la-Chaise; and the other had perished by the guillotine at Bordeaux. One of the favourite haunts of the two friends was to that picturesque burial-garden, to shed tears and scatter *immortelles* upon an unmarked grave, which, from certain evidence extracted from the good-natured guardians of the place—not perhaps of much value in a court of law, but more than sufficient for minds willing to be deceived—they believed to be the earth's resting-place of Julie's father, Mr A. More than the first letter of his name they knew not. If Annette had ever mentioned the name to Valérie, she had forgotten it. Monsieur and Madame Duclos of course affected equal ignorance. Indeed, any allusion to the subject was rigorously, and, even to Valérie, menacingly interdicted. The initial letter was found on the fly-leaf of an English Book of Common Prayer taken out of Annette's box, at the foot of some tender lines evidently addressed to her infant daughter by Julie's mother, previous to setting out upon what they deemed had proved her fatal journey to Bordeaux. Those lines, now almost obliterated by frequent tears—of little consequence, as every letter was deep graven upon Julie's heart and memory—were subscribed 'Julia A.' The brilliant castles in the air that Valérie would build for her young friend on returning from these votive excursions! How some day, now that peace was proclaimed, and in some way not very distinctly mapped out, Julie's grand relations were to be discovered, Julie of course proving to be one of the very grandest of grand Miladis, possessed, like all Miladis, according to juvenile French notions, of millions upon millions of guineas—

those all-powerful guineas, with which the terrible Pitt so cruelly beat and sunk the French navies, and, worse than all, the gentle Valérie sighed to think, strove to blow up the First Consul—besides innumerable castles all now desolate, and waiting to fire off all their guns on their lost mistress's arrival. Then how, after Julie had taken possession, and been crowned a *Miladi* in Westminster Hall, or St Paul's Church—Valérie did not pique herself upon precise historical accuracy—she would return to delightful France, and build a splendid château near Paris, so as to be able to reside near that city of delights at least six months out of every year; and ultimately—there could be no doubt upon this point—marry the handsome son of the brave French officer (ah, if they only knew *his* name!) who, according to Annette—so gallantly, but, alas, so vainly, risked his life to save that of her mother! Such were Valérie's innocent and unselfish day-dreams of Julie's future lot. On returning home one evening from this favourite walk, they found Monsieur and Madame Duclos in a state of great agitation; and the first address to them was a harsh command that, for the present at least, Julie should on no account leave the house without either Monsieur or Madame Duclos' especial permission, nor even enter the front shop. She must confine herself strictly to the back apartments and garden. This strange prohibition, dictated, they hinted, solely in Julie's interest, Valérie warmly but ineffectually remonstrated against, as an act of unjustifiable caprice and cruelty. For once her parents were deaf even to *her* pleadings; and, accompanied by Julie, she withdrew in sorrowful indignation to her chamber.

No wonder that Monsieur and Madame Duclos exhibited symptoms of unusual alarm and agitation. For some time past, the daily more and more striking resemblance of Julie to her mother—they had both seen her when before the revolutionary committee at Bordeaux—had given form and substance to the undefined terrors by which they were inexorably pursued; and an incident which occurred about half-an-hour previous to the return of Valérie and her companion from their evening walk, had placed in an instant before their eyes the extent and imminence of the peril by which they were menaced. General Duplessis was returned to Paris, and had twice, on horseback, paced slowly before their shop, gazing in as he passed with an expression which sent their blood in tumultuous eddies through their veins. This officer, who, Duclos was aware, had been made prisoner by the English, but had strangely obtained his almost immediate release by exchange, had, several years before, made minute inquiries at Bordeaux, doubtless by the instigation of Madame Arlington, and had, in consequence, traced him to Paris, and there called upon him for explanations relative to the sailing of Annette Vaudry for England. The answers, long before prepared, had been apparently satisfactory; but what if the general—whom the peace had again brought to Paris, and who, being on the First Consul's staff, would

doubtless remain there—chanced to see Julie? That, indeed, were ruin! Great numbers of English visitors were also crowding to France, and was it not probable, nay, almost certain, that Madame Arlington would come over, and personally institute a more minute and searching investigation? And if Julie were seen and interrogated, what would become of the plausible story he had told of her embarkation with Annette in Jacques Bazire's vessel, fortunately lost with all hands on board in the very nick of time? The danger was palpable, imminent, and must, at all hazards and sacrifices, be provided against. In the meantime one evident precaution suggested itself: Julie must be strictly confined within the house, at all events until a renewal of the war—not a very remote probability, according to generally accredited rumour—should again chase the English from the soil of France, and recall Duplessis to the frontiers.

The conference of Duclos and his wife was that night long and gloomy, and bitter words of reproach and recrimination, now no unusual occurrence, passed between them. 'Safety alone in another crime, does he say?' murmured Madame Duclos as she left the room. 'Alas! alas! a fresh serpent wreathed about the heart will yield peace as readily as a new crime will safety!'

'Oh, why do you weep, *chère mère*?' said Valérie, embracing her mother, who, thinking she slept, was bending over her in tearful agony. 'Why, always when Julie and I sleep together, do you come in, separate us gently, but with averted head, as if you could not bear to see us slumbering in each other's arms, and then silently weep, as if your very heart would break? Often, often, mother, have I watched you whilst pretending to sleep. O mother, tell me, tell your own Valérie, what hidden grief it is that so disquiets you?'

'Am I not soon to lose you, Valérie?' replied the agitated woman: 'is not that a cause for tears?'

'Lose me, mother! Ah, now you are jesting. Is, then, the Boulevard des Italiens so far from the Rue Vivienne? And must not a long twelvemonth elapse before even that slight separation can take place? You, too, kind and dear mother, who have permitted Auguste to solicit his father, because you think your health is failing, to abridge that delay one-half. O no, it is not that! Forgive me, dear mother, if I offend you, for you have often bidden me never to mention the subject, but I remember that when Annette Vaudry came to our house in the Faubourg of Bordeaux, that'—

'What, what do you remember?' gasped Madame Duclos as her daughter paused, frightened at the wild expression of her mother's face.

'Only, dear mother—oh, do not look so strangely at me; I do not mean to offend you; but I remember how poor, how very poor we then were, and I have sometimes thought that my father may not now be so rich as he is supposed to be.'

'Nonsense, my child: your father is even richer than he is believed

to be. Now, love, go to sleep : good-night ;' and kissing her daughter fervently, the mother left the room.

Valérie, as she sank back with a sigh upon her pillow, slightly disturbed by the motion the sleeping Julie, who turned murmuringly towards her. 'How beautiful she is,' thought Valérie ; 'and as true and gentle as beautiful. But, ah me ! I fear neither father nor mother loves her as she deserves to be loved ; and when I am gone, perhaps—— At all events, I shall be always near her ; and Auguste says if she is unhappy, she shall come and live with us. Dear Auguste !'—and with the thoughts suggested by that name mantling about her heart, the gentle maiden sank to sleep.

V.

Time wore on ; the truce of Amiens was rapidly drawing towards a close, and Duclos' long ill-humour was sensibly abating, when one day, just as he was leaving his counting-house for dinner, an English lady and gentleman, evidently persons of condition, entered the shop, accompanied by General Duplessis. 'Is the master of this establishment within ?' demanded that officer of one of the assistants. He was answered in the affirmative. 'Then have the goodness to inform him that General Duplessis wishes to see him.'

Lucky for Duclos was it that he had arisen from his seat and approached the window overlooking the shop just as the strangers entered. He thus obtained a few minutes' time to rally his startled energies. He recognised Julie's mother in an instant. Duclos intuitively guessed the errand of his ominous visitors. 'They had doubtless been making renewed inquiries at Bordeaux. Yet what had he to fear ? What evidence could be brought against him ? The jewels had been all long since reset in a manner to defy recognition, and disposed of. Detection by that means was impossible. Why, then, need he disquiet himself ? There was no cause for apprehension—none, positively none, if Julie could be kept out of sight. There lay the peril : he had long felt so ; and but for Valérie and his panic-stricken wife, would have long since'——

The entrance of the shopman to announce the general's message interrupted his hurried soliloquy. 'Tell him I will wait on him immediately,' replied Duclos, without turning his face to the man. He then went to a cupboard, poured out, with trembling hands, a large glass of spirits, and hastily swallowed it. Colour came gradually back to his pallid cheek, and he walked with tolerably steady steps into the shop.

'We wish to speak with you privately, Monsieur Duclos,' said the general.

Duclos immediately led the way to his counting-house. He placed three chairs for Lord and Lady Ormsby and the general,

and remained standing himself, as if respectfully awaiting their commands.

'Monsieur Duclos,' said the general with brusque military curtness, 'you told me, when I called on you three years ago, that Annette Vaudry, with this lady's daughter, embarked at Bordeaux for England in Jacques Bazire's vessel, which, past question, you well knew foundered in the bay. Now, we have every reason to believe that this story of yours is absolutely false.'

'False, General Duplessis!'

'False, Monsieur Duclos! You told me you paid the large sum agreed upon for the passage-money to Jacques Bazire the day before he sailed. Now, his wife persists that she never heard of any negotiation by any person with her husband for such a purpose; that when he sailed, he had no intention whatever of going to England; and that, moreover, the stores on board were nothing like sufficient for such a voyage.'

'The negotiation, general, was necessarily, as you must be aware, strictly private and confidential. Besides, Jacques Bazire was, if possible, to put his passengers on board a cruiser in the bay, then covered with them.'

'Plausible, plausible, Monsieur Duclos,' returned the general with the same rude curtness, 'but not at all convincing to me, especially accompanied as it is by that nervous twitching at the corners of your mouth.'

'General, you insult me.'

'Perhaps so. Moreover, Bazire's family persist that if he had received such a sum of money as you say was paid to him, they must have known of it. He would not have taken it with him to sea; it is absurd to suppose so; and his family, at his death, were in a state of poverty almost amounting to destitution. You perceive, Monsieur Duclos, that a mystery hangs over the affair, which you would do wisely to clear up; otherwise'——

At this moment the door conducting to the inner apartment opened, and Madame Duclos, utterly ignorant of *who* was detaining her husband from his dinner, entered to remind him that it had been for some time waiting for him. 'Pierre,' she began, with the handle of the half-opened door in her hand, 'the sooner you can'—— when her eyes fell upon Lady Ormsby and General Duplessis. The words died on her tongue, and she stood gazing upon them in terrified amazement.

'What is there in this lady to scare you so, good woman?' said the general after a minute's pause.

Madame Duclos did not answer, but her bosom heaved tumultuously, and she caught at the door-post with her disengaged left hand for support.

'Marie,' said Duclos, hurriedly approaching her, himself shaking with nervous terror, 'I will come to you almost immediately.'

'Yes—yes—yes,' gasped his wife, partially recovering herself. 'I know—I understand—I'— And with a great effort, she tottered back into the passage, closing the door after her.

'Very singular behaviour of your wife this, Monsieur Duclos,' said General Duplessis, eyeing him sternly.

Duclos, after a few moments, stammered something about his wife being subject to fits; unheeded, however, by the general, who was conversing with Lord and Lady Ormsby in low and earnest tones. Duclos stood leaning with his arms upon his desk in a tumult of conflicting terrors.

'Monsieur Duclos,' said General Duplessis, turning towards him, 'it is right I should inform you that it is this lady's impression, I should rather say her *hope*, that Annette Vaudry, aided by yourself, has concealed herself, with the child confided to her, in order to be able to retain the very large amount of property imprudently intrusted to her. If this be so, I am desirous to say that if the child be only restored, no harm shall happen to either of you; no question be asked respecting that property; and that a further large sum shall be paid *you*, if, by your means, the recovery of Mademoiselle Arlington should be effected.'

Duclos was about to reply with renewed assurance—perceiving, as he instantly did, by the nature of the proposition, that neither Lady Ormsby nor the general had fallen upon the right scent—when a voice was heard from the inner apartments calling for assistance to Madame Duclos. It was Julie's voice; and at the same moment a light step was heard swiftly approaching along the passage towards the counting-house. Should it be Julie! Duclos shook like an aspen, and his very hair seemed to lift itself with sympathetic terror. The door opened: it was Valérie! The reaction of his blood flushed his face purple. 'Well—well?' he gasped.

'Mamma has fallen down in a fit, and blood is gushing from her mouth. Oh, come at once, papa.'

Lord and Lady Ormsby rose immediately. 'We shall see you again to-morrow, Monsieur Duclos,' said General Duplessis. The three terrible visitors then withdrew, and Duclos, leaning heavily on his daughter's arm, tottered to his wife's assistance.

The next fortnight was spent in vain attempts on the part of General Duplessis and Lord and Lady Ormsby to frighten or bribe Duclos into compliance with their wishes. The jeweller had recovered his momentarily shaken assurance; and confident in their inability to bring any tangible accusation against him, defied alike menaces and prayers. He even threatened in his turn to prosecute them for defamation, should either presume to whisper anything against his fair fame. Duclos was the more emboldened in this course, from the certainty that now existed of the immediate rupture of the truce of Amiens, which must necessarily relieve him at once of the

presence not only of Lord and Lady Ormsby, but of the far more formidable Duplessis.

'I quite agree with you, Henri,' said M. de Liancourt, to whom his nephew had been relating, during dinner, the substance of his fruitless interviews with the jeweller of the Rue Vivienne. 'Much graver suspicion than Lady Ormsby seems to entertain attaches to this Duclos, notwithstanding his affectedly indignant protestations and plausibilities. I have seen the daughter of whom you speak at Le Blanc's, a patient of mine. His son, Auguste, is, I believe, contracted to her. She is a fair graceful girl, of something more perhaps than eighteen years of age.'

'Yes.'

'She was no doubt living with them at Bordeaux; and if so, must have seen and probably conversed with Annette Vaudry.'

'If foul-play has been, as I suspect, practised towards the woman, that girl is, I am certain, ignorant of it. Her brow is too candid, too open and unclouded'—

'That I do not at all dispute, Henri,' interrupted the uncle; 'but she might unconsciously, if adroitly questioned, make revelations that would perhaps put us on the right track.'

'Possibly. But how to question her?'

'Leave that to me. I was at Le Blanc's yesterday, and I remember hearing that Valérie Duclos was to be there to-morrow, to witness the troops file past to the review in the Champ-de-Mars. I will drop in, *par hasard*, as it were, and seize a favourable opportunity of putting a few leading questions. But to change the topic: is it certain that war is about to recommence?'

'No question of it. The sword of Marengo will cut the knot which double-tongued diplomacy but the more entangles.'

'*Peut-être!* But the sword, you will please to remember, is also double-edged; not unfrequently smiting the smiter. Did you notice—but of course you did, for, with all your philosophy, you see, when she is present, nobody else—how the eyes of the proud English beauty flashed with indignation and defiance as the First Consul poured forth his fiery denunciations of England to Lord Whitworth? No chance for you there, Henri, even were she not married to Lord Ormsby.'

'Perfectly true, De Liancourt; and happily, for all you may fancy, I have long ceased even to wish that it were otherwise. The delirious passion I once felt is sobered down to a sentiment of calm admiration and respect, illuminated and sanctified by the proud consciousness that I once rendered her, at some hazard to myself, an essential service—a service, however, which she more than repaid by her prompt and successful exertions, through her influential relatives, to extricate me from an English prison, and restore me to freedom and a brilliant career in life.'

'I am glad to hear you speak so, Henri, for I was afraid the wound cankered still. *En attendant*, it is time for you to be off to Malmaison, and for me to attend to my *clientèle*.'

VI.

The gay city of Paris awoke the next day in the clear splendour of a brilliant morning of spring, and the feelings of the excited people were in accordance with the season. There was to be a grand review of troops in the Champ-de-Mars by the First Consul, followed by a ball in the evening at the Tuileries; and brilliant equipages, crowded with bevy of fair women; and mounted officers, fiery-hot with speed, as if bound upon a world's deliverance, dashed incessantly along in all the glory of lace, feathers, and stars. France was again about to cast her brilliant and victorious sword into the balance wherein trembled the destinies of nations.

The British embassy had received their passports, and were hastily preparing for departure. Lord and Lady Ormsby intended to journey in Lord Whitworth's suite; especially as there were already whispers abroad of a design, afterwards carried into effect, of arresting the numerous English persons then in France, and detaining them as prisoners of war. General Duplessis had made his final adieus to Lord Ormsby and his disconsolate lady, fervently promising at the same time that no effort should be spared to effect the discovery of the lost child.

The sunshine and joyaunce of the day penetrated and lighted up with strange gaiety the sombre abode of the Ducloses. Both husband and wife appeared in unwonted spirits, almost cheerful indeed. The danger, long dreaded, had been met, and successfully evaded. Lady Ormsby had either already left Paris, or was immediately about to do so, her suspicions apparently removed, and convinced, it should seem, of the fruitlessness of any further search for her daughter; Duplessis, attached to the Consul's staff, would leave the next day for the Grand Army: there would now be ample leisure to devise some mode of safely disposing of the sole source of future danger—Julie. Valérie would soon be happily married, and then, all necessary precautions taken, they might hope to sleep again at nights, and really enjoy the wealth they had purchased at so dear a price.

'Quick, Marie,' exclaimed Duclos, addressing his wife; 'this is a great holiday for us as well as for the rest of the world. The carriage will be at the door in a few minutes. A few rides in such glorious weather will soon restore your strength. The evil day, Marie, is past. This Providence, whose mysterious fingers you began to fear were busy sharpening the axe for our destruction, has, you see, either bungled the business, or, which is more probable, has never heard of our little affair!'

Madame Duclos sighed, and changed the conversation to a more agreeable topic.

'Valérie wishes to take Julie with her to the Le Blancs. There is no danger, Pierre, now in complying with her wish. The lady is as good as gone, and Duplessis will be too busy to heed anything but the manœuvres and the Consul.'

'*Peste!*' exclaimed Duclos in an irritated tone: 'I wish Valérie had not taken such a fancy to that girl.'

At this moment, Valérie, charmingly dressed in white, and her hair, as became a youthful *fiancée*, jewelled with pale spring flowers, entered the room with the elastic step and joyous aspect of youth and happy love. The parents looked with delighted eyes upon their graceful child. No wonder Auguste le Blanc should so eagerly petition for an earlier day than had been at first named for his union with that fair girl, so lustrous in her young joy and innocence!

'What do you say, *mon père*; that you wish I did not love so much our beautiful Julie? Ah, you cannot be serious!'

Pierre Duclos kissed the fair clear brow of his daughter, and evading her question, told her she might take Julie to the Le Blancs with her.

'Thanks, thanks, dear papa! O jour trois fois heureux! Adieu, *maman*;' and embracing her mother, the light-hearted girl flew up-stairs again, to hurry and assist Julie in her toilet.

The pomp and circumstance of the grand review had passed and repassed before M. le Blanc's house, and the shadows of the trees which dotted the Boulevard had begun sensibly to lengthen, when M. de Liancourt, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, quietly glided into the apartment, and mingled with the gay party assembled there. Valérie and Auguste le Blanc were seated on an ottoman, somewhat apart from the rest of the company. Suddenly, Julie, who was standing at the window, turned round and called Valérie to witness the passage of the First Consul. The action gave M. de Liancourt, who had been admiring the graceful elegance of her youthful figure, a full view of her features; and he started with uncontrollable surprise. 'It is doubtless, then, as we suspected,' he mentally exclaimed. 'Annette has been sacrificed, and the child by some caprice preserved!'

The company began to separate, and De Liancourt, feeling he had not a moment to lose, approached Valérie.

'Paris, mademoiselle, has exhibited a brilliant spectacle to-day.'

'*Magnifique!* No place in the world, Auguste says, could present scenes so imposing and so gorgeous!'

'Auguste is right. In only one feature is this glorious Paris, in my opinion, deficient: the river is scarcely worthy of the splendid quays and bridges which border and span it. If one of our southern rivers, the flashing Garonne, for instance, were substituted for the Seine, Paris would be perfect!'

‘The Garonne! O yes—how well I remember that glorious river. I am, you know, a native of the Gironde—of the immediate neighbourhood of Bordeaux, in fact.’

‘Of Bordeaux! Then, perhaps, my dear young lady,’ rejoined M. de Liancourt in a low, caressing voice, ‘either you or your parents may be able to give me some information respecting a person I am in search of, and of whom that young lady,’ pointing to Julie, ‘forcibly reminds me. This way, if you please, mademoiselle.—Don’t be jealous, Auguste; I will not detain your charming mistress more than a minute or two.’

‘If I am not greatly mistaken, my dear Mademoiselle Duclos,’ continued M. de Liancourt in the same silvery, insinuating tone, as soon as they had reached a recess at the further end of the apartment, ‘you can afford me information which will greatly increase the marriage-portion your worthy father means to bestow upon you. That young lady, Julie you call her, do you know anything of her parents?’

‘Alas, yes, monsieur! Her mother, an English lady, an *employée* of the terrible Pitt, was guillotined at Bordeaux. Her father died in Paris, and was buried, Annette told me, at Père-la-Chaise.’

‘Annette Vaudry?’

‘The same. You knew her, then?’

‘Yes. What has become of her?’

Valérie hesitated. Her father and mother had solemnly enjoined her never to speak of Annette, or she would endanger not only their safety, but that of Julie, who might be seized, and perhaps sacrificed as the child of a foreigner convicted of crimes against the Republic. For the same reason she knew her father had privately interred the body of Annette. But the ‘days of the Terror’ had been long since past; and people now said that the Republic itself was about to be quietly got rid of. There could be no danger now; and if dear Julie could be benefited by any revelation she might make, restored to her relatives may be, just, too, at the time when her own marriage would deprive the beautiful orphan of her best friend—

‘Why do you hesitate, my dear young lady?’ said De Liancourt soothingly, and as if he had divined her thoughts. ‘Would you not, if you could, promote the interests of your young friend?’

‘O yes, indeed. Well, then, Annette Vaudry died at our house in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. Mamma gave her some medicine, which she desired should be obtained, and poor Annette never woke again after taking it. I slept with Julie in the same room, and chanced to wake up just as mamma had placed it by her side. My father buried her privately, for fear of those terrible revolutionists.’

‘Is this all you know, mademoiselle?’ said the physician with averted head and in an agitated voice.

‘Yes: except that in Julie’s *livre de prières*—an English book—there are some lines addressed to her by her mother, signed Julia A.’

‘Enough, mademoiselle,’ said De Liancourt, turning again towards Valérie : ‘I am satisfied. You will be rejoiced to hear that I have every reason to believe I know the family to which your friend belongs. It is a very distinguished one. But as, mademoiselle, I *may* be mistaken, it will be better, in order that no possibly false expectations may arise, not to mention the matter at present either to her or to Monsieur Duclos. Adieu, mademoiselle ; I shall see you again perhaps this evening ; at all events, to-morrow.’

‘The infamous wretches !’ murmured De Liancourt as he reached the street. ‘I pity this poor girl, though, sincerely ; but it cannot be helped. Let me see : Miladi Ormsby and her husband are, I dare-say, gone by this time ; and where the deuce to seek Duplessis now? *Allons*, if I can find nobody else, a commissary of police is always to be had. But I doubt even now that we shall be able to convict the miscreants.’

When Valérie and Julie arrived at home, neither Monsieur nor Madame Duclos, nor any of the household, had returned from the Champ-de-Mars. They were both tired, Julie especially, and Valérie proposed that they should rest themselves, before changing their dresses, on the *canapé* or large sofa in the alcove at the end of the *salon*. She wished her mother to see the rich white Brussels lace veil Madame le Blanc had presented her with, previous to taking it off. They lay down on the *canapé*, Julie encircled in the arms of Valérie, and her drooping head reclined upon her shoulder, Valérie having first drawn and carefully closed the thick curtains, which, as is frequently the case in French houses, divided the alcove—occasionally used as a bedroom—from the rest of the apartment. ‘They will think we are not returned, *chère* Julie ; and we shall afford them an agreeable surprise in more senses than one.’

VII.

For about half an hour no sound was heard in the house but the soft lullaby sung by the gentle and happy Valérie over the angel sleeping in her arms. At length a key turned harshly in the lock of the front-door : Valérie knew it was her parents, as the servants of the establishment would enter by the back-way, and she instantly ceased her song, the last she was ever destined to pour forth on earth ! Monsieur and Madame Duclos having carefully refastened the door behind them, slowly ascended the stairs, and entered the *salon*.

‘They are not returned,’ said Duclos in a querulous voice, as he supported his wife’s feeble steps towards a couch. ‘Sit down, and let us talk over affairs quietly, now that we have a few minutes to ourselves. In the first place, what a dusty, scorching, altogether vexatious day it has been !’

‘How Duplessis glared upon us, Pierre, as he rode by!’

‘He did. There’s mischief in that man; but I tell you, Marie—and some decision *must* be come to—the only instrument which he can wield to our injury is that wretched Julie. Would that she were in the same grave with Annette Vaudry!’

‘O Pierre, would that I, would that you, had never entered the path which has conducted us to this fearful strait! That we had died, if need be, of hunger and cold, rather than have purchased this living death by that inhuman deed!’

‘The past, Marie, cannot be recalled.’

‘Alas, no! but it may perhaps be partially even yet atoned for. Let the lady have her child, and this miserable wealth, too, if she will, which neither cheers, nor warms, nor helps us.’

‘Why do you persist, woman,’ cried Pierre Duclos fiercely, ‘in these eternal and unavailing lamentations? They weary me. After all, it was your hand that administered the poison to Annette, not mine.’

‘And do *you* reproach me, Pierre, with the crime which you suggested, counselled, urged me to commit? Did you not mix the fatal cup, and spite’——

‘Silence, woman! Hark! some one is knocking at the front-street door!’

They paused to listen, and as they did so, the curtain which shrouded the alcove suddenly opened in the centre, and Valérie, pale as despair, rigid as death, stood before them!

Had the earth suddenly yawned beneath their feet, and displayed the nethermost abyss, the horror of that moment could not have been surpassed. There stood glaring at each other those three unfortunates—stunned, overwhelmed, conscious only that a universe had crumbled at the feet of each, and that all for which they had lived, toiled, sinned, hoped, and lived for, was lost, lost, lost, for ever lost!

‘Valérie!’ at length gasped Duclos faintly, recovering from the shock, and staggering towards her with outstretched arms. ‘We did but jest, Valérie—but jest, dear Valérie—nought else’——

‘Approach me not!’ shrieked the wretched girl, shrinking with horror from him. ‘Touch me not! O God, God, God!’ she continued, tossing her arms wildly in the air, ‘would that I had never been born!’

The knocking at the outer-door was repeated louder and more imperatively than before.

‘Hark!’ she exclaimed with frenzied eagerness; ‘hark! the ministers of vengeance are already at your heels. Fly, fly, wretched man! Fly, O wretched mother, from the doom about to burst upon you.’

‘You rave, Valérie! We did but jest, I tell you; and even were it otherwise, what evidence can be adduced’——

‘Listen, murderer!’ cried the maddened girl, springing forward and grasping him by the wrist, and at the same time casting off Julie, who, terrified and bewildered, clung to her gown—‘listen! I, I, your daughter, your Valérie, have betrayed you to the scaffold; have repeated the whole hideous lie which you palmed off upon me, to De Liancourt; told him that I saw the fatal cup administered to Annette! Oh, now I comprehend it all, and a thousand things beside, so dark and bewildering before! And I tell you he is already at the door with the officers of justice!’—

Again the thundering summons echoed through the house, and a stern voice was heard to exclaim: ‘Ouvrez! de par la loi!’

‘Mother, you hear!’ shrieked Valérie, frantically clasping her mother’s knees—‘you hear they demand admittance in the name of the law! Fly, fly from the scaffold your own child has raised for you!’

The mother moved not, spoke not. The fascination of sudden terror held her rooted to the spot in dumb amazement.

Once more the stern summons was repeated, and then followed the rending and crashing of wood. They were breaking down the door.

A wild imprecation burst from Duclos as he glared bewilderedly around, as if in search of some means of defence or escape. His brain was in a whirl; and he could no longer calculate or reason upon how far Valérie *could* have committed him.

‘Silence, Pierre!’ exclaimed Madame Duclos, recovering her speech; ‘and if you can, save yourself! Here, through this open casement! The next house is empty, and you can pass along as you did yesterday in chase of the bird. The opening between the houses is not wide. Hasten! *My* hour is come, but you may yet escape.—Ah!’ she exclaimed with a sudden shriek, ‘he has missed the leap! O God, forgive him!’ She turned from the dread sight, sick to death, and as she fell into her daughter’s outstretched arms, the life-blood jetted forth in a copious and rapid stream. At the same instant the door burst open, and the room was filled by the officers of justice, followed by De Liancourt, Duplessis, and Lord and Lady Ormsby.

An hour afterwards, Valérie was alone with her mother. A confession, drawn up by the commissary of police, more for the sake of establishing the identity of Julie Arlington than for aught else, had been signed by the dying woman; and Julie, obliged to be torn from her beloved friend’s arms by force, was already on her road to England.

No sound was heard in the room save the ticking of the *pendule*, reminding the expiring sinner how rapidly the few remaining moments left to her were passing away. ‘The foreign lady, Valérie,’ she murmured, ‘said, did she not, that she would provide for and shelter thee?’

'Yes ; but oh, my mother ! think not of me—I shall need no shelter—but think of yourself ! O think whilst it is yet time !' Valérie held a crucifix before the swiftly glazing eyes of her dying parent : she did not appear to heed it ; but at last a flash, as of parting intelligence, beamed forth from her upwardly directed eyes ; her hands were feebly joined together, and faintly murmuring : 'Pardon, Dieu juste et tout-puissant, pardon !' she sank back, and expired.

The fall of Duclos was partially broken by an instinctive clutch at a flag hung out in token of rejoicing from one of the windows of the house towards which he had leaped ; and he fell, stunned, maimed, bleeding, but still alive, upon the pavement ; and officers of police hurrying up, Duclos, still unconscious, was carried to a fiacre, and driven off to prison. Arrived there, a surgeon examined his hurts, prescribed the necessary remedies for reducing the swellings of his broken limbs, and without pronouncing any opinion upon the probable ultimate result, withdrew till the morning ; and Duclos, who had fully recovered his senses, was alone with the dark silence.

Alone, but for the thronging shapes which his disordered imagination conjured out of the thick blackness by which he was surrounded : mocking fiends that hissed in his shrinking ears all that he might have been—all that he now was—all that might in the future, in the great 'perhaps,' await him. 'Can it be,' murmured the despairing wretch, pressing his outspread hands upon his eyes and forehead, as if to shut out those torturing fantasies, and still the palpitation of his throbbing brain—'can it be that the old creed of a superintending Providence is, after all, true ?'

The entrance of two persons with the embrocations and other appliances ordered by the surgeon interrupted his troubled communings. Their task occupied a considerable time ; at the end of which an opiate was administered to the patient, and he sank into uneasy slumber.

He was awaked in the cold gray light of the morning by the entrance of a young man, one of the surgeon's assistants, with whom he had been slightly acquainted. His mind was calmer now ; the agonising pain of his wounds had entirely left him, and renewed hopes of life, of escape from the meshes of the blind, if iron law, flushed his haggard cheeks with a faint hectic, and partially relit his sunken eyes.

'Courage, Monsieur Duclos !' exclaimed the young man ; 'courage, mon ami. This little affair may not have so very bad a termination, after all. Monsieur Duval will be here in about an hour, and the operation will be over in a twinkling.'

'Operation !'

'Parbleu ! it is your only chance !—Ah ça,' continued the student, 'here comes Monsieur Duval nearly an hour before his time.'

'Is amputation inevitable?' demanded Duclos in a faint voice.

'I will tell you directly,' replied the surgeon coldly, as he approached the pallet, and removed the bed-clothes. The examination lasted but a few seconds. The covering was replaced, and M. Duval looked with stern meaning in the patient's face.

'There will be no operation required, Monsieur Duclos. Mortification, as I apprehended, has already supervened, and you have but a few hours to live.'

A cry of uttermost despair burst from the miserable man as he sprang up in the bed, and glared like a wild animal at bay at the unmoved surgeon.

'Shall I send you a priest, Monsieur Duclos?' Duval added with a slight sneer. 'They are re-established, you know.'

The only answer was a yell of agony from the wretched being, as he fell back on his pillow, and buried his face in the bed-clothes. A minute afterwards, Duclos was again alone with the dread silence, and within the now visible shadow of death. The shadow grew and deepened, and in a few hours the silence of mortality had become eternal.

'A terrible but not utterly hopeless parting of an immortal, but stained and defaced soul,' writes De Liancourt in his diary, from which much has been already quoted; 'for there mingled with his dark fancies wailing expressions of repentance and remorse, and trembling hope, awakened doubtless by the tones of a sweet angel-voice, which in those last moments, as throughout his life, alone had power to soothe and calm his gloomy and perturbed spirit.'

Auguste le Blanc, ignorant of the calamity that had befallen him, repaired in the morning to the early service of the church of Saint Rocque. Valérie had been there, the old *quêteuse* told him, about an hour before, had said her prayers, and departed. With a beating heart the lover hastened to the Rue Vivienne. He did not see Valérie; but as he turned homeward with dizzy brain and reeling step, he no longer wondered that the flowers and blossoms, worn yesterday with so much modest pride, were now scattered, faded and scentless, at the feet of the Christ. The world, he felt, had closed on Valérie.

Even so. Within a month of the death of her parents, Valérie Duclos entered a convent of the strictest order, distant about twenty miles from Paris. The property her father died possessed of was transferred to one of the Paris hospitals.

'I have frequently attended,' remarks De Liancourt, 'the chapel of the Benedictine Convent when it was opened upon occasions of high church festival, attracted chiefly, if not solely, by the interest excited in me by the gentle, pure-minded daughter of Duclos. I seldom saw her, and but once, I think, spoke to her; but I could always recognise the tones of her sweet, patient voice in the

beseeeching choral harmonies which at intervals of the service arose from the veiled nuns ; and I knew that the winged canticle, as it went up to heaven, ever bore with it the soul-supplication of that meek, guileless, trusting child for the guilty, but still loved, authors of her being.'

VIII.

About eleven years after these events, and only two days after peace had again unsealed the ports of France, an English travelling-carriage, containing Lord and Lady Ormsby and Miss Arlington, was driving with hot speed along one of the principal highways of that country. It drew up at the gate of a convent.

'Am I too late?' said the younger lady, addressing the superior of the convent, who had been apparently expecting her.

'I think not, mademoiselle ; but you have not a moment to spare. Follow me.'

The superior or abbess of the convent led the way, and Miss Arlington, passionately weeping, followed. 'There,' said the guide, pointing to one of the dormitories—'there is your friend : she desired to see you alone.' An instant afterwards, the long-sundered companions were in each other's arms.

'Valérie, beloved friend and sister, do I arrive but to behold you thus?'

'Thou kind, beautiful Julie !' replied a sweet voice, most musical, though scarcely louder than a whisper, whilst a smile, reflected from the angel-faces bending in love over that holy death-scene, illuminated the pale, wasted features of the speaker—'how could I be found in a more blessed state than in sight of heaven, and encircled in those dear arms?' The smile did not pass away ; and Julie, fearing to disturb her by a breath, continued to hold her in her mute embrace. The superior, who had followed with noiseless steps, at length touched her arm : 'Your Valérie is in heaven ! She waited but to bid you farewell.'

Julie Arlington, for many brilliant years a peeress of the realm, and still the life and grace of the distinguished circle in which she moves, has never ceased to think with regretful tenderness, and with a chastened spirit, amid all the glare and grandeur of her position, upon the modest virtues, the grievous trials, and the final recompense of Valérie.





SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

LOCH-NA-GARR.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wandered !
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-Garr.

'Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?'
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale ?

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Round Loch-na-Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers—
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-Garr.

‘Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?’
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden?
Victory crowned not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy, in death’s earthy slumber
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds to the piper’s loud number
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch-na-Garr, since I left you;
Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion’s plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o’er the mountains afar;
O for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Garr!

—*Hours of Idleness.*

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene,
Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne’er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o’er steeps and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude; ’tis but to hold
Converse with nature’s charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But ’midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world’s tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

—*Childe Harold.*

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

G R E E C E.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed !
Such is the aspect of this shore :
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free—

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires,
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid;
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

—*The Giaour.*

NIGHT-STORM IN THE ALPS.

THE sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the 'swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed :—
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings—as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

—*Childe Harold.*

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not ; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay :
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday !
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged ? Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

—*Ibid.*

MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD-NIGHT !

‘ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o’er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good-night !

‘A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth ;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate ;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
My dog howls at the gate.

‘Come hither, hither, my little page !
Why dost thou weep and wail ?
Or dost thou dread the billows’ rage,
Or tremble at the gale ?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;
Our ship is swift and strong :
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.’

‘Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind :

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind ;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

‘My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain ;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.’

‘Enough, enough, my little lad !
Such tears become thine eye ;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

‘Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale ?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
Or shiver at the gale ?’

‘Deem’st thou I tremble for my life ?
Sir Childe, I ’m not so weak ;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

‘My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along thy bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make ?’

‘Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay ;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

‘For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near ;
My greatest grief is, that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.
And now I ’m in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea :
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me ?

‘With thee, my bark, I ’ll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine ;
Nor care what land thou bear’st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !
And when you fail my sight,

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
My native land—good-night !'

—*Ibid.*

WILD HORSES.

METHOUGHT I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs ?
No, no ! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop ; I see them come !
In one vast squadron they advance !

I strove to cry ; my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;
But where are they the reins to guide ?
A thousand horse, and none to ride !
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet ;
The sight renerved my courser's feet :
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh
He answered, and then fell ;
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable.

His first and last career is done !
On came the troop ; they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back, with many a bloody thong :
They stop, they start, they snuff the air ;
Gallop a moment here and there ;
Approach, retire, wheel round and round ;
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide ;
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct from a human eye.

—*Maseppa.*

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' ' Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What ! silent still ? and silent all ?
Ah no !—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer : ' Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come !'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there perhaps some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells :
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

—*Don Juan.*

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be :
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest :
But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

—*Occasional Pieces.*

THRASIMENE.

AND I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swollen to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er,

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds ;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reeled unheededly away !
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet ;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

The earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to eternity ; they saw
The ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel ; nature's law,
In them suspended, recked not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now :
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red.

—*Childe Harold.*

SHIPWRECK.

THEN rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave--
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Loudly than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

—*Don Juan.*

EVENING.

O HESPERUS ! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer ;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns !

—*Ibid.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

—*Occasional Pieces.*

FIRST LOVE.

'Tis sweet to hear

At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep ;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

* * *

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love : it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;
The tree of knowledge has been plucked : all's known—
And life yields nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shewn,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

—*Don Juan.*

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

NATURE.

DEAR Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild ;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child.
Oh ! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path :
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have marked her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.
—*Childe Harold.*

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue ;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine ;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky—
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart :
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

—*Hebrew Melodies.*

THE WILD GAZELLE.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground ;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there ;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone !

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race ;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace :
It cannot quit its place of birth—
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die ;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie.
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

—*Ibid.*

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

HARK ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound ;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrowned,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever : with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which filled the imperial isles so full it seemed to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety. Can it be,
O thou that wert so happy, so adored !
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Beheld her Iris. Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

Of sackcloth was thy wedding-garment made ;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions ! How we did intrust
Futurity to her ! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed
Our children should obey her child, and blessed
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seemed
Like stars to shepherds' eyes—'twas but a meteor beamed.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have armed in madness, the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late.

These might have been her destiny ; but no ;
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe ;
But now a bride and mother—and now *there* !
How many ties did that stern moment tear !
From thy sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.
—*Childe Harold.*

TO HIS SISTER—FROM THE RHINE.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And knowest them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round :
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

—*Ibid.*

MIDNIGHT SCENE.

'TIS midnight : on the mountains brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down ;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright :

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves;
And as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
In midnight call to wonted prayer:
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

—*Siege of Corinth.*

EASTERN TWILIGHT.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard:
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

—*Parisina.*

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

THE EAST.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.
—*Bride of Abydos.*

AMBITION.

BUT quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; conquerors and kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! one breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

—*Childe Harold.*

EVENING CONTEMPLATION.

CLEAR, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction : once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill ;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep.
All heaven and earth are still : from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self : it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty ; 'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship—earth and air ;
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer !

—*Ibid.*

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
 Accords not with the free-born soul,
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
 And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
 Take back this name of splendid sound!
 I hate the touch of servile hands,
 I hate the slaves that cringe around.
 Place me along the rocks I love,
 Which sound to ocean's wildest roar;
 I ask but this—again to rove
 Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
 The world was ne'er designed for me:
 Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
 The hour when man must cease to be?
 Once I beheld a splendid dream,
 A visionary scene of bliss:
 Truth! wherefore did thy hated beam
 Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
 Had friends—my early friends are fled:
 How cheerless feels the heart alone,
 When all its former hopes are dead!
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
 The heart, the heart is lonely still.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men:
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.
 Oh that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
 To flee away, and be at rest.

—Hours of Idleness.

INCIDENT IN SHIPWRECK.

THERE were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,
 But he died early; and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance at him, and said: 'Heaven's will be done!
 I can do nothing;' and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate:
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,
 With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
 And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half-glazed,
 Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
 Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
 And looked upon it long, and when at last
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
 He watched it wistfully, until away
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

—Don Juan

A SIMILE.

AS rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower
 A weary chase and wasted hour,

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye—
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play and man's caprice :
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay,
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before ?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower ?
No : gayer insects fluttering by,
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shewn
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.

—*Parisina.*

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah ! whither strays the immortal mind ?
It cannot die, it cannot stray,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way ?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey ?
Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall.
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure :
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

—*Occasional Pieces.*

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since : their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou ;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form,
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeyes thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear ;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

—*Childe Harold.*

ON HIS LAST BIRTH-DAY.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move :
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love !

SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

—Occasional Pieces.





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